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THE  
**CRITICAL REVIEW:**  
 OR,  
 ANNALS  
 OF  
**LITERATURE.**

**SERIES THE FOURTH.**

**VOL. VI.**



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 \* \* \* αὐτὸν καὶ λέγουσιν φῶτα  
 Οὐχ ἡδοναὶ, καὶ εὐφροσύνη καὶ ἡσυχία.  
 Soph. Trachin.  
 .....

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AN  
**INDEX**  
 TO THE  
**Authors' Names and Titles of Books reviewed;**  
 TO THE  
**Remarkable Passages in the Criticisms;**  
 AND TO THE  
*Extracts from the different Publications ;*  
 ALSO INCLUDING  
 The Names of Authors, Titles of Memoirs, Cases, and other Papers  
 in the Transactions of Literary and Scientific Institutions.

Address to the readers of the Critical Review	614	Barriers of Paris	406
Alberia, Cardinal, his life	183	Battesby's tell-tale sophas	130
Acci Plauti Comœdiæ Quatuor	409	Bentinck, Lord Wm. his conduct in Sicily	349
Advice to a young Lady	104	Ben Venne in Scotland, lines on	127
Agriculture of Elba	154	Bernadotte, his manly appeal to the Marsettois	299
Aikin Miss, Lorimer a novel	48	_____, his threat to his mutinous soldiers	295
Amazons, account of	543	_____, to Bonaparte	307
Alexander, Emperor	94	Beresford's Faith in good works	406
Albion Huntress, description of	553	Birtoldb, singular tale of	490
Algebra of the Hindoos	99	Betting on horse racing, directions for	344
American Colonies, importance of	218	Bija Ganita, or Algebra of the Hindoos	99
Amusements of the Inhabitants of Elba	153	Berzelius on Mineralogy	557
Anecdotes of Louis XII. p. 23. John Abel, 24.—Cardan, 26.—Moreau, 27.—H. Carey, 28.—Bach, 29.—Handel, 30.—J. Davey, ib.—Lawyers of London, 110.—Ali Pashaw, 272.—Bernadotte, 290.—Garrick, 438.—Mrs. Yates 439, Gibbon, 449		Boarding Schools, abuses in	165
Rev. I. Mudge, 441.—Dr. Johnson, 442, 445.—Dr. Goldsmith, 447.		Books, list of, 101, 213, 319, 423, 519, 613	
Architecture of Vitruvius	144	Bower's life of Luther	500
Architectural beauty and ornament,	147	Bouverie, novel of	548
Armida, or the Enchanted Island	96	Bramins, voluntary executions of	301
Army of Bonaparte a legion of Demons	265	Brown's, J. Esq. memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimatoff	560
Auspicious moment and means	200	Bruce's assertion that the Abyssinians eat flesh cut off living animals confirmed	375
Bacchanalian Song	276	Burr, Aaron, kills the Commander in Chief of the United States of America	586
Bacchus's Theatre	275	Butler's Hudibras, some strictures on	489



# INDEX.

English Language, remarks on	412
Enauchs among the Sytheans	533
Evangelical Christianity considered	310
Eturia, Queen of, Memoirs written by herself	55
Entropii Historia Romanæ	608
Expeditions Arithmetician	20
Exile, a poem	316
Fable the most celebrated of ancient Rome	360
Fabulous narrative	363
Facts on liver complaints	419
Fairman's reduction of the Forces	280
Faithorn on liver complaints	419
Falls of Niagara	233
—— Montmorenci	230
Fascination of Music	25
Female, singular description of one	482
Ferguson's auspicious Moment and Means	200
Fiction, History of	355, 481, 574
Five hundred questions	509
Flinders's voyage to Terra Australis	242
Food of the inhabitants of Elba	158
Foundling Hospital	8
Fountain of the Sun, traditionary account of	380
France, an heroic poem	313
——, Letters of credit to	422
French Language, Grammar of	95
—— Grammar, Key to	96
Fronchet's Picture of Paris	421
Friendly Societies, Proposals for	510
Funding System, advantages of	44
Funds, no capital in them	45
Funeral Pile, horrid account of	308
Gallery of the Louvre in Paris	469
Gaming, invention of	306
Garrick, anecdotes of	438
Genealogical history of the Earldom of Sutherland	80
Genius, Essay on	105
Georgians, infamous tribute paid by them to the Grand Senior	549
Glances at Character	203
Gouth's Sarafied	418
Governors, arrogance of a Boarding School	166
Gold in abundance in the Philippine Islands	322
Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland	89

Goldsmith's translation of <i>Carnot's Memorial to Louis XVIII.</i>	380
Greece, researches in, by W M Leake	74
Greece a poem, in three parts	266
Grecian Architecture	381
—— Temple of Aeropolis	388
Grey-coat School in Yorkshire	3
Gorton's five hundred questions	509
Gyles's Hebrew Grammar	418
Handel, G. F. Musical anecdotes of	30
Haygarth's Greece	266
Hawkins's Treatise on the Prophet Daniel	409
Heliopolla, one of the most ancient cities, some account of	379
Heynes, Dr. Tracts on India	235
Hindoo, manners of	236
Hints to the Clergy	91
Hermit and Angel, an ancient Fable	484
Historical view of the Philippine Islands	381
History of Fiction	356
Holstein's <i>Bouvier</i> , the Papst of the World	548
Horse-Racing, origin of	349
Haish's <i>Peruviana</i> , a poem	60
Idler of Johnson, <i>Essays of Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>	49
India, Tracts historical and statistical, by B. Haynes	38
Indians of Manila, — their houses — food, &c.	38
Index to medical transactions of the Royal Society	619
Introduction to the Epistolary style of the French	41
Italy, on the singing of Madame Catalani	69
Irish Gentleman, picture of	277
Irish Brigades, loyalty of	282
Irish Melodies	596
Irwin's Napoleon	208
Jacqueline, a tale	203
Jesus of Nazareth, a Discourse delivered at Southampton	412
Johnson, Dr. S. anecdotes of	442
James's Major, Essay on Military Law	112
Jerdon's voyage to Elba	148
Journal of a voyage to Madras and China	300

# INDEX:

<b>Jupiter Olympus, Temple of</b>	275	<b>Mesiah, by Klopstock</b>	198
<b>Juvenile Arithmetic, by a Lady</b>	98	<b>Melancholy, description of</b>	268
<b>Kemble, J. P. observations on his performance</b>	607	<b>Memoirs of the Crown-Prince of Sweden</b>	293
<b>Key to the French Grammar</b>	96	— of the Queen of Etruria	55
<b>Key to Gregory's Arithmetic</b>	809	<b>Memorial of M. Carnot to Louis XVIII.</b>	386
<b>Klaproth, Von, his Travels in Cassas and Georgia</b>	457	<b>Mentor and Amanda</b>	92
<b>Kings, more</b>	56	<b>Merlin, fabulous story of</b>	398
<b>Knighthood, antiquity of</b>	306	<b>Milesian Tales of Fiction</b>	357
<b>Kuuspædia, or training the Spaniel or Pointer</b>	168	<b>Methodists, number of in the world</b>	409
<b>Lara, a tale</b>	203	<b>Mineralogy, Manuel of</b>	77
<b>Latin Exercises</b>	419	<b>Minerals in Elba</b>	161
<b>Latin Grammar, Manuel to</b>	202	<b>Mitigation of Slavery</b>	210
<b>Laura, Sonnets on the Petrarchan model</b>	204	<b>Modern Parnassus</b>	205
<b>Leake's researches in Greece</b>	72	<b>Mongols, account of</b>	460
<b>Letters on Consumption</b>	97	<b>Mosdos in Georgia, description of</b>	549
— of advice to a young Lady	164	<b>Macbeth, Dr. Johnson's observations on</b>	445
<b>Letter to Lord Liverpool,</b>	201.	<b>Manœuvring, female, for a husband</b>	550
— on Indigestion	211	<b>Miller, E. M. Dr. New version of Psalms</b>	608
— from Paris	256	<b>Mineralogy, Treatise on</b>	557
— to Lord, Liverpool by P. P. licola	346	<b>Monsoon, effects of in the River Nile</b>	377
— of the Bishop of St. David's	412	<b>"Mon Journal d'huit jours"</b>	420
— to the Earl of Liverpool	414	<b>Montmorenci, River near Quebec, account of</b>	299
— to Viscount Palmerston	280	<b>Moore on rockets</b>	101
— of Carnot to Napoleon	401	<b>Moore, G. his lives of Alberoni, Ripperda, and Pombal</b>	182
— to Carnot	612	<b>Moreau, I. B. Musical Anecdotes of</b>	27
<b>Liliputian Navy</b>	92	<b>Moskaw, description of</b>	452
<b>List of New Books, 101, 213, 319, 423, 519, 613</b>		<b>Morgan's, Lady, O Donnell, a novel</b>	101
<b>Literary Club, original Members of</b>	444	<b>Mother's Dictionary for Children</b>	202
<b>Lives of Alberoni, Ripperda, and Pombal</b>	182	<b>Mountains in Scotland</b>	171
<b>Louisiana, produce of</b>	225	<b>Mudge, Rev. Z. brief account of</b>	141
<b>Louvre in Paris, state of</b>	262	<b>Mundy's Evangelical Christianity</b>	310
— another description of	469	<b>Murphy's Dictionary</b>	202
<b>Luther the life of</b>	500	<b>Music, advantages of</b>	21
<b>Madison Agonistes</b>	420	— Anecdote of	116
<b>Manila, Island of</b>	322	<b>Musical Biography</b>	19
<b>Mant, Mrs. a tale for youth</b>	417	<b>Mystery and Confidence, a tale</b>	550
<b>Manthus, description of</b>	327	<b>Napoleon, or the Vanity of Human Wishes</b>	203
<b>Manuel to the Latin Grammar</b>	202	<b>National Debt, or the expediency of discharging</b>	37
<b>Marriage in Scotland, observations on</b>	52	<b>New Art of Poetry, or Modern Parnassus</b>	205
<b>Mason, Dr. Fruits of Perseverance</b>	199	<b>Niagara, cloud formed from the falls</b>	531
<b>Masque, grand one, given by the Lawyers</b>	119	<b>Newmarket calculations on Racing</b>	343
<b>Meghi Dhata, or Cloud Messenger, a poem</b>	814		

# INDEX.

Negroes of the Phillipine Islands	329	Post-Boy, the General	92
Nile, curious method of drawing water from	378	Powers's Exercises	317
Nogay Hordes, on the Caucasus	532	Prayer Wheels, an idol of the Lama	463
— singular disease among them	533	Priests of the Religion of Lama	ibid
Nun, tempted by the Devil	487	Prince Alexy Hamaitoff, Memoirs of	566
Obelisk of Heliopolis described	380	Prophet Daniel, a Treatise on	409
Observations on the diseases of Females	403	Proofs of Christianity	311
Ode to the Emperor Alexander	94	Problems of Chances	464
— to the Prince Regent	313	Psalms, new version of by E. Miller, M. D.	608
O' Donnel, a national tale	277	Pyramids of Egypt described	378
O'Neill, Miss, observations on her performance	608	Quarrels of Authors	521
Old Maids unfit for School-mistresses	165	Rabelais, anecdotes of	489
Olive-Branch, a poem by M. Crawford	94	Redet, the French General, forces the Pope's chamber	59
Origin of Apprentice Laws	100	Raffles's translation of Klopstock's Messiah	198
Original Letters to a young Lady	104	Rape of Proserpine	177
Orthographical Exercises	317	Reflections of a French constitutional Royalist	116
Ossian's Fingal	418	Reflections on Materialism and Immaterialism	92
Outlines of the science of Politics	415	Religion of the Disciples of Lama	463
Pastoral Romance, History of	376	Religious and Moral Reflections	608
Paris, sketch of	577	Remarks on the English Language	95
Paris in 1802, and 1814, by the Rev. Wm. Shepherd	598	Revolution in France described by Carnot	391
Parnassian Wild Shrubs	93	Representation, Mr. Pitt's opinion on	47
Parnell's Hermit, where taken from	484	Reynolds's Eden of imagination	479
Pepush, Dr. anecdote of	29	Revolution, singular one at Madrid	189
Perseverance, fruits of	199	Royalist, The	140
Peruvians, a poem	66	Rights of War and Peace	209
Phillipart's Crown Prince of Sweden	292	Ripperda, Duke of, his life.	188
— Campaign in Germany and France	381	Robbery of the Pontifical Palace at Madrid	59
— his illiberal attack upon the Critical Review	299	— in Charcow, on M. Klap-stop the Traveller	458
— brief answer thereto	ibid	Robson's Grampian Mountains	213
Philosopher's Stone, another search after	307	Roche's France	295
Picture of Paris	611	Roman Comique	356
Pindar's more Kings	421	Romance, ancient	93
Pillory, The	204	Rooms heated, injurious to health	305
Place de la Revolution	469	Rouse's Doctrine of Chances	478
Poems,	60, 83, 177	Rouen, the French Manchester account of	316
Poems and Imitations, by Cabanel	417	Ruined Maiden	379
Population of the United States of America	590	Rural Discourses	
Pope of Rome seized by the French	59		

# INDEX.

Salia, Count, his Friendly Societies	510	Taylor's, J. Apparitions	119
Sauby's Introduction	418	Taxes for paying National Debt	40
Sanscrit	315	Terrors of Imagination, and other poems	314
Sarsfield, a novel	416	Tell-Tale Sophas, an Eclectic Fable	130
Scarron, Paul, singular history of	437	Terra Australis, description of	240
Sicily, account of	346	Thurlow, Lord, poems of	60
Sermons by Warner, 90.—Belsham, 980, 105.—Rector of Stepney, 199. Mavor, 199.—Young, 200.—Bishop of Chester, 308.—Clappan, 310.—Gilchrist, 413.		Theatrical Representations in China	305
Seraglio of the Grand Seignior described	540	Tiflis in Georgia described	545
Severity and imperfection of the Laws	17	Timber of Canada	222
Shells of Fish found in the Caucasus	53*	Tower in France	100
Shepherd's account of Paris	467	Traets, on India	235
Sinking Fund decreases taxation	45	Treaty of peace, observations on	99
Smith, W. Odes, 214.—Manuel for Latin Grammar	202	Treatise on Rockets	101
Slave, French, treachery of	57	Travelling in Russia	452
Sonnet to an Infant Daughter	93	Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa	372
Sorors, the Tomb, of Alexander the Great, said to be deposited in the British Museum	374	Treatise on the Prophet Daniel	409
St. David's, Bishop of, his Letters	411	Triumphs of Peace, a masque, performed by Lawyers	119
St. Denis, profanation of the French there	250	Tunny Fishery at Elba	157
Southey's Odes	313	United States of America, sketch of	589
Spanish Patriots, a Drama	9.	University of the Cossacks	455
Spaniels, to break them to the Sports of the Field	172	Voyage to Terra Australis	242
Speech of Carnot in the French Tribunal	394	Veaus de Medicis, description of	477
Strawropol in the Caucasus, its Market	532	Versailles, description of the Gardens of	473
Sterling, beautiful Scenery of	120	Wakes' week in France	420
Stock-Exchange laid open	411	Warburton, Dr. Biographical Notice of	522
Stracey's Algebra of the Hindoos	99	Washington, City of, described	593
Strutt's Rape of Proserpine	83	Wathen's Journal to Madras and China	300
Sutton's Letters on Consumption	97	Watchlight, on Lord Cochrane,	208
Sythians, their Wars with the Amazons	543	Wellington, Ode to	94
Taylor's Parnassian Wild Shrubs		Whitaker's Irish Melodies	565
		Wilkins's Architecture of Vetræ-vius	411
		Wilson's Megha Dhuta	344
		Whitaker's Exercises	419
		Women of Manilla, their dress	328
		Wounded French Soldier	472

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE  
**CRITICAL REVIEW:**  
*SERIES THE FOURTH.*

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VOL. VI.

JULY, 1814.

No. I.

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**ART. I.**—*Thoughts on various Charitable, and other Important Institutions; and, on the best mode of conducting them; to which is subjoined, an Address to the friends of the Rising Generation. By Catharine Cappe. Dedicated, by permission, to William Wilberforce, Esq. Octavo. pp. 110. 3s. Longman and Co., &c. 1814.*

**THIS** pamphlet, originating in the noblest, and best propensities of the human heart, is offered to the public under the avowed sanction of the moral, the benevolent, and the pious, Mr. Wilberforce; a gentleman, whose strenuous endeavours in rooting out slavery from the corruption of our constitution, will ever be remembered by a grateful people, proud in the freedom of their laws, and zealous to extend the blessings they enjoy to suffering humanity.

We must, notwithstanding, confess, however odious the term of slavery, and however repugnant the reality to our feelings as Britons, it is our belief, that Mr. Wilberforce would have drawn a less animated picture of human wretchedness, had he been personally acquainted with the real comforts and comparative independence of a well disposed negro family in our colonies.

We do not venture this assertion in support of slavery; on the contrary, we rejoice with our fellow citizens, in its abolition from our code; but we do it with a hope to rescue, from undeserved obloquy, the humanity and respectability, in a general sense, of our West India planters. *Personal*  
CRIT. REV. Vol. 6, July, 1814. B

observation has enabled us to form a comparative view of the state of an industrious negro family, and that of the laborious class of society in this country; and, *abating the stigma of slavery*, the former has decidedly the advantage over the latter. They are cherished in sickness, and in health—no public poor house—no public hospital, is necessary for their convenience or relief!—their comforts await them in their own humble cabins; and the philanthropist, who has seen the jubilee countenances, on a Sunday, at a negro market, where both sexes present themselves, cleanly and respectably attired, gayly loaded with the produce of their own gardens, which they sell, or barter, for the little luxuries of life, would give a sigh, to the frailties of human nature, which are corrected by a restrictive government; but too often, expand with the unlettered class of society, under this misapplied conviction, that, in England, every individual is the regulator of his own conduct.

With this baneful permission, how frequently is the produce of the past week's labor, spent at the alehouse, in excesses of drunkenness, while the wife and children, at home, are deprived of their dependance and their support. We can, moreover, venture to assert, that the first object which arrests the feelings of a West Indian, on his arrival in this metropolis, is the misery of the myriads of beggars who infest the streets. A scene so new to him, who never saw a fellow creature wanting the necessaries of life, awakens powerful sensations in his mind; and almost teaches him to doubt, the real value attached to our national freedom. But he soon perceives, if the gracious independence granted by our laws, is subverted by the idle and the profligate, that the munificence of the crown, and the benevolence of the nation, have provided cheerful asylums, for every description, not only of the unfortunate, but of the worthless.

In this great city, little famed for the palaces of its kings or of its nobles, we find our most remarkable, and costly, buildings, devoted to public charities. From the veteran or disabled warrior, down to the miserable repentant street walker, ALL have repose offered to them in the day of suffering. Nor is this national generosity confined to our own countrymen. Foreigners, in the hour of affliction, seek their refuge here; and distant countries, groaning under the atrocities and ravages of a regicide war, have found succour from the splendid subscriptions, raised among British individuals, toward their immediate relief.

These are proud monuments of our national character



But, are these outward and visible signs, unerringly the prototypes of the virtues they proclaim? Are we sure, the interior management of a poor house, or of an hospital, is exemplary of its beneficent foundation? We fear not; governors will continue to celebrate their public meetings, with public dinners, say what we may; and underlings in office will persist to show their usurped authority over suffering and poverty. Let those, therefore, who have power to remedy the evil, look into the abuse.

The object of our venerable authoress, is confined to charitable institutions, in a moral point of reasoning. At the age of three score and ten, she has taken up her pen, with this view; that, 'if the vices of one human being can be restrained, or the real respectability, and actual usefulness of another, be promoted, she is then compensated for her earnest endeavour to make the attempt.'

Under the head of charitable institutions, she turns her thoughts to the consideration, more particularly, of charity schools for female education. Her first consideration is; an inquiry into the motives that led to the institution of the various female charity schools, throughout the kingdom about the beginning of the last century; the objects intended to be obtained by them; the peculiar abuses to which they are liable; and the best means of preventing or rectifying those abuses, exemplified in a short history of the Grey Coat school in Yorkshire. These are her reflections.

'Respecting the motives that led to the establishment of these institutions, there can be no doubt that they were truly humane and Christian.

'The object was to obtain for a given number of poor children a better education than they could otherwise receive from their indigent parents, or in that too frequently unhappy receptacle of misery and profligacy, a common poor-house; where the most abandoned are generally allowed to mix habitually with the young and unexperienced. It was not only hoped that these favoured children would be preserved from the contagion of vice, but it was further intended, that they should receive such religious and moral instruction, gain such habits of order, regularity, and industry, as would be most conducive to their own happiness, and to that of all others with whom they might hereafter be connected as faithful servants, industrious wives, careful and affectionate mothers.

'The means employed for the attainment of these important and desirable objects were generally, I believe, the following. A sum of money was appropriated by the benevolent founders towards the support of the institution, to be augmented from time to time by charitable bequests and annual subscriptions. A decent master and mis-

#### 4 *Cappe's Thoughts on Charitable Institutions.*

tress were engaged, by whom the children were to be boarded and clothed at so much per head, with the addition of their earnings. The girls were to be taught to read and write, to sew, knit, and spin, together with such other household occupations as might be most likely to fit them for the various duties which, in their humble station, might devolve upon them after they should have left the school.

'Now it is obvious that the success of this plan would greatly depend upon the character, zeal, and abilities, of the master and mistress. If their object in undertaking the charge was merely to procure for themselves and their families the means of a comfortable subsistence, without any particular solicitude to discharge faithfully the important trust reposed in them, although they might set out with the upright intention of acting honestly in respect to the quantity and quality of the children's food, and equitably in the distribution of their labour, in such manner that all might, as nearly as possible, reap equal advantages, yet the temptation would continually occur, from the very nature of the compact, of abridging them in respect of the one, and of unequal distribution in respect of the other. It would be the interest of the master and mistress not to provide the most wholesome, but the cheapest food; not to teach every thing as much as possible alike to all, but to confine to one employment, regardless of her general improvement, the girl who most excelled in it—to spinning, the best spinner—to sewing, the best sewer—to washing, the best washer, &c.—and this, not only to save trouble, but to augment the quantity of labour. It is obvious, likewise, that their increasing wants would multiply these temptations, if the master and mistress should have a growing family; and, at the same time, although the evil were perceived, their multiplied necessities in that case would operate against their removal, especially if they were upon the whole respectable characters.—'How cruel,' it would be said, 'to deprive these poor people of their livelihood:' and thus a confined and mistaken humanity would unconsciously throw its powerful influence into the scale of family interest, of prejudice, and of favoritism. These evils, it is true, were not foreseen; yet I believe that, in a greater or less degree, experience will prove them to be inevitable, at least in a girl's school, wherever the children are placed upon this footing.

'I shall endeavour to exemplify this by giving a short sketch of the origin, progress and degeneracy of a charity-school in this city, not otherwise indeed entitled to public notice than as one of a class, and which, therefore, may fairly be considered as a specimen of many others; similar causes operating always, where other preventive circumstances do not intervene, in producing similar effects.

'The origin of the Grey Coat School, above alluded to, so denominated from the uniform worn by the children, is thus related by an ancient author, James Torr, Esq. who published some account of the antiquities of York, in the year 1719, from the papers, as he states, of Christopher Hilyard, Esq.

'Having spoken of a boy's school, began on the 14th of June, 1705, at the expence of the public stock of the corporation, he thus

proceeds: 'On St. Simon and Jude's day following, the charity school for twenty Grey Coat girls was begun by subscription as the boys, and set on foot by several gentlewomen in this city, particularly by Mrs. Frances Thornhill, who subscribed £5 per ann. herself, and used a great deal of industry and application to promote subscriptions among the ladies, and was assisted in that good work by that good lady, Mrs. Sharpe, wife to the then Lord Archbishop, who subscribed £10, and paid it during her lord's life; as also by the Hon. Lady Fenwick, relict of Sir John Fenwick (beheaded) who, during her life, was a great benefactress to the school, by all which, and by Mrs. Frances Thornhill undertaking to be treasurer and sole manager, the undertaking was perfected, and, by the blessing of God, both these schools are likely to be upheld and perfected.

'During the life time of the excellent founders, whilst it had the benefit of their personal superintendence, and probably for some time afterwards, their school was very flourishing; but as they do not appear to have formed any particular plan for its future regulation, the various evils arising from the whole management being left to the master and mistress, as already stated, began to be apparent, till at length it degenerated into the deplorable state which I am now about to describe.

'Being at York on a visit in the year 1780, I heard the Grey Coat school frequently mentioned, and always in terms of deep regret; few of the girls, it was affirmed, turned out well, many of them were sickly, all of them remarkably low of stature, and their whole appearance extremely unfavourable. Mentioning this subject one day to a medical gentleman of great respectability in this city, the late Mr. Garencieres, who, for many years, attended the school professionally, he acknowledged and lamented that the general opinion was but too just; adding, that, to his own knowledge, there were at that time nine wretched beings, who had been educated in it, upon the town, the miserable victims of prostitution. It struck me forcibly, that effects so uniformly unhappy, and, in many instances, so exceedingly deplorable, must proceed either from some great fault in the original constitution of the school, or in the improper manner in which it was conducted; and I determined, if it ever should be in my power, to investigate the subject thoroughly.

'In the spring of the year 1785, the wished-for opportunity arrived. A spacious new building had been just erected for the reception of the girls. I had come to reside in York in the summer of 1782, and had been tolerably successful, in concurrence with some other ladies, in establishing a day-school for spinning and reading, and we were applied to by the gentlemen's committee, in their own name, and in that of the rest of the governors, to give our opinion respecting the regulations so much wanted in the Grey Coat school, together with our assistance towards putting them into execution. After some previous consultation, we determined to comply with their request, and formed ourselves into a committee to deliberate on the best means of doing it.

‘ Unfortunately, our task was rendered abundantly more difficult in consequence of the governors having previously engaged a new master and mistress to board, and clothe, and employ the children on the same footing as formerly; and we determined, therefore, before we engaged in this undertaking, to state in a paper sent in to their committee, what we conceived to be the most desirable objects of such an institution, and the best means of attaining these objects.

‘ We stated, that as there are not generally any little trades which the lower class of females can be taught, or can have it in their power afterwards to exercise, the best thing, probably, that could be done, was to fit them for servants; but, that as many might be orphans, having no home, and as an eligible service might not always be obtainable, they should likewise be taught some probable means of gaining a livelihood whenever this should happen, and which might, at the same time, be a help to them afterwards, if they should marry and have families of their own: and, considering the state of the country at that period, we were persuaded that these objects would be most effectually secured by their continuing, under proper regulations, the former practice of spinning worsted. In order to their being fitted for servants, the ladies’ committee sketched a plan for arranging the girls in such a manner that their several employments should regularly follow each other, and not be affected by the caprice, the partiality, or the exclusive interest of the master or mistress.

‘ This paper, meeting with the approbation of the governors, we were requested to visit the school, and to examine into its actual state; which we did accordingly. We found the children, thirty in number, generally diseased both in body and mind; their appearance sickly and dejected; and their ignorance so deplorable, that few, if any of them, could count as far as twenty. Their moral depravity was described by the new master and mistress as still more wretched;—we were told that they had not the slightest regard to truth; that they seemed to have no idea, or at least paid no sort of respect, to the right of property—the greater part of them making a practice of stealing whatever might come within their reach, such as bread, soap, or candles; and of constantly denying the faults they daily committed; and, they added, that although there were then two girls in the school aged fourteen, who had been in seven years, and twelve from fourteen to sixteen, who had been in it six years, there was not any one that could possibly be recommended, or that would be received into any decent family.

‘ It was impossible not to observe that the faults to which these poor girls were principally addicted, were all of that sort which result from great ignorance, scanty fare, and harsh treatment; yet the late master and mistress had been generally respected as good sort of people: these evils, therefore, may principally be attributed to the fatal operation of the causes already assigned, namely, to that powerful temptation to neglect the proper instruction and to abridge the children of many necessities, which results from their being boarded and clothed by the master and mistress solely for their benefit, without the notice or con-

troul of kind and judicious visitors. Where, in such an institution, it may be asked, conducted in such a manner, is the great advantage to the unhappy children beyond what they would receive in a common poor-house? Their numerous defects and vices may not, indeed, be precisely of the same class, but are they not as fatally debasing? Do they not as certainly lead on their unhappy victims to disgrace and ruin, and to an untimely end?

'The method of disposing of the girls after leaving the school had hitherto been by binding them apprentice for their labour for four years; and indeed it seems to be the only method in which girls so neglected, and who had previously gained such destructive habits, could be disposed of. What the sort of people would be that would take them, being aware of this, for the character of the school was well known, and their extreme ignorance could not be concealed, it is not difficult to imagine. In fact, after making strict inquiry, we could not find a single instance of one that had turned out well, nor do I know of more than one of this first set of girls who had been subject to these pernicious influences, that is in a decent reputable situation, and I apprehend that the far greater part found an early and dishonourable grave.'

The next chapter comprehends a detail of new regulations introduced into the Grey Coat school, by the '*ladies committee*,' and the successes attendant thereon; a subject well worthy the attention, alike of the patrons, and the servants of all similar institutions. The chapter following, awakens reflection to a subject, which, perhaps, rarely occupies the minds of those, who open their purses towards the establishment of charity schools; it relates to the comparative advantages of the many long established charity schools, in various parts of this kingdom, even when under the best regulations; and of day schools; whether, as they regard society at large, or benefit the individuals so educated.

We feel that much may be said on both sides on this momentous subject; which forms the good or evil foundation, of acquired moral rectitudes, or of acquired depravities. This writer says,

'Where great numbers constantly associate together, some of whom may be deeply tainted with vice, even previous to their admission, and are liable to still deeper infection afterwards, by occasional intercourse with vicious relatives, the contamination must generally be dreadful and extensive.—'Must it,' then, be decided, that in order to prevent these evils, that no children should be admitted, but those of the orderly and industrious?'—'Would not this entire separation, if it could be accomplished, effectually destroy any remains of those strong affections between persons so intimately connected, which were implanted by providence for the wisest and best purposes;

and which, even under all the madness of wild and uncontrolled passions, and has sometimes such powerful influence, if the mind be not wholly deprived, as to effect its amelioration and improvement?"

The strong arguments and humane considerations of the edifying writer, on this subject, exhibit a fine moral lesson to all concerned in Sunday school foundations; and might be usefully read, without disparagement to their well regulated establishments, by the directors and officers of the Philanthropic Society.

It is an awful contemplation, to ponder on the possible results of association in an assembly, so compounded. The children of convicted felons, are by this humane institution, sheltered from the temptations of want, and are apprenticed, according to their respective talents, to reputable trades. What the earlier part of their education may have been, we shudder to consider. But, as we have the highest respect for this establishment in all its forms, we forbear to indulge our feelings, or to express our fears. If the arduous task of reformation, under such perilous circumstances, be generally effected, all humanity must rejoice.—The same apprehensions attach to the Magdalen; but the exemplary conduct of the domestic chaplain is above our praise.

The Foundling Hospital, is next taken into consideration. This institution has very materially changed from its original foundation. Formerly, the great gates were kept by a porter, whose lodge was a little removed from a *tourniquet*, sufficiently capacious to admit an infant. When the child was secretly deposited, a bell was rang; the mother, or the nurse, retired; the child was received into the hospital, and the whole adventure was buried in mystery. Since the abolition of this custom, the *inquisitiveness* of young ladies, wishing to be as *wise* as their mamas, without the *ceremony* of marriage, is sanctioned by certain medical men, who advertise, in the public papers,—accommodation for ladies requiring secrecy, proportioned to their means, and the strictest honour observed.

On Hospitals, or Infirmaries for the poor, and the importance of *lady visitors* to the female wards, we find this most excellent remark.

‘To the visitors it would be highly useful in many respects: and, especially, in giving them juster ideas of human life, as a state of moral discipline, rather than that of complete enjoyment; and by being accustomed early to sympathize with, and to endeavour to relieve, the sorrows of others, they would be enabled with more fortitude to support themselves, eventually, under the pressure of their own.’

This comprehensive truth, is illustrated by an anecdote from high life. Alas! how many anecdotes might we cull from fashionable society, to prove, that exalted birth, splendid revenues, and beautiful persons, were mere objects of worldly idolatry; and, that the possessor is, strictly speaking, often flattered into a belief, that such a union of charms elevates her above all religious cares, exempts her from all moral duties, and estranges her from an amiable devotion to the happiness and welfare, of her husband and her children.

'I am told,' says our authoress, 'that it is no uncommon thing for the education of a young lady, at one of our fashionable seminaries to cost from 500*l.* to 1000*l.* per ann.—how large a portion of this sum is expended in posture masters, attitude masters, the teachers of the Waltz, and the fandango!'

Parents and guardians would do well to consider the pernicious system of modern education, which, as it relates to self love, is a farrago of all that is thoughtless, giddy, and immoral; and as it is influenced by the superiority of a rival; engenders envy, jealousy, and the whole train of malignant passions.

'Do we,' continues the same writer, 'actually see in real life, that those, whose manners are the most fascinating and attractive, whose time is devoted to a ceaseless round of *exciting* amusements; the nightly assembly, and the morning supper; at the same time, most distinguished for the domestic and social virtues; most deservedly respected as dutiful daughters, faithful wives, steady friends, affectionate and judicious mothers; eminent, for visiting the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and for keeping themselves unspotted from the world.'

These reflections form part of Mrs. Cappe's impressive concluding admonitions, on the seductive vanities of human life; and the imperative duties allotted to all by the wisdom of our creator. By giving these extracts, and offering our own opinions thereon, we are not quite sure, that we take the readiest way to introduce this work to the *boudoir* of an *Elegante*, but we are convinced we do our duty, in unfolding exemplary specimens of the real blessing, that would flow from a study of, and adherence to, the principles contained within this pamphlet. Religion is essentially the basis of all moral rectitude, and the incentive to every virtuous action. This venerable lady practises the tenets she so powerfully recommends, and, independently of other works

eloquently instructive, she has written a connected history of the life of Christ, as given by the four evangelists; with reflections supported by the scenes, occasions, and trying circumstances, which gave occasion to many of the edifying discourses recorded in the gospels.

In taking leave of public institutions, we cannot refrain from saying a few words to the high honour of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, who founded the York Hospital in Chelsea College. It is an institution displaying, alike, the charms of philanthropy, and the elements of military policy. Independently of a competent share of general education, the boys are all trained to the service. They are classed in companies, distinctly commanded by each other; which emulative system must ensure to our army, the best regulated non-commissioned officers in the world. The girls employ their leisure hours in making army clothing; and the children, so fostered, are the offspring of our soldiers.

**ART. II.—***Defects of the English Laws and Tribunals*: by George Ensor, Esq. Author of 'National Education,' 'National Government,' 'Independent Man,' and 'Principles of Morality.' Octavo. pp. 507. s. J. Johnson & Co. 1812.

The labours of a gentleman, devoted, as Mr. Ensor's have been, to objects of national importance, must always be received with delight, by a reviewer, whose arduous task it is, too frequently, to sit with all his patience on the *tenter hooks*, while doomed to read, dissect, and criticise, talents scarcely equal to indite the history of an ephemera. We must consider this work, as it is written, in chapters. We are feelingly alive to the abuses of our laws; let us look into their positive defects.

**CHAP. I.—***Of the civil law, as generally affecting the laws of England.*

'It will be said, perhaps, by some, that this discussion is unnecessary, as many have written on those topics, and as able codes have been composed, and their merits practically acknowledged, both in ancient and modern times. Such remarks I conclude will be made, because the tedious, the timid and the dissolute, continually employ them to discredit and condemn every proposed effort, and every actual exertion, to enlighten and correct mankind. I shall not directly resume their refutation, but I shall, by a statement of facts, and by incontrovertible deductions, expose their vain and pusillanimous sophistry. For this purpose, I shall briefly examine the pretensions of the civil law, and afterwards, at length, the merit of the English code;



occasionally introducing notices of different laws, in order to shew, that neither what has been suggested, nor established, precludes the hope of all further improvements in the science of jurisprudence, or in the legislation of nations.'

In pursuance of this plan, our author refers to the Roman law, which has been partly adapted by the English law, and has been the theme of praise, with most men of competent abilities, who call it the interpreter of nature. Harris affirms that it is universally allowed to be the master work of human policy.

' CHAP. II.—*Of the Civil Law as received in Great Britain.*'

When it was proposed to the English Barons, to legitimate the offspring of parents who married after their children's birth, they replied—*nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*—and this mighty achievement—says our author—is quoted by historians, lawyers, and commentators, as a singular instance of magnanimous daring, and of exemplary triumph. Yet they had the precedent of Roman jurisprudence, and we have direct proof of the adoption in England, of the roman and canon laws. These proofs are the objects of enquiry and comment under this head.

' CHAP. III.—*Of the Eulogium on the English Laws and the author's apology for exposing their defects.*

' The English laws, like all other ancient establishments, have been praised inordinately; their errors have been palliated, and their reformation deprecated and condemned. It has been stated, as usual, we cannot expect perfection, that the best system must have some blemishes, that defects are incident to all human affairs, and, that in attempting to improve, we may impair. These, and the like vulgar antidotes to improvement, are distributed by the state empirics to those who hesitate to pronounce the laws of the land as ' wisest, discreetest, best.' A capital absurdity or glaring contradiction is noted in the English laws. Then the nostrum mongers; like dealers in relics, offer some obsolete custom, some neglected fiction, some *quasi* as old as Edward the confessor, or Canute the great.'

Our author quotes and satirizes the absurdity of certain eulogists on the incontrovertible perfection of our laws, with much spirit, and profound reading—he concludes.—

' The House of Commons voted, that the Walcherin expedition was conceived with wisdom, and executed with ability. Yet, the nation negatived with one voice the monstrous decision. The Duke of York was, also, absolved by the same body; and the voices of the people dismissed him from office. But what has been the sequel of this transaction? the tide of flood returned. While yet an opportunity remains of speaking truth concerning the laws, and their administration, let us employ it.'

We give this extract without entering into the politics of the writer. The Prince Regent restored the Duke of York to office, and we believe, his public administration has generally contributed to the good of his service, whatever his private failings. My Lord Castlereagh, the director of the fatal Walcheren expedition, is now hailed as the pacificator of Europe.

‘ CHAP. IV.—*Heterogeneous Laws and Tribunals in England.*’

England, it is herein contended, is governed by laws and tribunals wholly adverse to each other in their mode of trial, and mode of relief, and its tribunals have sometimes concurrent, and sometimes incommunicable jurisdiction. Besides the inconsistency of several codes directing the affairs of the same people inhabiting the same territory, these codes are in themselves incongruous.

‘ CHAP. V.—*Of the Common Law.*’

‘ Nor is the common law, a capital branch of this heterogeneous code, less miscellaneous in its nature. The common law is a motley creature, without stopping to consider the portion for which it is obliged to Britons and Romans; we know that Edward the confessor composed a certain code from Danelage, Merchenlage, and West Saxonlage, which had ruled different parts of England. To this William the conqueror added feuds, trial by battle, &c. which confounded the property and policy of the state. The common law is called by the English lawyers, the unwritten law, and this is the glory of Englishmen; how can unwritten laws deserve the approbation of the wise in an enlightened age? Hale says those laws of England, which are not comprised under the title of acts of parliament, are for the most part extant in records of pleas, proceedings, and judgments, in books of reports, and judicial decisions, in tractates of learned men’s arguments, and opinions, presented from ancient times: and on the next page, he says; the *leges non scriptæ* are of vast extent. The common law is, therefore, a traditionary law; it is so reputed by its warmest advocates, and bears much the same relation to written laws, as a legendary tale does to history.’

Our author argues at length, that to admit an unwritten law, impeaches the jurisprudence of the country. ‘How,’ he says, ‘could the science of law have attained excellence, amidst a want of all things, when many arts were in their infancy, and some, as yet, unborn?’

‘ CHAP. VI.—*General Observation on the Statute Law.*’

‘The beholder of the statutory law of England, is amazed at its incongruity, at its vastness, which resembles the pyramids in wonder working Egypt. Yet, this pile upon pile, this fold above fold, a surging maze, is regarded by our laws with great complacency. The Jews

said, *Qui multiplicat legem, multiplicat vitam*; which Bever, taking for his text, avers, that a multiplicity of laws is a pregnant proof of the attention of the legislative power, to the welfare of the people: but Isocrates the orator, insists the multitude and sublimity of the laws, manifest the depravity of the state; and, Tacitus asserts, that nation enjoys a wise legislature, in which the laws are not more than commensurate to the public weal. Plato and Strabo were of opinion, that many laws and many punishments denoted bad morals.'

The argument is, that it manifests extreme ignorance to suppose the multiplicity of laws, indicates either the sagacity, or the attention of the legislature to the interests of the community.

• CHAP. VII.—*Evils arising from the mode of passing the English Laws.*

The state of representation, in the house of commons, is denominated by our author, to be, the objects of a few nominated by a fewer. We believe him—and when we have attempted to reconcile the torrent of patronage, subverting the free choice of election, we are left to consider, how few of our legislators have studied legislation! how few have been accustomed to methodise their thoughts on any important subject!

'Yet every master of representation who votes himself to parliament, and every one sent by him to the same *rendezvous*, starts at once a legislator, as if to legislate were a boon necessarily confirmed by wealth and deputation. Something the legislator must do, to assure himself of his capacity. He asks leave to bring in a bill: this is huddled together in the law dialect, gabbled over by a clerk, two score members perhaps present, sometimes more, and sometimes less, attending; this form being repeated three times, it is then sent to the Lords, when it runs the same course. I should observe, that this is the usual routine; for sometimes laws are read and passed with such precipitation, that the legislature seems disposed to anticipate time. Laws have been passed, nay, a whole code has been enacted by wholesale, as Poyning's act; whereby all the statutes made in England before that time, were enacted, established, and made in force in Ireland.'

This was indeed, wholesale with a vengeance; every one, however, conversant with the history of Ireland, will be aware of the sensation produced, by the passing of this memorable act, in that, then, distracted country. It was a measure, which divided the inhabitants into two parties; the most numerous of which (the Roman Catholics) were the most oppressed; it was founded, notwithstanding, in sound state policy, resulting from desperate circumstances;

## 14     *Defects of the English Laws and Tribunals.*

and by no means to be adduced as a regular precedent—the times were full of danger—and the skilful physician cuts deep, when he would eradicate disease. Sir J. Davies, in Ireland, enlarges on this subject. But we would rather forget all the compulsory measures, which a few fanatic individuals made imperative between a father and his children, and hope, that those children ‘will never do so any more.’

### ‘CHAP. VIII.—*English Laws not Promulgated.*’

In ancient times, the laws were formally and distinctly published. The 28th Edward I. (called *articuli super Chartas*) orders the Charters to be delivered to every sheriff in England, and to be read four times, in every year, in full county. Coke says (2. inst. 526) ‘at the end of every session of parliament, the statutes which had passed, were transcribed on parchment, and sent to the sheriff, to be read *pleno comitatu*; or proclaimed throughout his bailiwick. Various authorities are quoted to the same effect.

### ‘CHAP. IX.—*Of repealing the English Laws.*’

Doubts certainly, and too frequently arise, whether this or that law is in force or not. Hale, Coke, and other law authorities are quoted in support of this fact.

### ‘CHAP. X.—*Inequality of the English Laws towards the Citizens of the state, as being of different Countries, different religions, different fortunes, or rich and poor, and different situations.*’

The importance of this discussion is so self evident, that we must refer to the work.

### ‘CHAP. XI.—*Severity of the Laws to Debtors.*’

Every effort in the cause of humanity, has met with so much obstruction from the law lords, and the multiplicity of professional characters that fill the house of commons, that a sort of despair had attached to the contemplation of the existing, irremediable, severity of the creditor and debtor laws. The laudable perseverance of that universal philanthropist, my Lord Moira, however, and the effective struggles of thy Lord Redesdale, have, at length, produced a temporary reform. Still, the latter Lord, notwithstanding his professional education, and celebrity, has perhaps rendered the debtors mode of relief under his act, more complex than was intended, and has involved the imprisoned sufferer in a train of expence, which mostly retards, and, sometimes, renders nugatory, the humane object of his Lordship’s solicitude. To pass over minor impediments,

we confine ourselves to this simple fact. In cases when the debtor, in obedience to this law, is directed to advertize his creditors, individually and descriptively, he is obliged to pay for his three advertisements in the Gazette at the rate of so much for so many words: and he is, also, obliged to purchase the three Gazettes containing these advertisements. A Gazette is sold at 6d. per sheet. This, on ordinary occasions is a serious expence to a man deprived of all means; and who, while suffering confinement himself, has, in most instances, a family at home greatly circumscribed as to the common necessities of life: But when government documents happen to swell a Gazette into an extraordinary bulk, the destitute debtor is still compelled to buy the paper, which he is required to produce in court. We have heard that Mr. Palmer exercises his authority, as judge of the court before whom the process of liberation takes place, with great humanity: Still, it often, very often, happens, that persons without the smallest attachment of inpropriety or fraud, are recommitted for a time, as the exigency may require, to correct informalities in their schedules, of which they were not aware, from their natural incompetency fully to comprehend the intricacies of the law, from which they have to seek effectual relief. We do hope, from his Lordship's benevolence, a revision of his act.' 'A person,' says our author, and, God knows, with too much truth, 'a person swears, that another owes him a sum of money; the debtor so convicted is seized, and imprisoned. This process is more summary, than an arrest for felony. On his caption, the debtor remains deprived of liberty, until he can obtain a trial, which does not follow immediately, and is, eventually, obtained at a great expence. Some of the judges, in Great Britain, justify this proceeding, as they do, every power given to, or assumed by the creditor, over his unhappy debtor. Kames, is, however, of a contrary opinion; he says, "it has been the genius of our law, (the Scottish,) in all ages to favor creditors.'

We do not attempt to argue, that certain powers ought not to be vested in a creditor to compel payment from his debtor. Many, perhaps, would never pay their debts, except upon compulsion; but we consider, that credit is often too lightly given; and the enforcement of payment, as frequently, rigidly compelled. This is a subject on which, in obedience to our feelings, we could greatly enlarge. Literary men, proverbially, are seldom rich, and the galled jade will always wince.

‘The party swears in his own cause, and personal execution instantly follows. What is the reason given by the legislature for this undistinguishing severity?—Benefit of trade! This is implied in the following passage from the preamble of 46th George III. ‘Whereas, notwithstanding, the great prejudice and detriment which occasional acts of insolvency may produce to trade and credit, it may be convenient, in the present condition of the prisons, and of the gaols in this kingdom, that some of the prisoners, who are now confined, be set at liberty.’—How humane! that is, were the prisons sufficiently large, the debtors should remain incarcerated. How politic! the law continues to imprison for the benefit of trade, debtors, whom the law excluded from the benefit of the act of bankruptcy, because they were in too low a way of dealing to become bankrupts, but how are the acts of insolvency to injure trade? By various returns of the debtors imprisoned in England, Wales, and Ireland, one third part of them, does not, individually, owe twenty pounds. What peddling nation must this be, the trade of which could suffer by the liberation of such wretches! The thatched house society, with £1800, annually subscribed to relieve confined debtors, discharges, by that sum, about 600 persons from prison. The conduct of the legislature, and of those who should administer the laws, is far inferior to the same authorities in different nations. Not long since, the plaintiff, who arrested one for debt, was obliged to give two securities’ (*this is as it should be, for there are fraudulent creditors, as well as fraudulent debtors,*) ‘that he would prosecute the claim; but now these substantial persons have evaporated into John Doe and Richard Roe. All this, I suppose is agreeable to Lord Ellenborough, who has always taken a decisive part against debtors, and who with abundant zeal asserted, on 13th of June 1811, in the House of Lords, *that there were twenty fraudulent debtors to one vexatious creditor.* Was this the assertion of a feeling man?—we shall see whether it became a wise one. How often, are persons arrested to create costs, which frequently exceed the sum sworn to be due! Were we to credit Lord Ellenborough however, debtors are, as in the exploded law of barbarous French rogues—and creditors humane ministers of justice! This sentiment I presume to deny, and his lordship will excuse my not approaching his opinions, with an eulogium on his manifold virtues’—‘I cannot imagine on what principles of reasoning, or experience, Lord Ellenborough could have adopted such ungenerous sentiments. Are not riches—power? Is not poverty—weakness? what is the chief object of the laws? to support the weak from oppression.’

With these observations, and many others equally apposite our author directs the reader’s attention to ancient history, for a comparative view of the operation, through all ages, of severe creditor and debtor laws. This species of oppression, it will be seen from consulting this work, has, at different periods, occasioned many convulsions in the state; and, unhappily, there is scarcely any country in the civilized world,

less attentive to the misery of debtors than England, and no place in which they suffer so many privations.

This was the language of Mohammed. '*If there be any debtor under a difficulty of paying his debt, let his creditor wait until it be easy for him to do it : but if ye remit it in alms, it will be better for you.*' In Portugal, imprisonment for debt is prohibited ; and, in many parts of Germany, the magistrates will not permit a debtor, without effects, to be imprisoned.

CHAP. XII.—*Severity of the English Laws, answer to Yorke on forfeiture.*

Our attention here is called from the civil to the criminal law—the subject is managed with considerable ingenuity and address.

CHAP. XIII. *Severity of the laws—the consequences. Paley's opinions considered.*

Our author contends, and argumentatively defends his position, that it is erroneous to imagine, that capital, or extreme punishments of any kind, correct the vicious ; or, that they are the most effectual means to check untoward practices.

It is melancholy to subscribe to this opinion ; and yet, a few weeks only are past since an execution took place, in this metropolis, of seven unhappy malefactors. Some of them were for forgery ; still a youth, who was present in the morning at their execution, absolutely committed a forgery at two o'clock in the same day ; and, it is notorious, that when executions took place at Tyburn, they were considered as a holiday exhibition, at which seats were purchased to see the SHEW, with as much avidity, as at Bartholomew fair, and more pockets were picked under the gallows than elsewhere.

This is a subject open to considerable argument, and may be skilfully defended in either way. Paley refers the frequency of capital executions in this country to the want of a punishment, short of death, possessing a sufficient degree of terror ; but our author contends, that terror does not prevent—and capital executions are admitted to be frequent. Sanguinary laws, perhaps, do not promote good morals, or even our abstinence from crime. On the contrary, it is possible that they may exasperate and heighten the ferocity of the wicked. The prerogatives of the crown are mercy and honour,—on them depend, in a great measure, the welfare of the people.

CHAP. XIV.—*Severity of Interpretation.*

' Were the judges kind interpreters on all occasions, there would  
CRIT REV. Vol. 6, July, 1814. C

be an uniformity in their misdeeds, and who would dare to accuse them when they broke the law of man, for the law of humanity? but the reverse is not uncommon; for they often aggravate this tragedy of horrors by their ingenuity. The interpretation of judges has been almost universally severe, in all ages, against those who offend the crown, or the ministry?"

Ought this to be the case?—Ought justice to be tinctured with politics? Others, who have compared the law of libel when attaching to *private slander*, with the law of libel when attaching to *public delinquency*, will be qualified to answer these questions. We refrain from doing it,—although we are observers, and have opinions. What says Shakspeare?—‘*But is this law*’—‘*Aye—marry is it : crowner’s inquest law !*’

CHAP. XVI.—*A case of inextricable difficulty.*

‘Deer broke into a cornfield at night. The master of the corn placed his servant to watch with a charged gun; commanding him, when he heard any thing in the corn, to shoot. The master did himself, inadvertently, enter the corn; the servant shot, and killed his master.’ ‘On this,’ Hale says, ‘it was agreed on all hands, this was neither petit treason nor murder; but, whether it were simple homicide, or *per infortunium*, was a great difficulty. First the shooting was lawful, when the deer came into the corn, it being no purlieu, nor proclaimed, nor chased deer.’

After such interpretations and such difficulties, says our author, no wonder that there should be contradictory opinions, and contradictory judgments.

CHAP. XVII.—*Contradictory Judgments, &c.*

These must be referred to.

CHAP. XVIII.—*Of the distinctions, technicalities, and fictions of the laws and lawyers, promoting the delay, confusion and expence, of suitors; and the patronage and profits of lawyers, judges, and ministers.*

‘This is the language of Job—‘Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words, without knowledge.’ ‘The law language,’ says our author, ‘labours excessively to be correct: for instance, ‘no cart shall go, or be drawn’—he that was not aware of the legislative curiosity in making assurance, double sure, would imagine that some English carts resembled the vehicle of which Milton speaks.

‘————— Wheel within wheel,

‘Itself instinct with spirit—

‘Nor, is it improbable that without this clue, some ingenious antiquary, hereafter, would assume that GO, had reference to carts, moving in the neighbourhood of quarries and mines on inclined planes.

‘Can any human being believe, that lawyers regard the property or the peace of mankind, who live by the confusion of property,



and the disturbance of society?—Are fictions for the benefit of the people or the bar? ‘The best lawyers, in all ages,’ says Yorke, ‘have been so sensible of the inviolable regard due to legal principles that they have thought it more suited to the genius of our laws to relieve by fiction than to depart from principles;’ ergo—truth and principles are at variance. I may be told, that legal fictions must be for the benefit of the community, because lawyers have employed them against each other; and, by the same doctrine, it might be proved, that the least voracious creatures are those, who prey on their own kind. The various courts made depredations on each other, through chicanery, and thus they added to the general confusion of their proceedings—why should not legal proceedings have their basis in truth? what can detract more from the character of sanctity, which they should possess?—and what is more offensive to the liberty of the people, than that they should be held in utter ignorance of their legal affairs?’

Barrington says, ‘that the fictitious proceedings in the common action of an ejectment are such, that no client can be made to understand them.’

This subject is strongly argued and supported by a variety of law authorities. We must refer to the work. This chapter closes the first part.—The second, treats on the following subjects. The constitution indefinite—indefinite state of the power of the crown—The power and proceedings of the House of Lords indefinite—Privilege of parliament indefinite—Mr. Ponsonby’s argument considered—The same neglect concerning the police—Process, laws, judgments, arbitrary and indefinite—Libel, the doctrine and consequences—Of ecclesiastical law, and the English inquisition—Increasing difficulties of the laws, their language, &c. recapitulated—causes which prevent reform—Reformation of the laws recommended.

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**ART. III.—*Musical Biography* ; or Memoirs of the Lives and Writings of the most eminent Musical Composers and Writers, who have flourished in the different countries of Europe, during the last three centuries. 2 vol. Octavo. Pp. 405, 381. Colburn, &c. 1812.**

THE works of Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney, so well known, and so much esteemed, in the musical world, have had their share in contributing to lighten the labours of the editor of this work. Biography is a species of history always received with pleasure. It introduces us to a more intimate acquaintance with persons of talent and celebrity, and affords us the opportunity of more highly appreciatin

their merits. Anecdote displays the genius, in its natural colours, of the character to whom it relates; and we derive pleasure and instruction from the interesting detail. Method always gives a graceful familiarity to arrangement. Our editor has been influenced by this sentiment, and has divided his subjects, chronologically, into classes and countries. His publication is the result of twelve years compilement, originally undertaken for personal amusement. If omissions be occasionally detected, let them not be too severely criticised—he who does the best he can for general information, is always entitled to public applause; and, in seeking for one work complete, in all its arrangements, we find hundreds miserably defective.

**INTRODUCTION.** Original Introduction of Music into the Church.—Ambrosian and Gregorian Chants.—Introduction of the Organ.—Choral Music in England.—Music in Consonance.—Improvements by Guido.—Musical Stave and Cliffs.—Time.—Secular Music in the 14th and 15th centuries.—Musical Characters.—Descant.—Score.—Counterpoint.—Introduction of Discords.—Choral Service in the 15th century.—Fugue.—Canon.—Concert Music.—Fantazias.—Concertos.—Church Music after the Reformation.—Psalmody.

‘ It appears, that music was first introduced into the service of the Christian church at Antioch, so early as about the year of our Lord 350. The example of the metropolis of Lyria was followed by other churches of the east; and, in course of a few years, it received the sanction of public authority. By a council of Laodicea, holden between the years 360 and 370, a canon was issued, directing, that none but canons which ascend the ambo, or singing-desk, and sing out of the parchment, should presume to sing in the church. Thus established in the east, it soon passed to Rome; and from thence to all parts of the world. St. Ambrose, who became one of the great patrons of church music, instituted, in his church at Milan, a peculiar method of singing, which has since received the name of *Cantus Ambrosianus*; the Ambrosian chant; and Pope Gregory the First, who lived about 230 years afterwards, in order to introduce a greater variety into the service, is said to have somewhat enlarged the former plan, and to have began a new method, called *Cantus Gregorianus*; the Gregorian, or, as it is frequently denominated, the ecclesiastical chant. What the difference between them was, is at present entirely unknown. The Gregorian chant, however, is said yet to exist in the churches of some parts of Italy. The singing, in the primitive church, was sometimes by the whole assembly of choristers: sometimes it was alternate, or, as it is called, antiphonal; the choristers being, for that purpose, divided into separate choirs: and, lastly, it was sometimes by a single person, who, after saying the first part of a verse, was then joined by the rest in chorus. In the latter method we

see clearly the origin of the office of precentor, whose duty it is, even at this day, to govern the choir, and to see that the choral service be properly performed.

‘It is supposed, that some very considerable improvement must have taken place in church music, in consequence of the introduction of the organ, which has, usually, been ascribed to Pope Vitalianus, somewhat after the year 663. When, however, we consider the intricate mechanism of this instrument, at the present day, and reflect upon the low state of the arts at that time, we cannot form any very exalted notion of the organ of the 7th century.’

Such appears to have been the early introductions of music into the church service; and we believe, that for very many years subsequent, the knowledge of music was chiefly confined to the church. During the tyranny of priestcraft, when the influence of the clergy was dependant on the ignorance of the people; when the language of miracles exalted superstition; it is not to be wondered, that the interests of the church, in their zeal to strengthen the chains of bigotry, should have had recourse to the soothing and impressive solemnities of music, to add to the enthusiasm of a deluded auditory: much less, that they should have aimed to monopolize this magic science. The influence of music is more imperative over the senses, the affections, and the passions, than that of any other power. At the commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, some few years ago, we witnessed its overwhelming effects. Men and women laughed—wept—fainted—shrieked—almost maddened!

We can trace the introduction of music at our cathedrals to the close of the seventh century; and Guido Areteinus, a Benedictine monk, tells us, that in the 11th century, when our young monks were sent from this country to the abbeys in France, to be instructed in music, ten years were generally consumed in merely acquiring a knowledge of the *canto fermo*, or plain song. This monk made important discoveries in this infant science, which our editor very successfully explains, in pursuing its slow progress, till it eventually matured, and assumed a distinction among the sciences, and its professors were elevated to high literary rank. Music has, at length, attained its highest honorary degrees. It is a valued accomplishment; a rapturous entertainment; a scientific study. It animates our troops in the field of battle. Who does not remember the Marseillois hymn, that, at the beginning of the French disturbances, magnetized the whole country before the standards of revolution? We should waste our time in extended comments on the sublimities of an

art, better felt than described ; sublimities that are universally acknowledged. If we desire to view music, as a passport to wealth, we need only direct our eyes towards the Catalani ; but we will employ ourselves better, by returning to the memoirs before us, which begin by enumerating the English musicians of eminence, who flourished during the sixteenth century ; viz. Marbeck, Taverner, Dr. Tye, White, Tallis, Farrant, Johnson, Parsons, Bird, Dr. Bull, Dowland, Phillips, Morley, John and William Mundy, Weelkes, Damon, Farnaby, Milfon.

We learn, that John Marbeck, who deservedly claims the first place in these sketches, was organist of the chapel of St. George, at Windsor, and a person to whom music is greatly indebted. It is a common, but mistaken opinion, that Tallis was the first composer of the cathedral service of the church of England : Marbeck certainly preceded him. His *Te Deum* is inserted in the first volume of Smith's *Musica Antiqua*, published about two years ago. The misfortunes of Marbeck, which entitled him to the name of martyr, originated as follows.

'About the year 1544, a number of persons living at Windsor, who favored the reformation, had formed themselves into a society. Among them were, Anthony Person a priest ; Robert Testwood a singing man in the choir of Windsor ; John Marbeck, and Henry Filmer. On intimation being given, that these persons held frequent and improper meetings, the Bishop of Winchester procured a commission from the king to search the suspected houses. The above mentioned four persons were apprehended ; and their books and papers were seized. Among other things there were found some papers of notes on the Bible, and an English concordance ; in the hand writing of Marbeck. Upon his examination before the commissioners of the statute of the six arches, he gave the following account of himself. He said, respecting the notes, that, as he was in the habit of reading much, in order to understand the Scriptures ; it was his practice, whenever he met with any explanation of an abstruse or difficult passage, to extract it into his note book, and then to place it under the name of the author. As to the concordance, he told them, that being a poor man, and not able to buy a copy of the English Bible, then lately published by Matthew, he had set about transcribing one ; and had proceeded as far as the book of Joshua, when an acquaintance, of the name of Turner, knowing his industry, suggested to him also the plan of writing a concordance ; and for this purpose, supplied him with a Latin concordance and an English Bible—that, with the assistance of these, as his papers would shew, he had been able to proceed in his work as far as the letter L. This story seemed altogether so strange, that the commissioners

scarcely knew how to credit it. Marbeck, however, desired that they would so far indulge him as to take any words under the letter M, and give him his concordance and bible, and he would endeavour to convince them of its truth. In a single day he had filled three sheets of paper with the continuation of his work, and had got as far as the words given him would allow. His ingenuity and industry were much applauded even by his enemies, and Dr. Oking, one of the commissioners who examined him, said, 'that he seemed to have been much better employed than some of his accusers. Neither his ingenuity nor his industry, however, could prevent his being brought to trial for heresy along with his associates. Person and Filmer were indicted for irreverent expressions concerning the mass; and the charge against Marbeck was for copying, with his own hand, an epistle of Calvin against it. They were all found guilty and condemned to be burnt and the sentence was executed on all, except Marbeck, the day after the trial. Three of the witnesses, however, on this trial, were afterwards accused and convicted of perjury.'

Being a man of mild and harmless disposition, Marbeck eventually, through the intercession of Sir Humphrey Foster, one of the commissioners, attained the King's free pardon.

Jusquin de Perez, flourished in the reign of Lewis the XII. he was a native of the Netherlands, and a musician of so much eminence, that his compositions appear to have been as well known, and as much practiced throughout Europe, at the beginning of the 16th century, as Handel's were in England, about 50 years ago; the following anecdote is related.

'The King of France, to whom he was chapel master, though extremely fond of music, had so weak and inflexible a voice, that he had never been able to sing in tune; and he defied his chapel master to compose any piece of music in which it was possible for him to bear apart. The musician made the attempt. He wrote a canon for two voices, to which he added two other parts. The person who sung any one of these two parts had nothing more to do, than either to sustain a single sound, or alternately to sing the key note and its fifth. Jusquin gave to his Majesty the choice of the two. He preferred that which consisted only of the long note; and after some time the royal scholar was enabled to continue this, as a drone to the canon, in despite of nature, which had never intended him for a singer.'

Giacomo Carissimi, an Italian by birth, was chapel master of the church of St. Apollinaire in the German College of Rome, and is celebrated by all Italian writers, as the most eminent musician of his time. He lived in the 17th century; and was particularly successful in sacred music; he is considered to have been the father of that

feminine beauty which, at this time, so feelingly characterizes the Italian vocal music. He composed for the use of the church, a kind of dramatic dialogue, called *Jephtha*, which consists of recitatives, airs, and chorusses. This composition, for sweetness of melody, skilful modulation, and original harmony, is esteemed one of the earliest efforts of human genius. He, also, composed a dialogue between *Heraclitus* and *Democritus*—the crying and laughing philosophers---in which the affections of weeping and laughing are contrasted, in some of the most pleasing melodies that imagination ever suggested. He was, moreover, truly excellent in imitating the inflections of the human voice, and in uniting the charms of music with the powers of oratory.

John Abell an Englishman, was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal in the reign of Charles II. he was celebrated for a fine counter tenor voice, and for his skill in playing the lute. He was a man so profuse in his expences, that, at intervals, he was, while in Germany, under the necessity of travelling through whole provinces with his lute strung at his back, subject to all the hardships and miseries of a strolling musician. In his rambles he reached Poland; and, on his arrival at Warsaw, the King invited him to court. Abell made some excuse to avoid going; but, on being told he had every thing to fear from the King's resentment, he apologised for his behaviour, and received a command to attend the king on the following day. On his arrival at the palace, he was seated on a chair in the middle of a spacious hall, and immediately drawn up to a great height. Soon afterwards, the King and his attendants appeared in a gallery opposite to him, and, at the same time, a number of bears were let loose below. The King gave him his choice, either to sing, or to be lowered among the bears. Abell chose the former; and he declared, afterwards, that he never sang so well in his life, as he did in this cage.

Henry Purcell was born at Westminster, in 1658; at the age of 18, he was appointed organist of the abbey, and six years afterwards, was advanced to one of the three places of organist of the chapel royal. The unlimited powers of his genius are well known; they embraced every species of composition with equal facility; and, to this day, they maintain the admiration of the musical world. His productions are voluminous.

4. This <sup>celebrated</sup> *Stro Stradella*, an Italian, flourished about the 17th century. He was a fine singer, and an

**excellent performer on the harp. He taught these sciences at Venice, and had, among his pupils, a young lady of rank named Hortensia, who lived in a criminal intercourse with a Venetian nobleman. His frequent access to the lady produced a mutual affection, and they eloped. The circumstances are singular.**

‘ On discovering the lady’s flight, the Venetian had recourse to the usual methods of the country, in obtaining satisfaction for real or supposed injuries : he dispatched two assassins, with instructions to murder both Stradella and the lady, wherever they should be found ; giving them a sum of money in hand, and making them the promise of a larger sum, if they succeeded in the attempt. Being arrived at Naples, they were informed that those of whom they were in pursuit were at Rome, where the lady passed as Stradella’s wife. On this intelligence, they wrote to their employer, requesting letters of recommendation to the Venetian ambassador at Rome, in order to secure an asylum, to which they could fly as soon as the deed was perpetrated. Having received these letters, they made the best of their way to Rome. At their arrival they were informed, that, on the evening of the succeeding day, Stradella was to give an oratorio in the church of San Giovanni Laterano. They attended the performance ; determining to follow the composer and his mistress out of the church, and, seizing a convenient opportunity, to make the fatal blow. The music soon afterwards commenced ; but, so exquisitely pathetic was it in some parts, that, long before it was concluded, the suggestions of humanity had began to operate upon them. They were seized with remorse ; and reflected, with horror, on the thought of depriving a man of life, who could give to his auditors so much delight as they had felt. In short, they entirely desisted from their purpose ; and determined, instead of taking away his life, to exert all their efforts to preserve it. They awaited his coming out of the church, and, after first thanking him for the pleasure they had received in hearing his music, informed him of the bloody errand on which they had been sent ; expatiating on the irresistible charms which, of savages, had made them men, and had rendered it impossible for them to effect their purpose. They concluded, by earnestly advising, that he and the lady should depart immediately from Rome ; promising, they would forego the remainder of the reward, and would deceive their employer, by making him believe they had quitted that city on the morning of their arrival.’

Such was the fascination of music ! But it is melancholy to add (we curtail the sequel), that disappointment served only to sharpen the resentment of the Venetian, who had address to prevail with the lady’s father to become an accomplice in his revenge, and to pursue the fugitives to Turin, where they were especially protected by the Duchess of Savoy, at that time regent. Stradella, however, was one evening

attacked, and stabbed in the breast with a dagger, as he strolled on the ramparts. He recovered, and was married, in presence of the duchess, to the object of his tenderest affections; and a year having elapsed, their fears abated. They travelled to Genoa, whither their assassins, well instructed in their movements, followed; and the moment after their arrival, the villains rushed into their chamber, and stabbed each to the heart.

Archangelo Corelli, an Italian, was born in 1658. His proficiency on the violin extended his fame throughout Europe; but he was not remarkable for his executive powers. The style of his performance excited wonder, from its being learned, elegant, and pathetic; his tones were firm and even. A person who heard him perform, says, that, during the whole time, his countenance was distorted, his eyes were as red as fire, and his eye-balls rolled as if he were in agonies.

About 1690, the opera had arrived to great perfection at Rome, under the direction of Pasquini, who presided at the harpsichord; Corelli led with his violin; and Gaetani joined them with his lute. The works of Corelli are chiefly confined to operas, which are said to have been composed by him with great deliberation, and to have been submitted to the inspection of the most skilful musicians of the day. He was highly patronized, yet so diffident, that it is said, when he was once playing a solo before Cardinal Ottoboni, he observed the cardinal in discourse with another person; upon which he laid down his instrument, and being asked the reason, answered, that he feared his music interrupted the conversation. In the present day, this act of modesty might have been subject to a very different conclusion. The mild, timid, and gentle manner of this admirable musician, characterised his music. It was the language of nature; it was equally intelligible to the learned and the unlearned; and the impression it made was almost indelible. He died at Rome, in 1713, and the anniversary of that event was, for many years, commemorated at the Pantheon.

A very curious anecdote is related from Caradan, 'A friend of mine having set out on a journey, had a river to cross, and, not knowing the ford, he cried out—Oh!—to which an echo answered---Oh!---he, imagining it to be a man, called out in Italian---*onde devor passar*' (where can I pass); it answered---*passa*---(pass); and when he asked---*qui?*---(where); it replied *qui* (here); but, as the water formed a deep whirlpool there, and



made a great noise, he was terrified and again asked -- *devo passar qui?* --- (should I pass here) : the echo returned --- *passa qui* --- (pass here). He repeated the same question often, and still had the same reply; terrified with the fear of being obliged to swim, in case he attempted to pass, and it being a dark and tempestuous night, he concluded that his respondent was some evil spirit that wanted to entice him into the torrent. He therefore returned, and, on relating his story to Cardan, was convinced by him that it was no demon; but only the sport of nature.

This Italian echo has no analogy, however, to that at the lake of Killarney. 'How do you do, Pat?' -- 'Very well, I thank you,' answered the Irish echo.

Jean Baptiste Moreau, was led by the consciousness of his talents, to try his fortune at Paris. Having succeeded in a bold attempt to get unperceived into the closet of Madame the Dauphiness, who was passionately fond of music, he had the temerity to pull her royal highness by the sleeve, and to beg permission to sing her a little song of his own composing. The Dauphiness, laughing heartily at the singularity of the incident, desired him to sing. He sang, without being in the least disconcerted, and the princess was pleased with his performance. The story having reached the ears of the king, his majesty desired to see him. He was introduced, in the apartment of Madame de Maintenon, to the royal presence, and sang several airs, with which the king was so much delighted, that he ordered him to compose a musical entertainment, which was performed at Marli, two months afterwards, and applauded by the whole court. His chief excellence consisted in giving the full force of expression to all kinds of words, and to all kinds of subjects.

Our editor now brings us to a highly important era in the musical history of this country. At the beginning of the 18th century, he tells us, that, 'the Italian opera, which, on the continent, had for many years been gradually advancing towards perfection, was, at length, introduced into England. The first opera performed in London, was that of Arsinoe, in the year 1707. The music of this opera was selected, and in part composed by Clayton.' -- He pursues the subject.

Clayton was a member of the royal band of music, in the reign of William and Mary. In early life, he travelled into Italy for improvement. At his return, he so far imposed on

the good sense of the public, as to obtain the reputation of an eminent musician. Several persons of distinction patronised him, under the persuasion, that he would wholly expel rusticity from our national music, and teach us to emulate the Italian school. This kind of artifice has been too often practised on the English; and, at the present moment, Clayton is not without his parallel, in mangling and adulterating Italian music, and impudently publishing it as original composition. This was the fact as to his *Ar-sinoë*; and is the fact, as to certain music that was long successfully compiled and published in Pall Mall.

‘Henry Carey was an illegitimate son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, and a man of very facetious disposition. His different musical preceptors were Linnaert, Roseingrane, and Geminiani; but, with all the advantages of these masters, the extent of his abilities seems to have led him no further than to the composition of Ballad airs, or little cantatas to which he was just able to set a bass.’—‘He was the author of our popular national song—God save the King, and of the well known ballad—Sally in our Alley. The following is an extract from Dr. Harrington at Bath, to Mr. George Saville Carey, the son of this composer. It is dated June the 13th, 1795. ‘The anecdote you mention respecting your father being the author and composer of God save the King, is certainly true. That most respectable gentleman, Mr. Smith, (many years the friend and assistant of Handel) my worthy friend and patient, had told me what follows—That your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass, which Mr. Smith told him was not proper, and, at your father’s request, he wrote down another in correct harmony. This letter is inserted in the Monthly Magazine, vol. XI. p. 386.’

This anecdote comes so suddenly upon us, that we confess ourselves to be wholly unprepared either to substantiate, or to refute it. We have always imagined; ‘God save the King,’ to be the composition of Handel, and we incline to think this *error*, in opinion, to be very prevalent. Of Handel’s vast musical genius we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. That celebrated musician is immortalized in Westminster Abbey, with a scroll of music, the composition of ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth;’—nearly opposite is Shakespeare with his ‘cloud capt Towers.’

Thomas Augustine Arne, Mus. Doct. was the son of an upholsterer, and educated at Eton school, where his love of music was fatal to his own repose and that of his companions. By means of a miserable, cracked, common flute, he tormented them night and day, when not compelled

to attend school. When he left Eton, such was his passion for music, that he has frequently borrowed a livery to go into the upper gallery at the opera, which was, at that time, a seat appropriated to servants. At home, he concealed a spinnet in his bed room; upon which, having muffled the strings, he was accustomed to practice at night, when the family was asleep. He was articled to the law, and served three years, devoting every stolen moment to music. He had lessons on the violin from Festing, in which he afterwards excelled.

‘In 1762, he furnished Vauxhall, and thence the whole kingdom, with such songs as tended greatly to improve and to polish the national taste. The melody of Arne, analyzed, would perhaps appear to consist of an agreeable mixture of Italian, English, and Scots. Many of his ballads were, indeed, professed imitations of the Scotch style: and, in his other songs, he frequently dropped into it, perhaps without design. In the science of Harmony, though he was chiefly self taught, he betrayed in his scores, neither ignorance nor want of study.’

With his works, every body is acquainted. Of Martini, who was decidedly the first hautboy player in the world, sketches are given in celebration of his fame. To John Sebastian Bach, the celebrated performer on the organ, like justice is done.

‘Among other trials of the skill of Bach, one has been recorded by Marchand, the celebrated French Organist. When the latter was at Dresden, he issued a general challenge to play extempore with any German who was willing to contend with him. Bach, though at that time a young man, was sent for by the King of Poland from Weimar; and, in the unanimous judgment of all the auditors, he obtained a decisive victory.’

John Christopher Pepusch, Mus. Doct. was a native of Berlin, and acquired great reputation as a professor of music. ‘At the request of Gay and Rich, he selected and prepared the music to the Beggar’s Opera, from various ballads and country dances, then in vogue, and prefixed to it an Overture.’ He was a voluminous composer, and one of the founders of the Academy of Ancient Music, a tomb, by voluntary subscription, is erected to him at the chapel of the Charter-House.

George Frederick Handel was a native of Upper Saxony, born in 1684. He displayed a very early and surprising taste with a most accurate ear, for music. But his father, who determined to bring him up to the law, banished every kind of musical instrument from his house; and took un-

common pains to destroy this native passion ; but in vain. When about seven years old, he accompanied his father, who was a physician, to the court of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels ; here he was suffered to ramble about the palace. One morning he found means, as soon as the service was over, to steal to the organ in the Ducal Chapel. The Duke, who had only just before, gone out, remarked that the organ was played in a very unusual manner, and directed his valet to enquire who it was he heard ; the man returned with an answer, that it was a boy about seven years of age. The Duke immediately commanded both Handel and his father to be sent for into his presence, and the conversation terminated in a resolution of the father, 'to yield to the impulse of nature, and to allow his son to follow the profession of music.'

To this accident, the world has been indebted for that consummation in the science of music, which afterwards distinguished the life of this great man. His oratorios will live for ever.

The whole of this article will be read with great feeling, interest, and effect. Having pursued our memoir to a period, wherein the editor speaks of living characters, or of those lately deceased, we must confine our review to the relation of two more anecdotes, and conclude.

The first relates to John Davy of Exeter, a very interesting account of whose life has been published by the Rev. M. Eastcott ; who tells us, that 'when about three years of age, he came into the room where his uncle, who lived in the same parish, was playing a psalm tune on the violencello ; but the moment he heard this instrument, he run away crying, and was so much terrified, that it was thought he would have gone into fits ; for several weeks, his uncle repeatedly tried to reconcile him to the instrument ; and, at last, after much enticement and coaxing, he effected it by taking the child's fingers, and making him strike the strings. The sound thus produced, very much startled him at first, but, in a few days, he became so passionately fond of the amusement, that he took every opportunity of obtaining a better acquaintance with the monster, which had before so terrified him. With a little attention, he was soon able to produce such notes from the violencello, as greatly delighted him.

'This was the development of his musical genius : at the age of four or five years, his ear was so correct, that he could play

any easy tune, after once or twice hearing it. Before he was quite six years old, a neighbouring blacksmith into whose house he used frequently to run, lost between twenty and thirty *horse shoes*; diligent search was made for them many days; but to no purpose. Not long afterwards, the smith heard some musical sounds, which seemed to come from the upper part of his house; and having listened a sufficient time, to be convinced that his ears did not deceive him, he went up stairs, where he discovered little Davy, with his property, between the ceiling and the thatched roof. The boy had selected eight horse shoes, out of the whole number, to form an octave; had suspended each of them by a single cord clear from the wall; and, with a small iron rod, was amusing himself by imitating the Crediton Chimes, which he did with great exactness. His subsequent progress was rapid, until he ultimately attained celebrity.'

### The second states :

' That the scientific Rauzzini, on his arrival in England in 1774, was engaged to sing at the Opera House; his fame soon spread over the metropolis; and Garrick is said to have been so much delighted with his performance of Montezuma, in the opera of that name, that he run behind the scenes, and catching him in his arms, embraced him with a degree of transport and enthusiasm that astonished all the bystanders.'

Madame Mara, and Mrs. Billington, were his pupils—performers, who, for science, taste, and execution, are perhaps not excelled by any singers of the present day.

*Must* we pass our pen through the last line; or, shall we have the frowns of the *divine*, the *scientific* Catalani?—We will do neither—but aim to conciliate the lady's favor, by referring herself, and her enthusiastic admirers, to a copy of verses dedicated to Italy, in honour of her illustrious birth. The precious morceau will be found under our review of Lord Thurlow's poems.

After all, we experience as much WONDER at hearing the Catalani sing, as Mr. Villabrequé himself can do—but, we look for further entertainment in music---we wish our passions to be touched---our affections to be sweetly soothed---by the seductive melody of sounds. Wonder is an every-day sort of feeling. We can wonder at Mr. Pidcock's menagerie---and, we can wonder at the gorgeous pageantry of the Prince Regent, in going in state to call for *Sherry*, at a City Feast.

A king once knighted a loin of beef, in compliment to the grandeur of its appearance; and we have lived to learn, that good eating may be rewarded with still higher honors---such distinctions, however, we hope may remain *stationery*!

ART. IV.—*Thoughts on Peace*, in the present situation of the country, with respect to the finances and circulating medium, with an appendix, concerning the theory of money. Octavo. p. p. 194. 6s. Longman and Co. 1814.

The blessings of peace after a prolonged, disastrous, and bloody war, have at length shed their benignant influence over our fire sides. The pleasurable throbs of domestic joy subsiding in our bosoms, we naturally direct our thoughts to the contemplation of the eventual advantages we may reasonably expect therefrom.

It would appear, that a considerable portion of the work before us, has been compiled with a view to the anticipation of those grand objects, which have so suddenly and so miraculously realized our dearest wishes. The continent of Europe is at peace; and the new constitution of France, promising wisdom and freedom for its basis, afford us a pleasing perspective of the happiest mutual results. One solitary cloud, however, dims the horizon, and renders our prospects imperfect. We allude to our still existing hostilities with America; but as the ultimate object of war, is honourable and permanent peace, if that desired event may be obtained on fair and equitable grounds, let us hope—ardently hope—for a speedy return of our friendly commercial intercourse with our brethren. Our author observes that,

‘the reader, in all probability, will meet with many remarks in the following pages, such as he has not been accustomed to hear. He will be told that, in fact, and strictly speaking, we have no national debt, and that as a *nation* we owe nothing. That the *country* would not be benefited by what is called its debt being cancelled; but, on the contrary, that it would be injured by it. That though we may have, at times, misapplied our resources, we have not anticipated them; and that, in fact, it is scarcely possible for a nation to anticipate its resources. That the nation is now richer, and better able to prosecute a war with vigour, than it was at the beginning of the late contest. These, and some similar assertions (to which, for the sake of brevity, I have not given all the illustration of which they were capable), I must beg the reader to examine candidly before he refuse to admit them.

‘With respect to the last remark, I would just observe here, if a well cultivated soil, abundance of manufactures, and a numerous population, be admitted to be marks of national strength and capability, that this country certainly stands higher in these respects now, than it did twenty years ago.

‘In saying this, however, I would not be understood to mean that the nation has been benefited by the war. All I would insist upon is, that notwithstanding the waste and havoc of war, this country has advanced in wealth during the last twenty years. That this is the case, I would appeal to any one who recollects the state of its culture, of its

roads, canals, and manufactures, at that period, and more particularly ten years before that time. We have before us, then, a remarkable proof how much the means of happiness are placed, by Providence, within our power, if we are only wise enough to avail ourselves of our opportunities. What would not the situation of this country have been, had we avoided the late sanguinary war; and had the one thousand millions which we have squandered away in it, or rather the labour which it represents, been directed to useful and salutary purposes. The country in all probability would, by this time, have been rendered one complete garden. If we are wise, we shall profit by the experience of the past, and determine never to enter into war again.

But whatever may be thought of the view I have taken of our financial situation; whether it may be deemed correct or otherwise, I should wish it not to influence the reader in forming his judgment on other parts of the work, and particularly on the sketch I have given of the theory of money. This, I consider, by far the most important part of my subject, and if I have succeeded in throwing any light upon it, I shall think my labours have been not altogether useless.

Some remarks on the nature of foreign commerce, will be found interspersed. The writer is not disposed to value it so highly as had been usually done. It would appear, indeed, that if all the products and manufactures of any country could be consumed within itself, and so adjusted to each other in quantity as to meet pretty exactly, the demand for each of them, respectively, without having recourse to exportation and importation, that the expence of these operations would, in a great measure, be saved, and be so much clear gain. Would it not be better if, instead of being obliged to export our manufactures to France, for instance, in exchange for their corn, that after cultivating every inch of our waste lands, we exchanged them with the growers of corn on our own soil.

We should, by this arrangement, support, comfortably, a greater population, which is the great strength of a state. In the same manner France would be benefited, if, instead of exporting her corn and wine for foreign manufactures, she employed manufacturers at home to supply what she wanted in this way, in exchange for her own agricultural productions. But there are several articles of foreign produce with which we could not supply ourselves at all, or at any rate so cheap as from abroad. How are we to obtain them? Wine, for instance, we cannot grow without enormous expence. But might not our tropical possessions supply all these. The mountains and hills in our West India islands, would, in all probability, furnish us with a climate and temperature suited to the growth of the vine as well as the other products of somewhat more southerly climates.

Our author's thoughts on peace commence with an extract from Mr. Cobbett's political writings. We wish he had chosen a less wavering authority, than this shuttlecock politician. At all events, we are instructed, by this opening, to view his opinions with a jealous, scrutinizing eye. It is true;

*CRIT. REV.* Vol. 6, *July*, 1814.

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indeed, that our author does not appear to sanction Mr. Cobbett's opinions, which reject peace, as a disadvantage to this kingdom; but, on the contrary, expressly says,

'I shall endeavour to shew, that they are not well founded; and that in fact we have, in a national point of view, and with respect to our finances, in particular, nothing to apprehend from a period of peace; but have every thing to hope from it.'

We do not, however, like this connection.

Referring to Hume, Adam Smith, and *Paine*, our author avows his dissenting opinions from their political writings—not, that he believes himself superior in talent to those great men—far otherwise; for had he, fortunately, read Adam Smith's great work, previously to the arrangement of his own theory, he declares that the tract in review would never have been published. The impressions made on his mind, by the development of Dr. Smith's intellectual endowments, have, it seems, led him to doubt his personal ability in the perfect comprehension of that gentleman's *Wealth of Nations*; and he attributes the non-conviction of his own judgment to a failure in self, and not to any incompetency on the part of Dr. Smith. On the question—*What is Wealth?* our author says,

'the real practical question which it is the business of the statesman and philosopher to solve, appears to me to be the following;—'What are the means of advancing the agriculture, manufactures, commerce, arts and population of a country, in the most rapid manner possible?' An investigation of the theory of money, and a practical knowledge of the uses of that important engine in the relations of society, will, I am persuaded, be found essential to the solution of this problem. It will form the basis of the science of political economy—all other considerations will either arise from or be subsidiary to it. I shall only observe now, that if it be allowed, as I think it will, that the nation has gone on improving, for the last twenty years, in the cultivation of its soil, in its manufactures, in its roads, in its canals, in its buildings, public and private, in its population, in the *means* of comfort and accommodation which it is *capable* of affording to its increased population, If, I say, all this be admitted, it appears to me that the country has, during this period, advanced so much in real, and towards absolute wealth, or in other words, towards the highest state of wealth which it is capable of attaining—and this too in a period of most destructive warfare and extravagant expenditure;

and he maintains these opinions, under an avowed conviction, that, had Mr. Hume or Dr. Smith (particularly the former) lived to the present time, they would have changed some of their financial opinions.



‘Had they witnessed the rapid increase of the country in wealth; for the last twenty years, during a period of protracted and expensive warfare, and with a national debt enormous (in their estimation to begin with), and all the while accumulating, and above all, had they witnessed the suspension of cash payments at the bank, they would have been led to question the solidity of many of their opinions on political economy, and, in all probability, been induced to retract some of them. Not knowing what they had written, and observing for myself, without preconceived opinions, in a period of great political commotion, and of new experiments in finance, I think I have been fortunate enough to stumble upon some thoughts, which may serve to throw, at least, a glimmering of light upon these interesting and important subjects.’ . . . . . ‘As I merely intend to take a cursory view of the different subjects, I shall first treat upon national debts, and cursorily on the principles of finance; then give a brief sketch of the theory of money. This, indeed, in a regular treatise, ought to have the first place, as it appears to me to form the basis of the science of political economy.

‘It appears to me that one great source of error, with respect to national debts, arises from our taking it for granted, that they must necessarily affect nations in the same manner as private debts affect individuals. All our reasoning upon them appears to rest on this supposition, and, no doubt, would be in the main correct, if the premises themselves were so. If a national debt had the same relation to a nation, which the debt of an individual has to an individual; and if the analogy between them were, in every respect, complete, we then might venture to predict, that nations would be affected by their debts in the same manner as individuals are. But, it appears to me, that there is an error in the very premises, and of course there will be in the conclusions; and that our reasoning respecting them will be, in most cases, the very reverse of what it ought to be.

‘An individual, who is indebted to *another*, is in a very different situation from that of a nation which is indebted only to *itself*. The affairs of nations are, in general, to be considered in the same manner as those of individuals, *only* when we view them in their relations to other nations. When we examine what concerns one nation, and with relation to itself *only*, the subject ought to be considered as belonging only to one individual, and with relation only to himself. In short, *nations stand to one another in the same relation as individuals do to one another*. If a nation is indebted to other nations, it is then in the same situation as an individual who is indebted to other individuals; but if a nation owes nothing but what it owes to itself, it is then in the situation of an individual who owes nothing but what he owes to himself, or, in other words, who owes nothing.

‘If the national debt were owing to foreigners, and we had to pay the amount of its interest annually to foreign nations, we should then be indebted as a nation, and feel the effects of being in debt *then* severely; and in the same manner as an individual does. But as we owe nothing but what we owe to ourselves, we do, in fact, as a nation, owe

nothing; and, of course, as a nation, are not affected by what is called the national debt. If the national debt was cancelled to-day, the nation would neither be richer nor poorer; it would neither gain any thing, nor be at all benefited by the measure. The same real property would exist; that would neither be increased nor diminished by it. Those, indeed, who have no property in the funds, would be benefited; but those who have, would be injured exactly in the same proportion. But the latter constitute a portion of the nation, as well as the former; the nation on the whole, therefore, would not be benefited.

‘ If a law were passed, to cancel all private debts, it will hardly be contended that such a law would be beneficial to the nation. Those, indeed, would gain by it, who happened to owe more to others than others owed to them; and those who owed less than was owing to them from others, would lose by it; but the nation at large would not be benefited by such a law.’

‘ The same would be the case with respect to the national debt. One portion of it is, in fact, a debt for which one part of the public stands indebted to the stockholders; another part belongs to themselves (as stockholders) to pay. But a law passed to cancel the former portion of debt, would no more benefit the country than one passed for the purpose of cancelling all debts whatsoever. This, I think, must be admitted to be the fact, viewing the matter generally, and with respect to the nation at large, and divesting the subject of all collateral considerations.

‘ Neither would the poor or the middle classes derive any permanent advantage from the diminution, or even total abolition of taxation, which would follow such a measure. Their wages would soon be lowered in the same proportion as the price of the necessaries of life were lowered. They would then be only enabled to exist, just as is the case with them now. The source of their miseries lies deeper than the mere mischief of taxation, and we may glance at it hereafter.

‘ And the same would be the case with respect to the middle classes. Competition among themselves would soon reduce the profits of their trades, or the products of their labour, skill, or ingenuity, to the lowest average price at which they could be afforded, just the same as is the case with them at present.

‘ Neither is it necessary to the continuance, or even increase of our foreign trade, that taxation should be diminished. Taxation has, in fact, had little, I may say nothing, to do with the increased price of commodities, as we shall see hereafter. But if it had, the low nominal price of commodities here is not indispensable to the existence, or even to the increase of our foreign trade. All foreign trade is, in fact, ultimately a barter, and the value of the commodity bartered for does not depend upon the nominal price it may bear abroad, but in the price it will fetch at home. But here we are anticipating.

‘ Another source of error with respect to national debts, arises from our not reflecting that the debt itself is liable to contribute towards effecting its own discharge, exactly in the same proportion as any and every other species of property. Thus, if the national debt amounted

to as much as all the property in the country was worth, the proprietors of stock, if the debt were to be discharged, would have to pay half of the debt themselves from their funded property, or be satisfied with receiving half their nominal claim upon the public. If the national debt amounted to half the value of the property in the country, the proprietors of stock would, in that capacity, and exclusive of their liability on account of other property, have to pay one-third of the debt themselves, or be satisfied with receiving one-third of their nominal claim.

‘On this principle, any national debt, however large, whether with respect to itself, or with respect to the property of the country by which it was owing, might at any time be easily and equitably discharged; if not in specie, at any rate by a transfer of real property. If it were possible that a national debt should amount to twenty times as much as all the property in a country was worth, the stockholders would, in that case, be in the act of receiving twenty parts in twenty-one of the income of the country, and they would have to pay 20 parts in 21 of the debt; while the rest of the community would have to pay the remaining twenty-first part of it only. To talk then, as some persons do, of the *impossibility* of discharging a national debt, or of a debt due from a nation to itself, is absurd; the *means* to do it must always exist, however it might be attended with difficulty in the execution. In fact, it is not the mere difficulty of its execution that these people have in view; they consider the thing impossible, for want of the means only.’

#### On the expediency of discharging the national debt—

‘I scarcely can think of any single measure of finance that would, in the present state of the country, be more fatal in its operation; and yet, a great many men, of great talents and political knowledge in general, have contemplated the event with indifference, and some have even been found advocates for it, on the score of its expediency.

‘Besides, to discharge the debt by a transfer of property, would in reality injure no one; it would render the situation of no one at all worse than it is at present. The diminution of taxes which would ensue, would render the remaining property of each individual as effective to him, as the whole of it is at present. Nay, the public at large would gain by it. They would save the whole expence incurred in the collecting of the taxes, which is, at present, no trifling consideration; and, in addition to this, they would save the extra price which the dealer in commodities is obliged to put upon them, in order to indemnify himself for the interest, &c. of the extra capital necessarily employed in carrying on the particular branches of trade in articles liable to taxation.

‘Neither would individuals be poorer, at least relatively, by paying their proportion of the national debt. Riches and poverty are merely relative terms. Every man’s capital would be levied upon in the same proportion, and, therefore, every man would stand exactly in the same relative situation after, as he did before the money was paid. With

respect to commercial people, in particular, it would seem, however, at the first blush, that to take from them so much (suppose one-fifth of their property) would be productive of great inconvenience; but if we reflect a little, we shall see reason to think that this will be by no means the case. Trade, at least, as carried on at present, is a sort of warfare; it is a struggle who can get the greatest share of the good things, and amass the greatest quantity of wealth. As in contests of a different nature, he that has the longest sword, so, in this, he that has the longest purse, usually gets the victory; but if all the swords, as well as all the purses, are proportionably shortened, it is evident, that the combatants will stand in the same relative situation after, as they did before their weapons were curtailed. Neither would the diminution of individual capital tend to diminish the spirit of commercial enterprize. It is not so much the absolute, as the relative accumulation of capital, which creates and invigorates commercial speculation. It is evident, indeed, that the national capital would not on the whole be diminished; it would only be divided amongst a greater number of hands, and would therefore, in all probability, be productive of greater benefit to the country.

‘It appears to me, too, that experience fully confirms the view we have taken of national debts in theory. We have seen the national debt constantly and rapidly increasing for the last twenty years; and, though the country has been engaged all that time in destructive and expensive warfare, yet have we seen it advance rapidly, at the same time, in progressive improvement. We have seen it, during this period, both advance in wealth, and increase in population. If we examine the state of its roads, canals, buildings, manufactures, and agriculture, and compare them with what they were thirty years ago (at the end of the American war, for instance), it is not, perhaps, extravagant to say, that the country is worth twice as much now as it was at that period.

‘In this estimate, I reckon nothing of the nominal price of commodities; I speak only of their intrinsic value. It is their real, specific worth only, that I have in contemplation. If commodities were, on an average, at the same nominal price now, as they were thirty years ago, I say that the country possesses twice as much value in ‘materiel,’ of one kind or other, and that it would *sell* for twice as much now, as it would have done then. In short, were it sold for the same sum now, the purchaser would have twice as much in real value for his money, as he would have had then, taking quantity and quality together. And thus I would say, if we had not a single guinea in the country. It is in the abundance of commodities, and the advanced state of its cultivation, that the real wealth of a country consists, and not in the gold and silver, which merely serve to circulate those commodities; the only office, indeed, which, while in the shape of coin, they *can* perform; and no office, too, which *may* be performed, as I shall endeavour to show, by a substitute much cheaper, as well as far more efficacious than they are, and affording, I think, more than equal security to the holder.

' In speaking thus of the state of the country, however, I would not be understood to be of opinion, that the destructive warfare in which we have been so long engaged, has been beneficial to the nation, and conducive to its improvement; or that it would not have been better, had the national debt never been incurred. On the contrary, there can be no question that, had we been at peace for the last twenty years, the advance of the nation in real wealth, might, and in all probability would, have been abundantly more marked and decisive than it is at present. If the genius, talents, and labour of those who have been engaged in war and devastation, and the property of every description wasted by them, had been wisely directed towards great and important objects of national improvement, it is certainly not easy to calculate to what a pitch of improvement the nation would, by this time, have arrived, nor how much the means of human happiness would have been extended. I must, however, be permitted to say, that the country has rapidly increased in wealth (that is in its manufactures, and, what is more important still, in its cultivation), and increased in population, in spite of all the waste and destruction which it has had to encounter.

' If this view of our present situation, even after the expensive contest in which we have been engaged, be at all correct, it serves to shew how amply Providence has supplied us with the means of happiness, if we only know how to lay hold of them. What would the situation of the country have been, had we avoided the present sanguinary war? And what may it not soon be, if we are wise enough to make peace, and keep out of similar mischiefs in future.

' Well, indeed, may we look back with regret on the opportunities we have missed; but the wise way will be, not to lose our time in doing so, or give way to despair. We should profit by the past, and adopting such measures of reform as (considering the nature of man) seem indispensable, to prevent a recurrence of similar evils, resolve to act a wiser part for the future.

' With respect to our national debt, it certainly would be better if we did not owe it, (or rather, it *would* have been better had it never been borrowed, and expended as it has been by government); but having been expended, it cannot be recalled; and to cancel it, would certainly be no remedy, in a national point of view. In short, the property represented by it, is irretrievably lost to the nation; and to apply to the sponge now as a remedy, would only vastly aggravate the mischiefs sustained from its misapplication (if it has been misapplied) instead of curing them. It certainly would not bring the money back again. It would add nothing to our general stock of commodities. *We* should have only the same houses, lands, goods and chattels, which we have at present. It would not add a single cultivated acre to our soil, nor put a single guinea in the national purse; and, therefore, could do no good to the nation at large. Extraordinary circumstances, indeed, *might* render such a measure indispensable; but, I must confess, that I do not see either the necessity or advantage of having recourse to it at present.'

• On the taxes exacted towards payment of the interest of the national debt.

• The taxes laid on to pay the interest of the national debt, are thought by many to have occasioned the great advance in the price of commodities, which has taken place within the last twenty years; and that this circumstance alone, is rapidly leading, in a variety of ways, to the destruction of commerce, and the ruin of the country. Now it appears to me, that taxation has had little, perhaps nothing, to do with the rise of prices. The price of commodities in any country, will depend upon their quantity, and the amount of small or retail money there is to circulate them with. If a tax or duty be laid upon any particular commodity, that commodity will, of course, be raised in price, as much as the amount of tax, in the first instance, at least. But, unless the quantity of small or retail money be increased at the same time, all other articles must suffer a depreciation, which will be proportionate to the relation which their whole amount bears to the amount of that which is taxed. A general decline of prices will take place, and the taxed articles will also suffer, in a short time, the same depreciation; not with respect to its price before, but after the tax was laid on. In short, its price, with the addition of the tax, as well as that of all other articles, will come to bear the same relation to the quantity of circulating medium after, as they did before the tax was imposed.

• Suppose a tax of twenty per cent. were laid upon an article which constituted one-twentieth part of the whole commerce or commodities of a country; and let us suppose the small circulating medium to be one hundred, and the whole amount of commodities two thousand, then the ratio which they bear to each other will be, as twenty to one. If the quantity of small money remain the same, the result will be, that the taxed commodity will, after a short time, be circulated after the ratio of about  $118\frac{1}{3}$ , instead of 120, the sum which the tax ought to have raised it to; and all the other commodities will be retailed after the rate of about  $188\frac{1}{3}$ , instead of 1900 the sum which they were retailed at before the tax was imposed, of course, they will, on the average, bear the same proportionate relation to the amount of circulating medium, and to each other after, as they did before the tax.

• If a considerable tax were taken off any particular commodity and the quantity of money were to remain the same, then the reverse would take place of what we have just described; the article from which the tax had been taken off, would decline in price, but not quite so much as the amount of the tax, and all other commodities would advance so as to keep up the same relation between the amount of the currency, and the general ratio of prices which existed before.

• The quantity of goods then remaining the same, as well as the quantity of money, if one or more articles, are raised by taxation, or indeed by any other cause, all other articles must be lowered pro-

portionably, in order to enable the existing money to circulate them. The mere laying on of taxes, or raising the price of any commodities from *any other cause*, cannot, of itself, increase money of any sort. It is increased by causes totally independent of taxation. The chief cause of the increase of paper circulation, is profit on the part of those who issue small notes. But this motive has nothing to do with taxation; it is totally independent of it; and would continue to influence men in the same manner, though taxation did not exist.

‘But it is nugatory to talk of taxation being the only, or even chief cause of the increased price of commodities in this country. Its amount is by no means adequate to the production of the effect, admitting that it has the tendency. The whole amount of our present annual taxes on articles of consumption, is about twenty millions more than it was at the end of the American war. The whole annual income of the country, as appears, by the returns of the income tax, is about one hundred and fifty millions, or about seven times that sum. Therefore, the increase which taxation alone would have made in the price of commodities, since the American war, is about one-seventh of their former amount.

‘But the price of commodities is nearly tripled since that period; and, if we admit that the actual annual produce of the country has been doubled in the same time (which may not be far from the truth, taking together both manufactures and agriculture), it will follow, that our small circulating medium must be six times more now than it was then. Instead, therefore, of being increased by one-seventh, the addition which taxation has made to our national income, our currency has been increased, it seems, to six times its former amount, or forty-one times more than taxation only could have accomplished.

‘In short, a continual progressive advance took place in the price of commodities in the interim, between the end of the American and the commencement of the French Revolutionary war. Land was at least doubled in price during that period. But this could not be occasioned by the increased taxation; because there were few additional taxes laid on during that time. If I were asked what then has been the cause of the increased price of commodities, if taxation has not? I should still reply, the interest of those who issue small notes. The more they have in circulation, the more profit they make, and, of course, they will use every effort to increase the number, as far as they can with safety. We have already observed, that it is on the proportion which these small notes bear to the general mass of commodities, that the nominal price of the latter depends. If the amount of retail money was either diminished by one-half, or increased by one-half, the price of commodities would be diminished or increased in the same ratio.

‘This principle of self-interest, with respect to the issuing of small notes, has had pretty free scope given to it by the operation of the Corn laws, in the first instance; and secondly, by the suspension of cash payments at the bank. Had the free importation of that import

tant necessary (corn) been at all times permitted; the price of most other commodities would have been, in a great measure, regulated by its price, and would not, perhaps, have much exceeded that which they bear in other countries. Whereas at present, the average price of commodities is in most other countries (except perhaps in America) not more than one-third of what it is in this. The price of labour, it is to be observed, is lower abroad than it is with us in the same proportion.

By the suspension of cash payments also at the bank, in 1797, an accelerated velocity has been given to the increase of paper money circulation. And particularly of *country bank notes*. Before the period of the suspension, the holders of country bank notes could obtain gold for them; or, at any rate, they could obtain Bank of England notes, which were then easily convertible into gold. The preference which many persons would be disposed to give to gold generally, would often induce people to carry in their notes, and operate as a considerable check on the disposition of the country bankers, to increase their issues. But since the suspension of cash payments, there remains no inducement for private individuals to carry in their notes. If they do, they get nothing but Bank of England paper in return, and that frequently quite worn out, and as shabby in every respect as possible. Besides, the fear that the Bank of England paper they may receive in return, may be some of it forged, (an apprehension which the country bankers will scarcely be very anxious to remove) deters many persons from carrying in notes, of the goodness of which, and responsibility of the parties issuing them, they are pretty well satisfied, who might otherwise be disposed to do it.

In short, there is little or nothing to prevent a country bank, at present, from increasing their issues of notes provided they can only obtain moderate security for their value. They neither need apprehend a run upon them for gold, nor for notes of the Bank of England. They only have to struggle one with another in keeping their respective notes in circulation, by maintaining, respectively, their particular credits. The consequence of all this has been, as might have been expected, that the issue of country bank paper, of late years, has been increased to a very great amount, as is evident from the increased price of commodities, notwithstanding their increased quantity since the period of the bank suspension. Another consequence which has resulted from it is, that the Bank of England has been, in a great measure, *obliged* to increase the amount of their discounts, (or, in other words, the amount they have of notes in circulation) in order to keep up the *wholesale* transfer of property, by bills of exchange, for increased amount in nominal value, which has been the necessary result of an increased *retail* currency of *country bank notes*. The same cause also would render it necessary to increase the amount of their small notes, to keep up the retail trade, where their own notes only are circulated.



‘Neither, perhaps, has this been on the whole, prejudicial to the real interests of the country. Indeed, the facility of increasing the circulating medium from the joint operation of the Corn Laws and the Bank suspension, has no doubt, been one great cause of our progressive national improvement, as I shall endeavour to shew by and by. It has enabled us also to make the most of our discoveries in machinery, and improvements in manufactures. The rapid increase of currency, by raising their price, has occasioned our commodities to be sold at a much higher rate to foreigners, than they otherwise would have been. The competition which must always take place in commerce, must necessarily occasion goods to be sold as low as they can be afforded; that is, as low as the relation they bear to the amount of the retail circulating medium will admit of.

‘Our legislators, however, in passing the Corn Laws, probably had not this in view. Their chief aim, perhaps, to keep up the amount of their rental, by keeping up the price of corn. Not recollecting that a high rental, merely, does not tend to enrich them. It serves, indeed, to make corn and provisions high; and the high price of these makes every manufactured article high also. Of course, as it tends to augment the expence of their establishments, in the same proportion as their rental is augmented, their *effective* income is not increased by an augmented rental, but remains precisely the same as before. A person, possessing more land than is necessary to support himself, will have, of course, an excess of income. But a general advance of rents, for the same quantity of land, will not advance the effective income of individuals; it is only by increasing the quantity of his land, or other independent funds, as money, &c. that the landholder can effectually and ultimately increase his income.’

### On the increasing depreciation of our currency—

‘It should not be forgotten, however, that the depreciation of our currency, by its rapid increase, has been productive of one most serious evil; besides the inconveniences it has brought upon annuitants, and persons having a fixed income. It has reduced a considerable portion of the labouring poor, and particularly the agricultural part of them, to the unfortunate condition of pauperism. Their wages have not been raised near so much as the price of necessaries has been advanced! consequently, they have been reduced, in many cases, to the lowest depths of degradation and misery. Their employers, unwilling to advance their wages, to remedy what they conceived might be only a temporary evil, have eked them out by a parish allowance, and thus, in too many cases, entirely destroyed their independence of mind and regard to character. This ought, and no doubt would, long since have been made the subject of legislative interference, had it been understood that the causes which produced such a state of things, were likely to be permanent. The consequences, however, which it

involves, in every point of view, and especially with respect to the quiet, safety, and *defence* of the state, in case of *extreme danger*, are of the highest importance.

‘It was observed before, that the landholders did not profit ultimately, by an increased rental. I would not be understood to insinuate, in what I said there, that in passing the corn-laws, it was their intention to *raise* their rents, but merely to keep them stationary, and promote, at the same time, the interests both of agriculture, and of the country, by securing, as far as possible, a fair price to the cultivator, and an adequate stimulus to his industry. The fact is, that the raising of their rents has not been, in general, a measure of choice with them, but of necessity; and often, I believe, reluctantly submitted to. In consequence of the increase of currency, and the advance of necessaries, their old rents became inadequate to support their usual establishments and appearance. They must, therefore, raise them, or submit to what to them would be considerable privations. This could scarcely be expected, whilst they had in their power, the means of prevention; if *they* had not availed themselves of it, their *tenants* would have taken advantage of their neglecting to do so, and have put the money in their own pockets.’

#### On the advantages of the funding system—

‘Having pointed out so many advantages belonging to the funding system, as a measure of finance, we should not forget, however, that it is liable, at least, to one most serious objection. It has, probably, been owing to it, that our wars have been more numerous, and lasted much longer than they otherwise would have done. Had the whole of the supplies been levied on the body of the people, every year as they were wanted, it is highly probable that we should have been far more pacific, as a nation, than we have been. We should not have been quite so fond of the game of war, had we been called upon to pay, at once, for the precious amusement. But when those who advance the money, in the first instance, expect to gain by so doing, and when we take a view of the whole host of contractors, commissaries, brokers, army and navy agents, and officers in the different departments of government, civil and military, it is almost a wonder,—it is, indeed, an act of the utmost kindness,—that the nation is permitted to be at peace at all.’

On the ‘bullion question’ we are told, that, ‘the select committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the cause of the high price of gold bullion in this country, in the early part of 1810, attributed it to an over-issue of bank of England paper; and to the bank being released from the liability of taking up their notes in specie.’ Our author then proceeds to inquire as to what the financial situation of the country is likely to be, at the conclusion

of a peace. This was evidently written when such an event was not within the compass of human expectation.

He says, 'we shall probably find, on examination, that when that event takes place, the taxes may be so much diminished, as to afford considerable relief to those persons, on whom they bear, at present, with the greatest weight; and, that this may be done without losing sight of the just claims of the public creditor, and with a view to the ultimate payment of the national debt.' The sinking fund is called a nugatory expedient. We are informed, that the sinking fund has served the purpose of screwing up taxation to its highest pitch, and granting large useless salaries to the commissioners and their underlings in office. That, 'this great monument, as it has been called, of financial wisdom, will serve to point out hereafter, the facility with which false opinions may be established, even on a subject reducible to calculation, and capable of strict demonstration.'

This is a subject too intricate, in the variety of its relative parts, to be discussed at large within our limits; and it is of too much importance to be argued lightly. If the positions of our author be founded in good reason, it is for the chancellor of the exchequer to refute them. This is a national question that has, hitherto, held out to us, the vast resources to arise from compound interest, in its progressive growth, from year to year, and we do not like to view it as the bubble of theoretical speculation. This is our understanding of the operation of a sinking fund.

A. has occasion to borrow 1000l. at 5 per cent. and, in order to relieve his heirs from eventually repaying the principal, he sinks 10l. It is true, that he, consequently, pays interest on the whole of the 1000l. although in reality, he has only pocketed 990l.: but, the operation of the 10l. so sunk, is such, that in less than one hundred years, it will equal the principal sum borrowed, and release A's heirs both from paying principal and interest. This is not a speculative assertion. Compound interest will double any sum in 14 years; thus the calculation is easily made.

On the funds—

'Some persons consider the stocks useful, and almost indispensable; as a medium for employing and laying out the *superfluous* capital, as it is called, of the country. This, however, is a great error; there is no capital, properly speaking, in the funds, nor so much as a single shilling employed in them. The money, originally raised, has been spent, and the original subscribers and proprietors of stock, are merely entitled to receive interest out of the annual taxes, in propor-

tion to the money advanced by them to government. This right they can dispose of to others, but there is, at present, no money lying idle in the funds, and they are no proof that there is any such thing as *superfluous* capital in the country. If A. purchase 1000l. stock of B. that money is not placed in any particular fund, nor does B. suffer it to lie idle; of course he employs the money he has received of A. in business, or he puts it out to interest on other securities, to those who will employ it so. And this is the case with the monies paid by every person purchasing in the funds, so that there is never any capital lodged in them.

Another error connected with the idea that there is money in the funds is, that they are a proof, and indeed a part of the wealth of the country. No subject certainly has given rise to more erroneous, or more opposite opinions, than the national debt, and subjects connected with it, have done. While some have considered the debt as one proof of the wealth of the country, others have considered it as unequivocally demonstrative of its poverty. The fact is, that both parties appear to be in the wrong: the country is neither richer nor poorer for the debt it owes. It would have been richer had the money not been spent, and the debt never been contracted; but *being* spent, the nation is neither richer nor poorer, merely because one part is indebted to the other for its amount.

There is another notion somewhat connected with this subject, which may be mentioned here. I have heard it gravely questioned, and made a matter of doubt, by persons too of great general information, whether the nation, taken as an aggregate, and in its public as well as private relations, be not, at present, a bankrupt concern. Now one would suppose, that a moment's reflection would be sufficient to settle this point. But the fact is, that on questions of this sort, but few take the trouble of arranging or analysing their own ideas. The subject appears, at the first view, of too great a magnitude to admit of this being easily done; they therefore never attempt it, especially as the solution of the problem does not materially affect themselves. Yet it is sufficiently obvious, on a little reflection, that a *nation*, after it has paid the whole of its public debt, and after every individual in it has paid his private debt, as far as he is able, and if some are not able to pay the whole of their debts, it makes no difference to the general concern, will still remain possessed of the whole of its soil, and of all the buildings, goods and chattels that are upon it. In short, a nation, as an aggregate body, neither does nor can owe any thing. If one is debtor, another is creditor, and thus accounts balance each other; *every thing in a nation, is so much clear property after all its debts are paid.*

But to allay the apprehensions of such persons as are really afraid of a national bankruptcy, we may venture to assure them, that, properly speaking, such a thing is absolutely impossible. No extravagance, no profligacy, are sufficient to accomplish this mischief. The revenue of a thousand provinces, indeed, may be consumed in a single meal; pearls of incalculable price may be again swallowed (as

the beautiful queen of Egypt has done before) at a draught; and millions may be lost by a single throw of the dice. But all this, and more than all this, would not accomplish the ruin of the world. It would only still be possible to consume *existing superfluities*. Nature, fortunately for man, has placed the means of his support, and his preservation, out of the reach, not only of his own extravagance, but of his own malignancy. It is the soil on which he treads, which, amply repaying the labour he bestows upon it, is the source of his wealth. While the earth endures, and the sun and rain continue to render it productive, the world cannot become bankrupt. Extravagance, though it may cause its surface to change masters, cannot annihilate it; neither can malignity destroy its fertility: otherwise, if it had ministered to the gratification of either of these passions, this, probably, would have been done long since. But these passions, in human beings, we see are limited as to their effects, and we may be assured, that they never can accomplish the ruin of the world, though they may, and frequently do, that of individuals. It is just *possible*, indeed, to conceive of a nation being so far indebted to other nations, that the whole value of its soil, as well as of every thing upon it, should not be adequate to discharge its debt. But still this even would not affect our argument, when considered with respect to the world at large, if it would, indeed, with respect to the indebted nation in question. How would the creditors of such a nation be able to enforce the payment of their debts? The debtor nation would be disposed, probably, to pay them with steel rather than gold, and where would be their remedy? Force is the only authority which nations recognise; the only tribunal to which they appeal, is the field of battle, soldiers the counsellors they employ, and the roar of artillery is their special pleading.

### On parliamentary reform—

‘The defect of representation (said Mr. Pitt, in 1782,) is the national disease, and unless you apply a remedy directly to that disease, you must inevitably take the consequence with which it is pregnant. Without a parliamentary reform, the nation will be plunged into new wars; without a parliamentary reform, you cannot be safe against bad ministers, nor can even good ministers be of use to you. No honest man can, according to the present system, be minister.’

Wormwood! wormwood! wormwood!

### On the *inutility* of commerce—

‘Let us suppose that the whole of the habitable earth were no bigger than the kingdom of Great Britain, and that it was divided into a number of independent states, or constituted only one united state or commonwealth. Is it not easy to suppose, that, in this case, each of these states, or the whole of them, might, by supplying each other with the products of their respective soils and industry, arrive by degrees at the highest state of cultivation, population, and wealth,

of which they were capable. No doubt they might and would, if no legislative obstacles were thrown in the way to prevent it, and if no mistakes prevailed with regard to the nature of wealth, and the most effectual means of promoting it. We might as well say that the inhabitants of this earth could never get rich without a commercial intercourse with those of the moon, as say that the inhabitants of any particular country could not become wealthy by cultivating their soil, and an exchange of commodities one with another, without any commercial intercourse whatever, with the inhabitants of other countries.

'No doubt, by a commerce with other countries, we procure many conveniences, as well as many articles of food, with which we could not supply ourselves, and which, with our present habits, we should find it difficult to dispense with; but it is perhaps, more owing to habit than any thing else, that many of them are become in some sort necessary. Had we never known of them, we certainly should never have wanted them, and it would not be impossible to learn, even now, to do without them.'

Vain, puerile, superficial commentator! Is commerce, then, confined in its advantages to the conveniency, or luxury, of foreign manufactures, or of foreign products? What has elevated this island, a mere speck upon a map of the vast globe, from its original insignificance, into the pre-eminent majesty with which it now awes the world! We have not temper to pursue the ridiculous enquiry! We take leave, alike, of the author, and of his opinions.

ART. V.—*Lorimer*. A Tale. Pp. 240, Colburn. 1814.

[Continued from page 235, Vol. V.]

In the novel under our consideration it is not only the hero but every one of his compeers and subordinates who are thus destitute of individuality; and this total absence of discrimination of character we think proceeds from the overpowering and absorbing interest of the plot and adventures which the authoress has selected in preference to the more arduous management of scenes and incidents better calculated for the development of character. She launches her hero at his outset into such depth of mystery as would inflame our interest in behalf of the most insignificant grub, that ever wore a pair of breeches and a stick. She plunges him into such depth of distress as would awaken compassion for the public executioner or the most worthless of mankind; and so connects his fate with that of innocence and virtue as to give his sufferings a double claim to our in-

interest and sympathy. On the other hand, the adventures and incidents she has related are conceived with great force and justness of imagination, and well calculated to 'come home to the business and bosoms' of many. They possess the merit of novelty, interest, and (with some exceptions) of probability—and are related in a simple and pleasing manner.

But without detaining our readers any further with general observations we shall introduce them to the personages or rather to the incidents of this interesting tale, and exhibit a few specimens that will amply justify our cordial recommendation of it to their complete perusal.

Lorimer, the eldest son of an opulent English squire, was sent by his father to prosecute his studies at Edinburgh, where, finding it difficult to obtain access to the best society of the place, he accepted the advances of persons who sought his intimacy that they might effect his ruin. He forced an acquaintance with an artful and profligate family, and was easily led to fancy himself seriously attached to one of the female members of it, to whom, in a moment of passion and delusion, he uttered a hasty declaration of marriage which the next day he committed to paper and subscribed before the paroxysm of his folly had ended. Discovering immediately that he was the victim of knavery and imprudence and the husband of a prostitute, he abandons himself to despair, whence he is roused by his friend and fellow student, Fitzalleyn, who vainly endeavours to emancipate Lorimer from his matrimonial bondage. Finding their efforts unavailing, and the fatal knot too firmly tied, the two friends proceed to negotiate with the family who had deceived Lorimer, and having bribed their silence for the present, place their hopes on the chapter of accidents for the future. Lorimer quits Edinburgh; his folly known only to his wife's family, Fitzalleyn, and Douglas, a gentleman who accidentally discovered it; but his breast haunted with regret for the past and apprehensions of the future. Overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his father, and exhausted by the feelings that had long preyed on his heart, he determined to travel over the continent and try to escape from the hell within him, by change of place.

Here the narrative commences; and we accompany Lorimer in his travels, sympathizing with the profound sorrow he displays on every occasion, and the mysterious cause of his feelings. At Calais he renews an acquaintance with

Mr. Farmer, an English merchant, and accompanies him to Montpelier where he went to withdraw Miss Bertha Farmer, his daughter, from a boarding school. On the journey to Montpelier, various circumstances concur to rivet the mutual friendship of the travellers; and, before they meet Miss Farmer, her father had already hoped she might win the affections of Lorimer. Although the secret misery that preyed on Lorimer's heart rendered him at first insensible to any other grace in Bertha than the resemblance she bore to her father, the ardour of his feelings was not extinguished but diverted; and the circumstances that ensued promised to realize Mr. Farmer's hopes. Living and travelling together, and further united by their mutual interest in the misfortunes and ill health that befel Mr. Farmer, Lorimer and Bertha insensibly conceive a mutual attachment, which proceeds to a dangerous height, before Lorimer is fully sensible of his situation or able to leave his friend. At last, when his assistance has contributed to extricate Mr. Farmer from his embarrassments, he abruptly tears himself from his friends and leaves Bertha almost heart broken. Mr. Farmer and his daughter proceed to Venice where he is involved in a law suit with a merchant of that place who owed him a sum of money, and who contrived to assassinate the principal witness by whose evidence he could have established his claim. Mr. Farmer consequently loses his suit; and, to crown his misery, is accused by his adversary of the murder, and committed to prison. The infamy attending a charge so foul, concurring with his other misfortunes, speedily undermines his health; and, when sinking under his accumulated wretchedness, he is surprised with the appearance of Lorimer. This young gentleman, accidentally meeting Mr. Farmer's servant as he passed through Venice, was conducted to the prison where he found his friend disgraced and dying, and Bertha watching incessantly over him. Mr. Farmer, distracted with apprehensions for his daughter, entreats Lorimer to protect her, and, in his anguish, communicates the hope he had once formed, but which he now believes the haplessness of her situation must prevent from being ever realized; and Lorimer, overcome by the pressure of the circumstances in which he finds himself, rashly promises to espouse the daughter of his friend. The marriage is celebrated on the spot. Mr. Farmer's innocence is accidentally made manifest the same day; but, overpowered by the shock, this unhappy man almost immediately expired. Lorimer, thus married to Bertha, is further



than ever from tranquillity. Not daring to revisit England, he carries his wife to Rome where he is shocked by a casual meeting with Douglas, who again meets him at Naples and disturbs the harmony that prevailed between Bertha and her husband. This unhappy lady perceives the misery that overwhelms her husband, but cannot prevail with him to communicate the cause. She is delivered of a child; and, shortly after, they receive an unexpected visit from the younger brother of Lorimer, who acquaints him with his succession to the title and estate of a baronet, and exhorts him to return to England and obtain a seat in parliament. Lorimer pleaded ill health and refuses to revisit England. His cheerfulness daily leaves him—wretched himself, he sees Bertha unhappy; and, from sullen contemplation of his misery, he is roused by the death of their infant. Scarce recovered from the shock, Bertha implores him to carry her to England; and, meeting with a stern refusal, is alarmed by the desperation of his manner into a belief that *some crime* forbade her husband's return to his native land. Lorimer, shocked with the conjecture, abruptly leaves her, and, in a very eloquent letter explains the mystery that had so long poisoned their happiness. Bertha writes to him in return, full of sorrow and tenderness, but refuses to see him. Resolved now to brave his fate, he returns to Britain and proceeding with Fitzalleyn's assistance to try if his first marriage could be set aside, he discovers that it was void from the beginning, by an existing marriage between the strumpet who had deceived him and another man. Lorimer rejoins his Bertha, awakens to happiness, and sees her happy.

This is the outline of a story which excites an uncommonly powerful interest in the reader's mind and promotes the cause of morality and prudence by exhibiting the consequences of ungoverned rashness and passion. We must, however, reluctantly declare that the second marriage of Lorimer and the circumstances that immediately precede it, are incidents wholly destitute of probability and calculated rather to weaken than to strengthen the principles of virtue and prudence. If Lorimer could have resisted the temptation to marry Bertha, he must be considered as voluntarily guilty of a great enormity, and should never have been readmitted to happiness. If the author desires it should

be believed that Lorimer could not resist the commission of this crime, virtue owes her little gratitude for attempting to shew how her rules have transgressed without guilt. We are all too apt to ascribe an irresistible influence to the circumstances in which we have acted ill; and the novelist, who desires to promote virtue, ought never to palliate the guilt or mitigate the penalties of compliance with temptation.

We have heard it stated that one of the objects of this tale is to expose and censure what many consider a legislative evil—the facility afforded by the law of Scotland to the formation of the contract of marriage: but can hardly believe that the author of this performance entertained any such intention. We think there is ample scope for the exertions of the novelist, the moralist, and the political philosopher on this curious and interesting subject. It may well be doubted how far the Scotch law judges wisely in permitting men to contract marriage with the same facility with which any other contract may be concluded, while, at the same time, it renders this contract so extraordinarily durable and so indissolubly binding. The law which renders marriage binding for ever ought, with unusual anxiety, to provide for the happiness of an engagement of such importance and duration; and, having fixed a period beyond which deliberation, however rational, will be vain, it ought to favour and encourage all previous reflection, to provide every means calculated to induce it, and to discountenance those rash engagements by which artifice endeavours and folly consents to exclude it. We regret that the author of this novel has not afforded us a fairer opportunity of enlarging on this subject. The foolish engagement contracted by her hero in Scotland reflects more disgrace on his own intemperate and pertinacious indulgence of his passions, and on the imprudence of his friends, than in the law of the country in which he resided at the time. Miss Aikin cannot be ignorant that introduction to good company in Edinburgh is not difficult, though had she placed Lorimer in one of the respectable families which undertake the guardianship of young gentlemen of fortune at their studies in that city, her plot would have been spoiled; he would not, in that case, have been abandoned to his own guidance and devices nor have become infatuated with passion and presumption, nor been visited

by consequent misfortunes from which no legal restrictions could have protected him.

We have already expressed our regret for the absence of delineation of character in this performance. An attempt is made by the author to *describe* the character of Lorimer and Mr. Farmer. Lorimer's character as described by her is a very general one; and the character which she *delineates* in his conduct and language is still more so. Her description of Mr. Farmer, we must confess excites more of our derision than of our respect for so good a man. She tells us that he formed a great many schemes for the good of his country and that he meets with little success and little gratitude. Little gratitude can he expect from us to whom he has not condescended to disclose the nature of any one of his benevolent projects and who can know no more than that he was an unsuccessful schemer who *did* no good and got no thanks.

The following extracts afford a favourable specimen of the execution of this interesting tale.

'The delicious climate and situation of Naples tempted the travellers to linger there; and a small but elegant house placed on the slope of one of the richly-wooded promontories that form the horns of its celebrated bay, so particularly delighted them, that, finding it vacant, they engaged it for several months.

'Bertha was rejoiced to be again settled in a spot that she could regard as a home, to her want of other society than that of her husband was never irksome; and to him she contrived to render their solitude interesting, by the skill with which she derived means of calling into action his talents and acquirements, while she appeared intent only upon cultivating her own.

'She sung that she might induce him to unite his voice with hers: she sketched with a ready pencil some features of the enchanting scenery that surrounded them that she might induce him to correct her draughts by his more accurate knowledge of perspective. She applied herself to learn the ancient language of Italy, that he might act as her preceptor. And that pleasures of a still higher kind might not be wanting to their scheme of happiness, she led him to the cottages of the neighbouring peasantry, and claimed his assistance and advice in relieving their wants and sufferings, and diffusing among them useful knowledge of various kinds.

'It was not without a sort of necessity that the timid Bertha had ventured thus to assume the lead in all their occupations and amusements; for the mind of Eustace (Lorimer) stored as it was with the noblest sentiments of benevolence, and adorned with all the accomplishments of the gentleman and the scholar, appeared deficient in that energy which delights in the spontaneous exercise of its powers, and

finds in the pursuit itself of laudable objects the sufficient reward of all its efforts. Except when the influence of Bertha animated him to activity, he would often wander alone and without an object among rocks and woods the whole day long, or remain for hours together stretched upon a mossy bank in idle meditation.'

The passages in which Lorimer describes his feelings and conduct, after his rash engagement in Scotland, are very striking.

'A few short hours I passed with Margaret in the delirium of love and rapture. Then came reflection to disturb my bliss. I had disobeyed the injunctions of my father, and violated a solemn promise made to him at parting; how could I venture to convey to him tidings so unwelcome? on what plea solicit his forgiveness; Fitzallegyn would advise me, Fitzallegyn would intercede for me; and I hastily set out in search of him.

'I thought it better, I scarce know why, to speak at first of my marriage as only resolved upon, not actually concluded. The more I felt concerned and anxious for the consequence of the irrevocable step that I had taken, the more I thought it incumbent upon me to assume the triumphant air of an accepted lover; and I announced to Fitzallegyn my intended nuptials with even an ostentation of happiness. I shall never forget his countenance when I named Margaret Johnstone as my destined bride. He stared upon me for some moments, pale and absolutely speechless with horror; at length he exclaimed, 'wretched infatuated man, will you marry a prostitute?'

'With what intolerable rage did these words inspire me! I would not allow myself to imagine for a moment that Margaret could really deserve the appellation. From irretrievable calamity the mind at first takes refuge in unbelief; and I fiercely demanded to know what villain had dared to slander her? Unfortunately, said he, there is as I believe, no slander in the case. I have heard her spoken of by several young men in a manner that leaves me no doubt of the fact: but I shall of course produce my authorities as I easily can. I expect here, in a few minutes, one from whom, if you will have patience, you will learn what I apprehend will be perfectly convincing. How fortunate it is that you are not already married!'

This article has now extended to such a length, that we refrain from adding any further extracts, notwithstanding the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of Miss Aikin's Tale.

**ART. V.—*Memoir of the Queen of Etruria*; written by herself.**

An authentic narrative of the seizure and removal of Pope Pius VII. on the 6th July, 1809; with the genuine memoirs of his journey from Rome to France, and thence to Savona, written by one of his attendants; translated from the Italian. Octavo. pp. 178. 7s. 6d. Murray. 1814.

As it has been the allmerciful will of providence to arrest the ambitious career of the exiled tyrant of France, we would rather wish to forget, than to revive, any scenes of horror and atrocity that stained his bloody reign. There is, notwithstanding, great incitement to interest in the narrative of the domestic sufferings of this amiable Spanish princess, who, by marriage with the infant Don Louis of Bourbon, eldest son of the reigning duke of Parma, was, during her peaceful residence in her native country, by the subterfuge of one of Bounaparte's treaties, elevated with her husband to the throne of Tuscany, under the title of queen of Etruria.

The sudden announcement of this unlooked-for exaltation, was a source of infinite distress to a Bourbon; and the more so, as the king and herself, shortly after, received orders to repair to Tuscany: this happened early in 1801 when Bounaparte was first consul.

Speaking of the preparations for their journey, the queen thus expresses herself.

'It now occurs to me to mention a circumstance, which caused me no small dread at the commencement of my journey. The prince of peace came to pay a visit to my husband, when I happened to be present, taking occasion to introduce the subject of our journey, he told him it would be necessary for him to go by way of Paris, because the first consul desired it, by way of experiment!—the word escaped him—to see what effect the appearance of a Bourbon would have in France; my husband and I shuddered at this discourse, by which it appeared, that our lives was to be risked, by exposing us in a country where so atrocious a massacre had already been made of our family. Reflection however, was of no avail, and through Paris we were constrained to take our route. As far as the Spanish frontier, I was accompanied by the guards, and by the whole household of the king my father, but upon my entrance into France, to my great grief, every Spaniard was ordered to quit me with the exception of four or five noblemen and my confessor, whom as an extreme favour, I was permitted to take with me to Florence; and, in place of those who were sent away, we were joined by a French General who accompanied us to Paris, with a guard of French soldiers, and lodged us in the house of the Spanish minister. Here we received great attention, and received abundance of invitations and entertainments, which I was little able to enjoy—a tertian ague hav-

ing seized me immediately on my arrival, which confined me almost entirely to bed, we remained at Paris about twenty days, and then proceeded to Tuscany, accompanied by another French General; we arrived at Florence on the 12th August 1801, the states of Tuscany were already occupied by French troops, under the command of General Murat.

Such was the *triumphal entry* of a newly created king and queen, into their mock dominions! they found the palace stripped of all its regalia, and themselves, in reality, state prisoners at large. In this forlorn dilemma, they borrowed household utensils for their immediate use; and the daughter of the king of Spain, accustomed to the splendor of being surrounded with massive gold and silver services, was constrained to take her humble meals from earthen ware.

On the death of her husband, in May 1803, the queen was by his will appointed regent of the kingdom of Etruria; but at the period of the compelled renunciation of the crown, by Ferdinand her father, the queen was suddenly ordered to Fontainebleau, where she was restricted to a miserable little apartment, for the residence of herself and family; her return to Tuscany was interdicted; she was informed, in short, that *no treaty had ever existed*; and, that her power had been merely nominal.

A train of wanton cruelties now rapidly succeeded each other; till eventually this ill-fated victim, in April 1809, had the privacy of her dwelling invaded by armed ruffians, after the hour of midnight. A colonel of gendarmerie forcibly entered her house with a detachment, while others of his gang, scaled the outer walls: the soldiery were provided with manacles, ropes, and a couple of bags.

This outrage was committed under the *plea*, that an Englishman was concealed within the premises. Some few months after, the queen found herself the object of a public prosecution, preceded by a military commission, the result of which was, that, through the *emperor's clemency*, she was, with her daughter, to be shut up in a monastery at Rome, and her beloved son was to be torn from her arms, and conveyed to his grandfather Ferdinand. This cruel sentence, bereaving her of all comfort, was put into execution in less than four and twenty hours.

By the treaty however between Murat and the allies, about three years after Rome was occupied by the Neapolitan troops: and, on the 14th January following, a strong Neapolitan guard arrived unexpectedly, at her convent, and General Pignatelli, paid her majesty a visit, to say,

that immediately on the arrival of the Neapolitan troops, he esteemed it his duty to place a guard of honour at her disposal. General Pignatelli, however soon laid aside this show of politeness ; for, shortly after, he repeated his visit, just as she was going to dinner ; and without suffering her to eat, forced her from the convent, and sent her in a hackney coach to her parents.

This mournful tale, pursues the innocent sufferer through a variety of vicissitudes ; and proves, if proof were wanting, that no treachery was too black, no policy too gross, for the enaction of this ambitious monster, during his reign of perfidy, tyranny, and universal oppression!!—the crime of this amiable victim, was her birth—every Bourbon was hateful to the murderer of the duke d'Enghein !

We do not propose to enter into a minute detail of the seizure, by Bounaparte, of the Pope's sacred person ; and his compelled removal from the papal dominions ; but we will describe the agency, by which this diabolical adventure was achieved, and notice its most prominent character.

When the supreme Pontiff felt himself deprived of regal power, and saw his dominion usurped, strong apprehensions of personal safety, naturally, invaded his mind ; and these apprehensions increased, as he discovered disaffection to prevail among his degenerate people : still there were many Romans zealously attached to the person of his holiness, and the rebel party were not without their fears, that the zeal of religion would greatly contribute to excite a general insurrection, at the moment of enterprize, and that they would all be massacred by the infuriate populace.

The execution of this plot was committed to General Miollis, who ably regulated his plans, so as to ensure the safety of himself and followers, in the event of this dreaded insurrection.

The conspiracy was led by one Francisco Bossola, a slave, taken for the purpose, from the galleys, on the following account. Bossola, had formerly been porter at the palace, where he was detected in a robbery he had committed in the apartments of M. Braga, the Pope's private chaplain ; but his life was preserved, by the mercy of his holiness, and his sentence changed to transportation at the galleys. This wretch's familiar acquaintance with all the avenues and apartments of the palace, gave him consequence on such an expedition : his promised reward was one hundred piastres with his freedom, and he accordingly pointed out to the rebels, the doors, stairs and passages, most convenient for the quiet perpetration of their villany the whole

was conducted with consummate prudence ; patrols watched the suburb of the city, a picquet guarded the bridges, the soldiers were disposed, at convenient distances, round the palace. General Miollis, with his staff, took post in the garden of the *Casa colonna*, from the walls of which, he could witness the progress of his sacrilegious enterprize. General Radet, formerly a penitentiary canon, and then inspector of the police of Rome, undertook to lead the assault, and to seize the person of the pope.

Having with great difficulty and perseverance removed all obstacles, the assailants eventually assembled in the great court of the pontifical palace. They then proceeded to

blockade all the domestics and the Swiss guards, in their separate quarters, the great street door was burst open, and General Radet made his entry through it. Immediately soldiers, gendarmes, and birris, ascended the winding stair case under the clock, to gain the pope's apartment, and, by means of pickaxes and hatchets, forced their way into that of his physician Porta. Still, they were for a long time, unable to find their way to the pontifical apartments ; and the surgeon, Ceccarini, for refusing to direct them, was severely handled with blows from their fists, and from the butt ends of their muskets, and dragged away to the guard room. By the time they reached the first antichamber, his holiness having been informed by his eminence, cardinal Pacca, first secretary of state, of the assault, had left his bed, and slipped on a white bedgown. The cardinal in his dressing gown, and slippers, quite unattended, had, with difficulty, made his way to the pope's chamber. Cardinal Despuich, who had also been apprized of what was going forward, together with others of the household, all pressed round his holiness's person. The holy father himself, as soon as he had opened the door of his bed chamber, took cardinal Despuich by the hand, and said to him, with an undisturbed air, ' Here, then, we are, at last, my lord cardinal.' To which his eminence replied, ' holy father ! now is the time for your holiness to display your courage, and to implore the illumination of the most High, that you may be an example to us all. May it please your holiness to remember, that we are now in the octave of St. Peter.' — ' Your are right,' answered his holiness. By this time the noise in the second chamber encreased, and the same cardinal said to him—' if your holiness wishes it, we are still in time to pass into your private chapel, to implore the grace of the lord at the foot of his altar—but the uproar increasing more and more, and approaching nearer, the Pontiff seated himself in the chair which he commonly used, having by this time hastily put on his pontifical robes, while the cardinals ranged themselves on each side of him. Cardinal Pacca had already issued orders to prevent any alarm being given to the people without doors, who, if they had been apprized of what was going forward, would certainly have caused the whole attempt to fall to the ground. But the holy father, re-



signing himself to the will of the most High, was determined to await the consummation of this grievous iniquity devised against his sacred person. Supported by the cardinals and others of his court, he, therefore, maintained the utmost calmness and intrepidity; and, calling for his crucifix, put his breviary into its case, and, with majestic cheerfulness, placed on his finger the ring which his predecessor, the immortal Pius VI. wore, when he was, in like manner, carried away from his capital.'

Shortly after, General Radet and his followers forced their way into the pope's chamber, they entered uncovered, and unawed, by his holiness's presence and proposed, that he should renounce the temporal dominions of the states of the church; to this the pope gave a firm, and dignified refusal; the general insisted on the positive orders, with which he was entrusted by his emperor, to remove the pope in the event of his noncompliance. After some conversation, it was understood, that the removal must be immediate; and only *half an hour* would be granted to his holiness for preparation; but he was refused the attendance of those friends, then, about his person. Upon this, the holy father, heroically exclaimed—'let us begone, the will of God be accomplished in me!'

Without taking any thing with him, the pope was then conducted, by General Radet's guards, to the outer gate of the palace, where a coach was waiting; he was ordered to enter with cardinal Pacca, who alone attended him. The General closed the carriage door himself, and mounted the coach box. The pontifical palace was, afterwards, robbed of all its treasure, church plate, jewels, &c. As soon as his impious commission was executed, General Miollis, said in French—'dismiss these rascals.'

The remainder of this volume details the insults, inconveniences, and degradation, the pope received on his journey toward Paris, from his gaolers: at Avignon, however, an order arrived to prohibit further entrance into France; and to direct the return of the party by the interior of Provence into Italy, in the direction of Nice, where his holiness was to await the regulation of his ultimate residence. From Nice they proceeded to Savona; and, during their journey, along the range of mountains, that stretch from Nice to Savona, multitudes, in spite of every brutal French precaution, presented themselves before his holiness, to pay him their adorations. Religious communities appeared in their sacred habits; hymns were chaunted around him, with all the fervor of religious enthusiasm, the trees of the forest were

illuminated, and every demonstration exhibited, to prove the zealous attachment of the people.

When we consider the bigotry of the Roman catholic religion, and its powerful influence over the minds of a people, professedly devoted to its imperative tenets—when we reflect on the awful majesty that surrounds the sacred person of the pope, the father of the church, and grand Vicar of Christ, we are rapt in astonishment, at the facility with which this daring ambition of Bonaparte was fulfilled, by the successful issue of a policy, so gigantic in its formation, and so perilous in execution. But, we have ever believed him to be a scourge in the hands of the Almighty. He is gifted beyond humanity—he arose, a comet in the world; dazzled for a time; and, like the course of that resplendent star, his worldly glories have suddenly vanished from our sight!

ART. VI.—*Poems on several Occasions*; by Edward Lord Thurlow. 2d edition, considerably enlarged. Pp. 100. 8s. White and Co, 1813.

WE are not displeased to discover, in an age so little devoted to refined pursuits, a nobleman who thinks it no disparagement to publish to the world, that he has been educated a scholar, and can derive rational amusement from study. The first, among these poems, are tributes of admiration to departed, as well as to existing worth.

His lordship tells us, that they are not written either in the style or language of the present day; but, that his style originated in the constant delight with which he perused the older writers. This, most certainly, is not a fault; for where is the amateur in poetry, who does not look back with regret on the labours of our departed bards, and search, in vain, for equal excellence in contemporary writers. Chatterton, to whose memory the classic world will ever pay the tribute of a tear, was, in extreme youth, the author of Rowley's Poems; and, in this work, he preserved the idiom, orthography, and minutest relations, of former times, with a conception so powerful, and an execution so critically correct, that the imposition remained long undetected; and, when eventually discovered, was highly illustrative of his superior genius. Why he practised this literary fraud, is not, we believe, understood—but when we recollect the circumstances of his premature death, we may almost venture to presume, that he thought a borrowed name of notoriety, would be a

safer passport to his worth, than the efforts, however sublime, of an unknown, unpatronized author : and possibly, too, he might have imagined, that the old style of writing possessed beauties unknown in modern literature. Of this deplored genius, his lordship speaks thus :—

‘ I think, indeed, that our poetry has been continually declining, since the days of Milton and Cowley—always excepting from that censure, the great name of Chatterton ; and that the golden age of our language, is in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—believing Shakespeare to be the greatest master of our poetical speech, and Sir Philip Sidney of our prose.’

His lordship's muse, devoted to the age of chivalry, celebrates ; in his *Hermilda*, the unrivalled charms, and warlike achievements, of an Amazonian queen : his verse is full of imagery, and breathes all those exuberant flights of fancy that are incidental to romance. These flights, however, are, by far, too prevalent. Take his own words—

‘ Some critics may believe my verse is ill,  
That I within no limit am confin'd,  
But wander, like a straying horse, at will,  
Whose master by a chance is left behind,  
O'er wood, o'er plain, o'er valley, and o'er hill :  
But, these objectors to my verse are blind ;  
Then let their cynic censure be forbid,  
I do in this what Ludovico did.

‘ That mighty poet, that Ferrara charm'd  
And still shall charm unto the latest day ;  
And universal envy had disarm'd,  
If that could be, with his melodious lay :  
Who e'er affirm'd, that he his glory harm'd,  
Because he travelled not the beaten way ;  
But wandered, where his fancy led him, soon  
To Africa, to Hades, or the moon.’

Poets are licensed to deal in fiction, which not unfrequently associates with the *extravaganza*.—How shall we class the following rhapsody, dedicated, in all humility, to the prince Regent ?

‘ As when the burning majesty of day,  
The golden-hoofed steeds doth speed away  
To reach the summit of the eastern hill ;  
And sweet expectance all the world doth fill ;

' With all his gorgeous company of clouds,  
Wherein, sometimes, his awful face he shrouds,  
Of amber and of gold, he marcheth on,  
And the pure angels sing before his throne :

' Beneath his feet the beams of morning play ;  
Before him the immortal seasons stray ;  
And, looking down from that thrice sacred height,  
He fills the boundless kingdoms with his light.—

' So you, great Sir, if fitly we design  
The kingly glory by a type divine,  
Like that exalted shepherd,\* on his way,  
Disperse our darkness, and restore our day :

' The tears which we have shed, no more shall flow ;  
Your beauteous rising in our hearts shall glow ;  
And hymns of praise, as we behold your light,  
Shall warble from the bosom of the night !'

His lordship's descriptive powers may be exemplified in the following extract from a poem entitled '*Sylva*,'—v. 20.

' The queen, whose name was fair Kalisthene,  
Sole daughter of the king of Troynovant,  
So lovely was, and beautiful to see,  
That all the world did of her sweetness vaunt ;  
Her father held the British isle in fee,  
And her, pure virgin, did in marriage grant  
To king Theagenes, in blissful hour,  
And so she reign'd in Illyria's bower.

' It happ'd, when first her slender womb 'gan swell  
With the dear burden of her princely child,  
One day, beside the margin of a well,  
Within the palace gardens she beguil'd  
The summer hours, and bade her maiden tell  
Sweet tales of love, and of adventures wild :  
For so it was, upon a point of state,  
The king that morn had pass'd from out the gate.

' Her maidens fair, and fairest would have been,  
Save at the feet of sweet Kalisthene,  
(But when the sun ascends, no star is seen)  
Did pick from out the stores of memory,

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\* Apollo—or the sun.

So many fables to delight the queen,  
That, with pure joy, an aged nurse would die ;  
To hear such tales of ladies and of knights,  
Of pous, of banquets, errors and delights.

'Till, being with the sweet recital tir'd,  
As sweetest things will work their own decay,  
Kalisthene from that young troop retir'd,  
To lose in sleep the fervor of the day :  
A flow'ring orange, that the air inspir'd  
With od'rous joy, above her head did play,  
And, by her side, a silver fountain crept,  
That lulled her with murmurs as she slept.

She dream'd '—

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**ART. VII.**—*Moonlight*, a poem ; with several Copies of Verses :  
by Edward Lord Thurlow. 4to. Pp. 75. 4s. White and Co.  
1814.

THIS collection is subsequently published, and, we imagine, subsequently written, to that which we have just reviewed. We are not aware, that time, however, has plucked new laurels from the muse's bower, to deck her enthusiastic votary ; but we reverence the following tribute of gratitude and respect to his departed relative, Lord Chancellor Thurlow.

' I question then, O Muse, in love divine,  
Where that immortal spirit may abide,  
That, in his just vocation of this world,  
With favour of the king, maintain'd the sway  
Of jurisprudence in this triple realm ?  
Well known to thee : that, in his aged thought,  
With Homer and great Dante did converse,  
And sweet Euripides, whose mournful song  
Flows in his numbers, like the silver Po,  
In weeping tribute to the Adrian sea.  
For, since the stars have shed discursive light  
With favour on our globe, no greater mind  
E'er sat in judgment on the thoughts of men,  
Or brought its noble faculties to bear  
With more advantage, on the public weal :  
In thought, in word, in action, ever just :

*Lord Thurlow's Moonlight.*

Shield of the poor; and, rising for his king;  
 Th' upright defender of his awful throne.  
 Then, oh, may God forsake him not in death;  
 But that pure spirit, that, on cloudy earth,  
 Stood faithful to his king, and still upheld  
 His gracious master's cause, be crown'd with light,  
 And in the fields of æther sit, inclos'd  
 With glory, on a sempiternal throne!

' Led by his hand, I first essay'd to walk;  
 O, dear companion of my earliest steps,  
 With thee, O muse; and from the beams of morn  
 To the pale twilight sought thy converse sweet.  
 Whatever in old Greece or Rome was done,  
 Or else recorded of those actions pure,  
 From thee I learnt, and from his counsel sage.  
 Grave was he, and severe; but gentle too,  
 And, underneath a rough exterior, hid  
 A heart, which pity melted into tears.  
 Farewell, my master, and my earliest friend!  
 But not farewell of thee the memory;  
 Since all I am, in fortune or in rank,  
 In thought, or my inheritance of fame,  
 Bating my nature, to thy care I owe;  
 I should be viler than the dog, that tears  
 The hand that fed him from his earliest youth,  
 If I forsook thee, or thy gen'rous cause:  
 The seasons may pass on, and blanch my head,  
 And wither my shrunk cheek, and paint a map  
 Of woeful age upon my wrinkled brow;  
 But, till the tomb outshuts me from the day,  
 And time disparts me from the things that were,  
 Thy memory shall unrepair'd remain,  
 Boundless, as I must still be less than thee:  
 While spring shall for her blossoms be desir'd,  
 Or summer for her sweets; while Autumn pale,  
 With fruitage shall be crown'd, or winter rule  
 In storms and tempests the dejected year;  
 So long, O my first master, while I live,  
 Shall I forget not either thee or thine!'

The work closes with translations made by the late Lord Chancellor Thurlow, during his retirement from public life. The translation from the Greek of 'The Frog and Mouse Fight,' is a fine specimen of his lordship's talent of the mock-heroick.

' His drench'd Port dragg'd him down, with added weight,  
 And, water-slain, he loud exclaim'd these words:'

We transcribe the preceding lines, because the present lord has given a most extraordinary note to the word *poil*.

• The word *poil* is written so plainly in the manuscript, that I cannot doubt its being the word intended by the venerable writer: but, I confess, I know not its meaning; unless it be derived from the Latin word *pelles*, and signifies the coat of the mouse.\*

We beg leave to assure his lordship, that *poil* is a strictly expressive word, well recognized in the French language; although it would not be decorous to enter into its definition. Having offered our admiration of the mock-heroic, we feel an irresistible impulse to give our reader—if he love burlesque—an ample subject for his contemplation.

• To ITALY—*On the divine Singing of Madame Catalani.*

• Not that thy beauty from the Tramontanes  
Is fenc'd by mountains of eternal snow;  
Not that great Jove into the silver Po  
Struck Phaeton, that lost the solar reins;

• Not that the golden orange on thy plains,  
And fatt'ning olives, in full sweetness blow;  
Nor that thy lakes into Avernus go,  
While sparkling summer on their surface reigns:

• No; nor that that enlighten'd hill\* doth shine,  
The torch of nature, through the radiant night,  
Can make thy coast, O Italy divine:  
But this thy glory, this thy sacred light;  
That *Catalani*, whom all tongues incline  
To speak immortal, is by birth, thy right.

This volume is dedicated to a noble lord, not remarkable for being *music-mad*; and it is so far fortunate for his nerves, as his lordship has been more accustomed to the discords than the harmony of the opera-house. We do not fear being censured, as hypercritical observers, by his lordship, when we venture to pronounce the above *poetic bravura*, in honour of the *divine Catalani*, to be worthy the superlative genius of *Bombastes Furioso*.

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\* Vesuvius.

CRIT. REV. Vol. VI. July, 1814. F

ART. VIII.—*The Peruvians*; a Poem in ten Cantos. By Robert Huish. Octavo. Pp. 294. Sherwood and Co. 1813.

THE celebrity, deserved or otherwise, of Sheridan's *Pizarro*, has, without the fatigue of historical research, afforded a general idea to the public mind, of the mild, inoffensive, and moral character of the Peruvians, as well as of the sanguinary cupidity of their invading foe, the merciless Spaniards. Those, however, who have enjoyed the additional advantage of reading Marmontel's beautiful *Peruvian tale*, or the admirable letters of the captive Zilia to her betrothed Aza, will be still more interested in the perusal of this work.

To contemplate the charm of innocent worth embellishing the minds and actions of an unsophisticated race of people, rich in their mines, but richer, far richer, in their virtues, must, surely, be a pleasing study.

This affecting tale begins with describing the peaceful, happy residence of Harmattan, the father of Galmory, in the mountains of Peru.

' On th'eastern side, by aged trees obscur'd,  
Near which a fountain bubbled from a rock,  
And in a placid stream the vale travers'd,  
The sage Harmattan pass'd his tranquil days.  
A seer he was, of manners mild and pure,  
In virtue practis'd, and to vice a foe;  
His stores were open to the wand'ring poor,  
And twice the wretch a secret joy receiv'd,  
For twice he bless'd—the manner—and the gift.  
His was the bliss to cheer the broken heart,  
His was the pride to see his people glad;  
No partial joys his aged bosom cheer'd,  
No selfish views beneath his actions lurk'd;  
The frown forbidding, and the angry look,  
The keen invective, and the sharp reply,  
The proud demeanour, and the distant air,  
Which check the show of confidence and trust,  
Were never witness'd in the hoary sage.  
E'en he, who oft from virtue's paths had stray'd,  
Ne'er shun'd his haunts; altho' he met reproof,  
He knew forgiveness would await him too.  
Old age, by youth, is oft rever'd and lov'd,  
When, with deportment mild, and lib'ral deeds,  
It smooths the wrinkles of a face austere:  
But age is shun'd, and with contempt is view'd,  
When, all the follies of its youth o'erlook'd,



It loves to censure ; not for virtue's sake,  
 But, to exert a peevish love of rule.  
 Tho' old, the chief was kind, his heart was good,  
 And much he lov'd, and priz'd each erring youth,  
 Who once had bent beneath the sway of vice,  
 But soon return'd to virtue's hallowed paths ;  
 He knew that frailty is the lot of man,  
 And oft in charity would freely own,  
 That they who would be censors of their race,  
 Should oft recal their errors to their view,  
 And look with mildness on another's fault.  
 The gen'rous heart, to its own faults alive,  
 Needs not th'infiction of another's tongue ;  
 It spurns, with noble pride, the harsh reproof,  
 And boldly asks, whence is that power deriv'd,  
 Which man assumes, to lash with censure's thong,  
 P'rhaps one less faulty than his upstart self.  
 Around the dwelling of the aged chief,  
 Nor want, nor hunger, with their train were known,  
 Fell mis'ry ne'er expos'd its blighted form,  
 Nor dull complaint its endless murmurs rais'd ;  
 All care was banish'd from his social board,  
 And mirth and smiles adorn'd the stranger's face.  
 His breast was cover'd with his silver beard,  
 His brow was cinctur'd with the snows of age,  
 As one, by heav'n ordain'd to preach to man,  
 The sacred mandate of eternal love.  
 He 'mongst his people shone. His word was law,  
 And when he spoke, his patient hearers each  
 In mute attention stood, with eager ear  
 To catch the council of the rev'rend sage,  
 Or hear the doctrines of a mind enlarg'd.  
 The bold he curb'd, but cheer'd the modest heart,  
 And ne'er refus'd the meed to merit due.  
 ' At sober eve, oft by the river's side,  
 Or where the spring shot from the crevic'd rock,  
 And thence in rills pellucid gently flow'd,  
 In soothing murmurs, down the rugged steep,  
 He call'd his children to assemble round,  
 To lead their infant minds to useful themes,  
 To explore the hidden mystery of things,  
 And trace creation to its source divine.  
 'Twas his delight to view the heavenly orbs,  
 In ceaseless course perform their mystic rounds,  
 And tho' his country in the chain was bound  
 By superstition, and by ignorance forg'd,  
 He, in the view sublime, a power confess'd  
 One God—the Sun !—the origin of all.  
 And who is he, whose proud conceited mind,

Fill'd with the foolish pride of wisdom's lore,  
 Vaunting of knowledge which is not his own ;  
 The work of sages, in the lapse of years,  
 Will on the heathen cast a keen reproach,  
 And call on heaven to aid him in his cause.  
 More is the heathen to be priz'd and lov'd,  
 Tho' poor in science, and estrang'd from art,  
 Yet owns a God of goodness and of love,  
 Than the proud son of an enlighten'd age,  
 Who having proofs, strong, and of Holy Writ,  
 Will still deny this universal frame  
 To be a work divine: o'er all the earth,  
 The spiral blade, the lofty mountains' mass,  
 The tranquil rill, and ocean's boundless waves,  
 Alike proclaim a hand omnipotent ;  
 In ev'ry form, the sage a God beholds,  
 And bending low, his power supreme adores.'

' In ev'ry charm of beauty and of youth,  
 By her fond father's side Galmory bloom'd,  
 Like the young rose, just bursting into life,  
 Its lovely tint, sweet stealing on the sight,  
 Its beauties half in modesty conceal'd ;  
 So shone Galmory in her nat'v charms:  
 She stood, confess'd by all, the fairest work,  
 Ere fram'd by nature in a lavish mood.  
 Her soul, the seat of ev'ry moral worth,  
 Beam'd in the sparkling lustre of her eye,  
 And told of virtue, pure and unalloy'd.  
 As in a night of spring, the moon's full orb,  
 Its chaste rays darting from a heaven serene,  
 So shone th'expression of Galmory's look ;  
 No tear of sorrow yet had stain'd her cheek,  
 But for the suff'rings which were not her own ;  
 Prompt at the call of mis'ry or of want,  
 Her feeling heart its sympathy bestow'd,  
 And where she could not help, she gave a tear.  
 Her cheeks full flush'd with health's sweet roseate dye,  
 With smiles were dimpled, which the angels wear,  
 When virtue conquers o'er the syren vice ;  
 Or when the sinner of his guilt repents,  
 Ere to the judgment of his God he's call'd.  
 Her auburn locks, in ringlets loose and wild,  
 Adown her shoulders flow'd in wanton play,  
 And oft conceal'd her bosom's gentle swell,  
 Where wand'ring loves might nestle with delight,  
 And whiter than the snow from heaven new fall'n,  
 On mountain's summit nearest to the sun,  
 Beneath the vestment light, it proudly heav'd,

'And to the stolen glance of am'rous youth,  
 Its sweet existence shew'd—but not itself.  
 No sigh of love had yet its peace destroy'd,  
 Nor anxious longing hope its flutt'ring rais'd.  
 The hov'ring spirit of her morning dreams,  
 Alone its motion saw, when o'er her mind,  
 Visions of bliss in bright succession danc'd,  
 And scenes pourtray'd—the maiden's fondest hope.'

'Thus shone the lovely girl, now sixteen years  
 Had to her beauty giv'n the purest tints ;  
 O'er all her motions shone an artless grace,  
 And nature own'd her as its fav'rite child.'

This lovely girl had many suitors ; but, as yet, her gentle bosom was unconscious of a preference. Love, in her heart, was not a transitory, but an exalted, passion—

'It was the secret sympathy,  
 The silver link, the silver tie,  
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
 In body and in soul can bind.'

Among her rival train, Maxaltou, fierce in his affection, and undismayed by repulse, pursued her with a savage perseverance, masked in the soft disguise of humble, soothing, love.

During an evening's ramble, Galmory descries a vessel nearing to their coast ; and impelled by irresistible curiosity, she awaits the arrival of the stranger bark. It was the moment of her fate !—She encounters Garmo, and his noble son Siama.

Garmo, an exiled chieftain from Panama, had been the friend and companion of the sage Harmattan, in their days of youth ; but the despoiling Spaniard came and drove him from his peaceful home and native land. The good old people meet with unaffected joy ; and, eventually, Siama and Galmory are united by their parents. The progress of their mutual love is most poetically described. We could linger on the several passages with unceasing delight, discovering new beauties in every line. We give the bridal evening.

'The sun now hasten'd to his western goal,  
 And welcome night, from wings of ebon hue,  
 Flung o'er the world its cool refreshing dews ;  
 In peace sublime, extending far and wide,  
 The ocean lay. The waves with gentle curl  
 Crept to the beach, and foaming, died away ;  
 The beasts, to rest within their dens retir'd,

The birds, their heads beneath their wings conceal'd,  
 On lonely spray a calm repose enjoy'd.  
 Galmory saw the lengthen'd shades increase,  
 She caught Siam's eye, and sweetly blush'd.  
 In placid lustre rose the ev'ning star,  
 And faint the moon illum'd the groves and plains;  
 The maids again in chorus loud and sweet,  
 Chaunted the song of hymeneal joys;  
 Azemia, then, her lovely friend approach'd,  
 With trembling hands the virgin zone unty'd,  
 And kneeling, gave it to its rightful lord.  
 Galmory's tears flow'd on Azemia's breast,  
 And happy they, who have those tears to shed.  
 Before Harmattan knelt the wedded pair,  
 And on their heads his aged hands he plac'd:  
 'Bless ye, my children,' th'hoary sire began,  
 'To latest years may bliss attend your steps,  
 In virtue's cause be ever proud and bold,  
 And shun the paths which lead to fruitless vice.  
 A time may come, when to your father's faith,  
 From foreign lands, a treach'rous foe may come;  
 But for the God your father's ever own'd,  
 Be ever ready in his cause to die.  
 This day, that God, with smiles of favor'd love,  
 Has bless'd your union, and your vows receiv'd;  
 Then in this solemn hour of sacred joy,  
 In which I part with all I love on earth,  
 Swear, by the fires of the eternal God,  
 Swear, by that orb, the partner of our God,  
 By him selected in the hour of night,  
 To view the motions of his children here,  
 And who, with placid and benignant smile,  
 Regards this scene, delighting in your bliss,  
 No human means, by force, nor art employ'd,  
 Shall ever make you break your plighted faith.  
 In life be constant, in your death be true.  
 Swear, and to rest your fathers then will go.'  
 The blissful pair the willing oath pronounc'd,  
 And all the band confirm'd it by a pray'r.  
 'The day was past, the joyous groupe retir'd,  
 And by their fathers led, the happy pair  
 Their dwelling sought. Thick fell the shades of night,  
 Hiding the blushes of Galmory's cheeks;  
 Galmory rested in Siam's arms,  
 And felt the beating of his raptur'd heart,  
 At Love's pure altar, Hymen's torch was fann'd,  
 And silence o'er them wav'd her secret wand;  
 In wild emotions now their senses flow'd,  
 And bliss extatic crown'd the nuptial night.'

Scarcely, however, had the blissful pair sunk into sweet repose, within each other's happy arms, before they were awakened by contending flames, devouring all around them. Amid this scene of terror, the secret hellish work of Maxalton, Garmo dies—and the monster, unsated with revenge, hastens to the new-made grave, to give the veteran's corpse to the neighbouring beasts of prey.

The reflections of the venerable sage, and the filial piety of his virtuous children, on this discovery, are well worthy of selection; but we must confine ourselves to the mere detail of those events, which rapidly arose upon this dawn of sorrow, and closed in death.

Pizarro, with a Spanish force, lands in Peru. Among his officers, Cajaro, a man of vicious habits, and relentless heart, was, as it were, made by fortune for this horrid expedition. In their first battle, Siama performs prodigies of valour; but, in a subsequent attack, overpowered by numbers, he is taken prisoner, and led to Cajaro's tent.

Meanwhile, the crafty villain, Maxalton, has diabolically contrived to inflame the breast of Cajaro with a glowing description of the beauteous Galmory, whom the latter resolves, at any risk, to possess: while she, unconscious victim, flies to the tyrant's tent, to ransom her captive husband, with all her personal jewels and treasure. The result is, a discovery of Cajaro's vicious passion; and Galmory is left to decide, between the death of her husband and submission to his conqueror's desires.

The nobility of soul which irradiates the character of this exalted pair, in an hour of such supreme distress, is finely wrought; the melancholy sequel, however, is, that Siama is exposed on the rack, by Cajaro, in the presence of Galmory, who wildly exclaims—'Release him, and I yield!' Galmory returns with Cajaro to his tent, by whom she is led, without opposition, to his couch. At the moment of raging lust, however, she draws the wretch's dagger from his belt, and plunges it into his heart. Glorifying in the act—she kills herself. The dying Cajaro, roused to madness, snatches the bleeding dagger from Galmory's breast, and, with his remaining strength, kills Maxalton; who, with the Spanish guard, had previously rushed into the tent, at Cajaro's call. The tale closes with the arrival of Siama, a moment after, who repeatedly stabs the expiring Cajaro, and then falls on his sword, over the corpse of his exalted wife.

Such is the outline of this high-wrought tragedy, which merits approbation more from its simplicity, than dignity of poetic genius.

ART. XI.—*Researches in Greece*; by William Martin Leake. Quarto. Pp. 472 £3. 3s. Booth, &c. 1814.

It must be highly important to a classical reader, to possess modern researches from a country so memorable in antiquity as Greece. He will eagerly explore every manuscript of its ancient arts, sciences, and learning; and, although the retrospective view, compared with its existing localities, cannot fail to impress his mind with a solemn contemplation of Shakespear's '*cloud cap't towers*;' still, must he reverence Greece, for the celebrity it once enjoyed.

The ruins of Greece are monuments of architecture, revered by the most skilful artists of the present day. Its natural history abounds in information on botany, zoology, mineralogy, and agriculture—all, objects of important research to the curious and to the scientific; and patronised by the prevailing fashion of modern education.

Greece still abounds with treasures of ancient art, which, not only at Athens, but in all its more considerable cities, court the research of the amateur, and reward his labours.

We will consider our author's pretensions. He tells us, that, when he arrived at Athens in 1802, in company with Mr. Hamilton, and the late Lieutenant-Colonel Squire, of the Royal Engineers, he was already habituated to oriental travelling, and Turkish customs, having traversed the interior of Asia Minor, and great part of its coasts, passed some time in Cyprus, and the principal islands of the Archipelago, visited the greater part of Syria and the Holy Land, twice crossed the deserts which separate Palestine from the Delta, spent a year in Egypt, which he had examined from the coast of the Mediterranean to the cataracts of the Nile, and had previously, indeed, visited Attica itself. In this tour he comprehended Argolis and Corinthia, traversed Bœotia and Phocis, in various directions, and advanced north as far as Zittuni.

Returning into Greece in the year 1805, upon a special mission from his majesty's government, he had an opportunity, during that and the succeeding year, of undertaking several journies within the Morea and in northern Greece. From the vicinity of Elis and Olympia, he passed through a part of Messenia and Arcadia to Tripolitza, the modern capital of the Peloponnessus. From hence, turning southward, he made a complete tour of Laconia and Messinia, comprehending the extreme points of Monemvasia, Cape Matapan, and Mothoni; and, after examining Arcadia in

several different directions, he returned to Patra, in June, 1806.

Having made a short stay at this place, he proceeded, through Etolia and Arcanania, to the modern city of Joannina, in Molossis; from thence, after crossing the Pindus, into upper Macedonia, he re-crossed it into the Illyrian plains. In a passage by sea, from Corfu to Mount Athos in Macedonia, he had leisure to examine the islands of Laskadha, Thiaki, and Kifalonia, the coast of the Morea, the islands of Tzerigo, Milo, Paro, Andiparo, Axia, Dili, Miconi, Skiro, and, finally, to land upon Acte, or the peninsula of Mount Athos, in October, 1806.

After making a tour of this district, he proceeded by Acanthus and the canal of Xerxes, along the eastern part of Chalcidice to Orfana; and, by Anapolis, and the plains of the river Strymon, to Serres and Salonika. From this city, he made the tour of the greater part of both lower and upper Macedonia; and passing from the latter province into Perrhæbia by the pass of Servia; he followed the western fount of Mount Olympus, and entered once more the Thessalian plains. From thence, after some excursions in the vicinity of Larissa, he returned by the pass of Tempe, along the coast of the Thermaic gulph to Salonika.

At the close of 1808, having again received from his majesty the honour of a commission into Greece, he employed his leisure, in course of the ensuing year, in a more accurate survey of Arcanania, Ætolia, Epirus, and the mountainous regions to the eastward of Joannina and Arta, anciently inhabited by the Stymphæi, Attamanes, Agræi, &c.; the ruins of Calydon being the boundaries of his journeys to the south, and the modern towns of Paramithæa and Konitza to the north. Lastly, for the sake of examining every part of Thessaly, which he had not previously seen, he made another complete tour in that province, from the sources of the Peneus to Mount Ossa, the Pagasæan gulph, and the canal of Eubæa. His progress may be traced by referring to d'Anville's *Græcia Antiqua*, and to Arrowsmith's last edition of *Turkey in Europe*.

This detail opens a vast field for observation and discovery. It is not, however, the extent of a tour that makes it valuable; it is the well directed genius of the traveller alone, that gives it sterling merit.

This work begins with a grammatical enquiry into the prevailing modern Greek dialect. The characters are preserved from antiquity, but the orthography is altogether changed,

and the pronunciation is divested of its original refinements of sound and flexion.

The author is elaborate in defining the principles of this corrupted language, which the ignorance of the present race has stripped of all its former harmony. This deterioration is ascribed to the long existing connection between Italy and Greece; the latter, not having presses of its own, compositions are committed to press by Greeks resident in Italy, who, translating or copying from Italian authors, a sort of mixed-barbarous style has gradually crept into the modern Greek language. Such a result is, however, extraordinary, as no language possesses sweeter or more refined cadences than the Italian.

‘The corruption of the Athenian dialect was remarked 240 years ago, by two natives of Greece, Theodosius Zegomala and Symeon Ka asila, whose letters have been preserved, in the collection of Martin Crusius. When Constantinople was taken by the Franks, in the beginning of the 13th century, Athens attracted a great number of settlers from various nations, but particularly French, as appears from a Catalonian author, Ducange, who says, that in his time, about the year 1300, the French language was as well spoken in that part of Greece, as at Paris; but when the Venetian power extended over Greece, the Italian language obtained the ascendancy at Athens.’

Our traveller gives us a catalogue of authors, whose works have been printed or re-published within the last fifty years, in elucidation of the progress of modern Greek literature. He afterwards presents us with specimens of the prevailing language of a people, formerly the most enlightened, then degraded, and, now, emerging into civilization. The most remarkable are selections from the poet Vincenzo Carnaro, who wrote in the epic style. He was a Cretan, of a Venetian family, and wrote about two hundred years ago. His measure is 7½ footed verse, with rhymes; and his poem *Erotocritus*, displays the manners of the age of chivalry. These extracts discover licences in orthography, frequent elisions, compressions of two syllables into one, a redundancy of syllables, and even of feet, with other irregularities not unfamiliar with Italian poetry.

Among other authors selected is the *Stæcomachia*, the story of which is curiously romantic.

‘The four elements were living together, in a very friendly manner, when vanity and envy interfered to produce discord. The sea being in a calm, the earth makes use of it, as a mirror, to adorn herself, which enrages the sea so much, that she declares war,



'The sea summons her allies, the wind, the rivers, and the waters, representing to them the pride of the earth, who, with her mountains and her insolence ascends into the air, instead of remaining in her proper place at the bottom. The air, hereupon, takes part with the earth, and causes hurricanes and earthquakes: the fountains murmur, the rivers swear they will run into the sea, as do the lakes, and the contest ends in a deluge, which reduces the earth to obedience.

'The sky not wishing to destroy her vanquished foe, displays the crown of victory in the clouds, and withdraws the waters; but the sea, who sees her enemy appear again, like a nymph coming out of a bath, can never be reconciled.'

In extracts from prose compositions, we find the following translated passages.

'Increase, then ye studious young men of Greece, your readiness to enlighten your native country, and to recal to it the ancient glory of our ancestors. Remember that you are the descendants of the Homers, Aristotles, Platos, Demosthenes, Thucydides, Sophocles, and many other such men.'—'Imitate, therefore, our wise ancestors, who, inflamed by the love of science, hastened from all sides to Athens, in order to enjoy the true pleasures of philosophy. There were often seen young men, like you; and poor, like many of you, who in the day frequented the schools of the philosophers, and at night laboured for hire, to obtain the necessaries of life. Such distress you need not now fear; show a readiness to obtain knowledge, and your country is ready to supply, in abundance, what is necessary for your living and instruction. Turn your eyes on all sides, and see whether any of the modern nations have such forefathers as ours—such united examples of courage, virtue, and wisdom, as we read of in the works of our ancestors.

'Consider whether it is honorable and good, that we should boast of those virtues of our forefathers, without any indication of the same; that we should suffer ourselves to be reproached by other nations, as unworthy of our ancestral nobility and glory; as a foolish race; as an useless burden to the earth!

'My rich friends, multiply schools and libraries throughout Greece; send, at the common expence, respectable young men to Europe, to bring you the good things from thence, and deliver into their hands the education of the nation. But, unite quickly, while Greece has need of your assistance, if you wish to have the gratitude of Greece. True friends run to their friends' assistance in danger—flatterers do not appear till the danger is over. Instead of repining at an expence for good and useful things, you ought to thank the providence of God for living in circumstances and times, in which, by the superfluity of your possessions, laid out with prudence, you may gain immortal honour, and be named the **BENEFACTORS OF GREECE!**'

The preceding extracts are from Korai's translation of Beccaria on crimes and punishments. We are not told the date of this work; but an enlightened mind pervades the whole of this sensible, patriotic, address, worthy the example of the most enlightened people in the world. And if such, really, were the original stimulus in Athens; if poverty were no crime, and science a virtue, it is not difficult to understand the emulative progress, by which learning became so pre-eminent in that once famed city.

‘It must be confessed, however,’ continues our author. ‘that the lively and sanguine character of the Greeks is in some measure, an obstacle to any systematic plans of improvement. Before they have any notions of the elements of science, or are acquainted with the history of their ancestors, or that their taste has received any advantages from an attentive perusal of Hellenic poetry, they aim at rhetoric, logic, and metaphysics, and often place Aristotle and Plato, or a translation of some German metaphysician, in the hands of students who have scarcely looked into Homer, or Thucydides, or Euclid. While totally unacquainted with the political economy, or the science of government, or the history and actual state of the nations of Europe, they indulge in dreams of independence and liberty. Some of them impressed in the lofty notions of the natural pre-eminence of Grecian intellect, conceive, that if they had the slightest encouragement, they should soon rise superior to the other nations of Europe; and already think themselves fit to rank among men, living under a system of society and government, established upon the improvements of of ages.’

‘Few of the Greeks, who pretend to an enthusiasm for the ancient productions of art or genius, have any correct judgment or feeling of the objects of their admiration, a very imperfect knowledge of the ancients, a preference of French and Italian literature, with a general want of mental cultivation and polished society, have, in general, produced among the Greeks a less classical taste, than is to be found in the most remote regions of Europe, where the works of their ancestors are studied.’

From these arguments we conclude, that the grand regulator of all things—time—which has destroyed, can, alone, restore to Greece a rank in learning, arts, and sciences among the enlightened countries of the age. To their natural quickness for study, they must add zeal and perseverance. Great advantages are now open to them, from their maritime intercourse with Malta, from the present state of the Ionian islands, and from their connection with Austria. Commerce produces political benefits, and a progressive civilization must, eventually, ensue.

We have, now, regularly pursued our author throughout the one half of his work, and cannot avoid to express our extreme mortification, at finding the remaining pages alike devoted to grammatical disquisitions. With the superior advantages possessed by this gentleman, and with apparent talent to appreciate the rarities and antiquities, which he must have been constantly stumbling over, during his multifarious travels, it is, indeed, extraordinary, that his remarks should have been so wholly confined to the different pronunciations of EPSILON and ETA.

Strange, such a difference should be,  
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!

ART. X—*A Manual of Mineralogy*, by Arthur Aikin, Secretary to the Geological Society. 12mo. Pp. 164. 7s. Longman and Co. 1814.

This work is avowedly, the result of a series of lectures, successfully delivered by the scientific author, before the members of the geological society, during the winter of last year.

Science, like language, is founded on the progressive principles of grammar. To consider geology, therefore, in its primary state, the student is called upon to form an early acquaintance with every distinct species of simple mineral, that may present itself to his observation. Habit will familiarize this study, and the amateur will soon lose his original difficulties, in the pleasing perspective opened to his view, as he discovers his competency to distinguish the mutual relations between mineral substances, and eventually to arrange them in classic order.

'The characters of minerals are taken either from those properties that are immediately obvious to the senses, or from those which require for their manifestation the assistance of apparatus and of reagents, for the most part very simple, and of easy application. These, I shall proceed to treat in order, beginning with the former.'

### *Solidity and hardness.*

On this subject, which our author enters upon with minuteness, and elucidates with equal judgment and perspicuity, he says—That substances are in common language called *liquid*; but that their number is almost limited

to two or three, which differ from each other in kind and degree of liquidity.

' *Solids*, are the only bodies concerning which the terms hard and soft can be used with any propriety; for these expressions imply the greater or less degree of force required to effect a permanent separation, from the mass, of those integrant molecules to which the external impulse is immediately applied. In common language hardness and refractions are often confounded. A stone that endures many heavy blows before it gives way is considered as harder than another which requires fewer blows for its fracture. The most unexceptionable method of ascertaining the hardness of a mineral is the greater or less ease with which it yields to the point or edge of a knife of hardened steel. The whole range of hardness obtained by the use of this instrument may be conveniently divided into three portions; the first of which will comprehend the higher degree and may be called *hard*, of which common Felspar is an example: the next includes the middling degrees, and may be called *moderately hard*, of which common Hornblende, Apatites and Fluor, are examples: a lower degree includes such as yield with ease to the knife, and may, therefore, be called *soft*, of which calcareous spar, heavy spar, and witherite, are examples. Two other degrees of hardness, however, the highest and the lowest, yet remain for the determination of which the knife cannot conveniently be applied. The lowest, or the *very soft*, are such as yield not only to the knife but to the nail, of which chalk and common Steatite are examples. The highest or the *very hard* are those upon which the knife makes no impression, but, on the contrary, when drawn strongly over their surface leaves a greyish black line of its own substance, in the same manner as plumbago does on paper.'

We have given this extract, to show the perspicuity of Mr. Aikin's elementary instructions, which he pursues by a regular train of clear, comprehensive, and convincing detail, admirably calculated to invite, and to reward, the labours of the studious in this fascinating science.

The following are the classes of his arrangement on the properties of the mineral kingdom.

Structure, crystalline, imperfectly crystalline, and promiscuous—Fracture and form of the fragments—External form—the action of light, as producing lustre from its reflection.

' The degrees of lustre, according to the German mineralogists, are the following: *splendent*, or the highest possible; *shining*, *weakly shining*, *glistening* and *glimmering*; which last, passes into *dull*, or the entire absence of lustre. Slight change of place produces, in most minerals, either no change of lustre, or a rapid and flashing

succession of light, and comparative darkness. In all those minerals, however, of fibrous structure, that are not absolutely dull and opaque, the lustre varies slowly, passing from one fibre to another, as the position of the mineral is slightly altered, producing the same mutation of soft-light, as that which distinguishes satin from other stuffs; hence this kind of lustre is sometimes called, *satiny*, or *silky*, and when somewhat indistinct, *pearly*.'

These adventitious characteristics are forcibly evident to the mind, in the change of colors produced by varying the position of a prism—and they are equally conspicuous in the display of diamonds, which vary their lustre, in proportion as they partake the rays of light, from which they borrow their dazzling effulgence. The next classes comprehend the specific gravity of mineral substances—The odour and the taste—magnetism—electricity—phosphorescence---double refraction---action of water---action of acids---the use of the blowpipe. The introduction closes thus.

'The mineralogist who may draw his distinctions from internal appearance and impressions—from physical properties or chemical phenomena, has hitherto been completely baffled in his attempts to bring under a similar arrangement the two or three hundred species that form the objects of his study. It appears, however, to me, that the causes of these failures have arisen rather out of incidental circumstances, than of the nature itself of the subject. Linnæus himself was not by any means the first mineralogist, and scarcely among the first of his day, and the knowledge possessed even by the ablest, the most accurate and the most inquisitive persons at that time, of mineral substances, was very limited, vague, and erroneous, when compared with the information, on this subject, possessed by the moderns. If the Linnæan arrangement was both deficient and erroneous at the period of its publication, how can it be, that these defects should not have been aggravated tenfold in the endeavour to make it comprehend all the subsequent discoveries in a science, of which almost all that is really valuable, has been collected during the last forty years.'

'Under these circumstances it become very desirable that some new attempt should be made to construct an arrangement, whether natural or artificial is of little consequence, which, by enabling the unassisted student to identify species, may thus introduce him to the published systems at least of those eminent modern professors to whose works and instructions the science is so deeply indebted.

'The present attempt to supply this acknowledged deficiency will I am certain, be received with candour; and if it shall be found to

facilitate in any material degree the process of the mineralogical student, I shall consider my labor, in its composition, well repaid.'

Such is the laudable principle, to which the public owes the compilation of this ingenious work; which, as an introduction to our valuable modern systematic authors, on mineralogy, must prove a most beneficial friend. We give our hearty concurrence to the opinion of Mr. Aikin, that, the progress of the solitary student, whatever his abilities, and whatever his industry, must be greatly inferior to that of him, who enjoys the benefit of being educated at a regular scientific school, with the superior advantages not only of books, but of living instructors; and with access to well furnished cabinets, exhibiting the grandeur and variety of the mineral kingdom.

From the general synopsis, which exemplifies the arcana of this science, we cannot attempt, with any justice to the author, to offer a detached specimen. To the unpractised, in this study, it would be superfluous---to the zealous, it would be ineffective. To be appreciated justly, this work must be studied attentively.

**ART. XI—*A Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland*, from its origin to the year 1630. Written by Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun Bart. With a continuation to the year 1651. Published from the original manuscript. Folio Pp. 575. £2. 2s. White and Co. 1813.**

It would appear singular, that the memoirs of an individual family, however noble, should form materials and interest to occupy a work thus splendid---if we did not know, that the ancient history of our nobility, more especially in Scotland, was materially interwoven with the general history of Great Britain.

In feudal times, our Barons were chieftains maintaining sovereign power, within their respective domains. They made war and peace---and were the arbiters of life and death. In Scotland every Lord headed his clan; and we cannot refer to the civil distractions, which have occasionally, marked the different epochs of that country, without entering into the private histories of its illustrious, brave, and ambitious, nobility. Referring to the work, we find ourselves sanctioned in these assertions, by the author---states---in his epistle dedicatory,

‘ When I did consider the negligence and oversight of former ages, having (so far as I could learne) left no memorable record in write, of the progress of your honorable progenie and discent; I thought it not amisse to interpryse something of that subject; and to relate plainlie and truelie, without malice, flatterie, or affection, what I have observed and gathered touching your Lordship’s ancestors, in histories, registers, evidents, and auncient records; as lykwise to declare such things as are yit fresh and recent in our memories that live in this aige: whereby I may bring that to light, which heirtofore hath bien so long obscured, and too much neglected by the sleuth of those whom it most concerned: in handling whereof, your Lordship shall see the worthie and honorable actions of your predecessors, That thereby you may be incited to the lyk resolution and vertue upon the lyk occasion. Nothing can be more fitlie proposed to yow then their exemple, to inflame yow in these your tender years to glorie and fame.

‘ It is a hard work for me (I do confess) to undergoe a matter of so great antiquitie, seing all beginings for the most part are obscure; yit what I doe relate or recommend to posteritie, shall be als authentic, and of as good credet, as any thing whatsoever in this kingdome of the lyk nature, touching pedegries or descents of families; in maters of this kynd, we must of necessite believe histories, and such as have preceeded our dayes, being of good fame and credet; for these (and none other) doe I follow. I am not ignorant that divers of your Lordship’s familie and cuntrey would performe this task better then myself; yet seeing that they have all bin hithertoe careless and negligent therein, and finding often mention made of your name and familie in those histories which I have red for my privat delight, I have the more willinglie adventured to tak the matter in hand, being much furthered therin by the sight of your old evidences and infestments: what I have found scattered, and dispersed elsewhere in histories and records, I have placed in such order as I culd best, and have related the same without passion, tending either to prejudice or partialitie.

‘ Posterite (doubtles) will give to everie one his due, let no man therefore think that any power or favour of the present tyme, can either extinguish or obscure the memorie of tymes succeeding; no aige (I hope) shall come heirafter, bot will affoord such worthie witts, as will uprightlie relate all things as they shall happen; in what hath hitherto passed of this present subject, I have done my best: which labor of mine, (although perhaps litle,) may afterward incourage some other singular witt to handle this matter better: “Facile est incæptis super addere rebus.”

‘ Now, asture mature deliberation, I can find no man, unto whom I should or could fitter offer this treatise then unto your Lordship, who is the heid and chieff of this house and familie; becaus that the persons of whom it treateth, are these worthie ancestors of yours, who for many ages have ben eminent among the nobi-

litie of this kingdom; whose vertues and heroicall actions, I wish you may surpasse, or at the least equalize. Iff sometyms I doe summarie relate the historie wherein I find mention maid of any thing touching your familie, or belonging to that subject, this I doe for the readers greater delight; and lykwise, that all may be the better understood, as the one depending on the other; adding further all such leiding motives, and important circumstances, as may mak the right state of everie action to be more evident; for the which (I think) the benevolent and judicious reader will courteously excuse me. I have lykwise heir set down and continued the lineall descent of the Gordoun's and of the house of Huntley, whereof your Lordship is a branch; and so consequentlie sprung from tuo of the most noble and auncient families of this kingdome. I have also interlaced some passages occurring in our state, dureing the reign of king James the Sixt: Together with sundrie occurrences happening in the neighbouring provinces, and among the Highlands of Scotland in our dayes.

' Iff sometyms I seem to be sharp or bitter, I desire the readers favorable construction, that he impute the same neither to malice ner affection: I would have him to think, that I doe it onlie for the love I beir to the truth, not concealling nor excusing, bot discovering and disclaiming against vyce wheresoever I find it predominant; and praising vertue wher I doe perceave it to shyne cleirly; giving due praises to vertue, and dishonour to vice: iff any take exception therat, let them choose; I desire they should know how little I doe regard the invyous censure of malicious calumniators, or bakbitting sycophants; being certanlie persuaded, that the truth cannot please all men: yea, I doe know the old proverb to be true, *veritus odium parit*. And the best and most sincere writers that ever took pen in hand, have not wanted detractors. I doe onlie crave the favor and approbation of the judicious and weillmynded, that they pardon me what I have done amiss, and allow of that which is well done, *humanum est errare*. Iff I have erred in any thing, I have done it unwillinglie. Bot this I am certane of, that I have still followed the truth in any thing that is recorded heir, which hath happened within the compass of our own memories. In the rest I have followed these that have preceeded me. So submitting myself alwise to the censure of the judicious, I rest: Praying the most high and almightie everliveing God to prosper and preserve your Lordship, both now in your tender aige, and heirafter in all the course of your lyf; That as yow doe succed many excellent ancestors in blood, so yow may exceed them in all honorable and heiroicall actions.'

It is not for us to detail the genealogy and pedigree of the most ancient and noble family of the Earls of Sutherland, from the first origin to the present day; nor can we enter into the variety of state revolutions, bloody wars, forfeitures, and restorations, which we find recorded by



our author. We must therefore, refer to the work, which embraces the most memorable events of a Scottish history, founded in original records, and perhaps not generally known even in Scotland. The principal authorities founding this memoir, are referred to, at the beginning of the work.—The language of the originals is preserved; and the whole compiled avowedly, with a love to truth; not concealing nor excusing; but discovering and disclaiming against vice, wherever it predominates, and praising virtue where it dignifies human nature.

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ART. XII.—*The Rape of Proserpine*; with other Poems, from Claudian; translated into English verse. With a prefatory discourse, and occasional notes. By Jacob George Strutt. Octavo. Pp. 208. 8s. 6d. Longman and Co. 1814.

THE Rape of Proserpine is, we believe, in the estimation of the classic reader, the most chaste and correct of Claudian's works. It has been translated into several languages; and the story is familiar to every school boy, whose studies have led him through the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

As a poet, Claudian was celebrated for his union of delicacy of thought with energy of description; but his talents could not shield him from penury, nor his fame from disgrace.

'He was,' says Mr. Strutt, 'a native of Alexandria, and flourished at Rome in the time of the emperors Honorius and Arcadius. His character, as a writer, was of the highest reputation; and he enjoyed, for a long period, the favor of the court, to the glory of which his muse was chiefly devoted. His prosperity, however, was interrupted by the ruin of his friend and patron, Stilicho, the great general and minister of the western empire, and the few remaining years of the poet were passed in poverty and disgrace; but his name is preserved and esteemed in every country, and posterity classes him among the most celebrated of the known poets.'

In executing his task, the translator has been careful to preserve the spirit of his author; and as blank verse is more susceptible of the sublime and beautiful, than rhyme, the choice of the former decoration, is as complimentary to his judgment, as his translation is to his classical attainments.

*Chauldian's Rape of Proserpine.*

*63*  
*Mr. Strutt's labours will say much more in his commendation, than any tribute from us ; we, therefore, make the following extracts.*

‘ Ceres one fair and lovely daughter own’d ;  
 A single pledge, for ne’er Lucina gave  
 A second birth ; yet did the goddess seem  
 Proudest of mothers, blest with Proserpine ;  
 Who in herself, with rare perfection form’d,  
 Alone appear’d to match the goodliest race.  
 Her she caresses, and with anxious eye  
 Follows her steps : not with more jealous care  
 The loving parent her young heifer guards,  
 In fields when spring is wanton, ere the bud  
 Of youth is fashion’d on its tender brow.

‘ Now to the verge of soft maturity  
 Her days approach, and Hymen’s glowing flame  
 Inspires the maid with hopes and doubtful fears.  
 Suitors crowd round ; and for her grace contend  
 Indignant rivals ; Mars who wields in fight  
 The gleaming falchion, and Apollo famed  
 For swift, unerring bow ; they proffer gifts,  
 With realms and lofty tow’rs ; the god of war  
 Yields up his Rhotupé, and Phæbus gives  
 Woody Amyclas and the Clarian walls :  
 Juno is emulous of one so fair,  
 And pleased Latona seeks her for her son.  
 But Ceres scorns their suit, and fearing love  
 May prompt some desp’rate deed, (ah, blind to fate !)  
 Commends in secrecy her darling care  
 To wild Sicilia’s solitary isle.  
 Join’d to th’Italian fields once lay that shore,  
 Till the rude floods their furious force essay’d,  
 And Nerens rode between the sever’d hills.  
 Yet small the space that parts the kindred plains,  
 For nature farther violence opposed,  
 And rear’d her barrier cliffs. Pachinus’ rocks  
 Deride th’Ionian tempests ; and the waves  
 That roaring from the Afric soil advance,  
 Beat idly on the Lilybæan cape,  
 Whilst the vex’d Tyrrhene deep, mad with control,  
 On high Pelorus wastes its angry tides.  
 Half hid by flames, in middle of the isle  
 Etna uprears his tow’ring grandeur ; proud  
 Of glorious conquest o’er the giant foe,  
 Wrathful Encelodus, who wounded, lies  
 Enchain’d, and groaning with the mountain’s weight,

And breathing from his throat sulphureous fires.  
And oft, as press'd with his unwieldy load  
The rebel-giant turns his wearied sides,  
He makes whole cities tremble, and the isle  
So shake in dread convulsions on her seat.

'The mountain's summit is explored alone  
By upward-gazing eyes, nor e'er permits  
The traveller's vent'rous foot; below, thick groves  
Shadow the hill; but on the parched heights  
No cheerful vegetation glads the sight.  
Now vomiting dark clouds it hides the day  
With foul engender'd vapours, black and dense;  
Now hurls against the stars tremendous rocks,  
And fiercely breathes with self-consuming fires.  
Yet, though with sateless fury burn those flames,  
Thou, Etna, still endur'st; for high-heap'd snows  
And ribs of ice temper the boiling floods,  
To flow innocuous round thy frost-bound sides.

'What fury agitates? what mighty pow'r  
Tempests this cavern'd hill? whence flow these streams  
Vulcanian? either the rushing winds  
Pent up, and howling in the mould'ring caves,  
Struggle for liberty, with sulph'rous fires,  
And raging seek their exit; or the sea,  
Press'd in the gloomy and unfathom'd vaults  
Moves this destruction, mingling with the flames.

'Soon as the tender mother had conceal'd  
Her treasured hope, to ancient Cybele,  
And Ida's woods, more calm, she bends her way,  
Guiding her dragon yoke, who swiftly trace  
The airy region, and with venom'd dews  
Moisten their bits. High rose their crested fronts,  
Their variegated forms green hues reflect,  
And glist'ring gold.'

'In these fair halls sits lovely Proserpine,  
And soothing with sweet song the tedious day,  
Plies the swift loom, expectant of the hour  
When Ceres should return. Her needle paints  
The birth and order of the elements;  
And shows by what true laws nature appeased  
Pristine confusion, when her parent hand  
Assign'd each unfix'd principle a seat:  
Up-springs each subtle essence, while below  
Matter more ponderous sinks; transparent floats  
The ether; ocean swells; earth's pictur'd orb  
Hangs in the firmament. Rich colors grace

The various web ; stars glitter bright in gold ;  
 Dark purple flows the sea ; the rocky shores  
 Sparkle in gems ; so well the threads deceive,  
 That, whilst th'enchanted eye fancies the waves  
 To swell and ripple on the moving floods,  
 The ear, deluded, seems to catch the sound  
 Of murm'ring waters, breaking on the sand,  
 And sea-weed dashing on the marble rocks.  
 Five zones she forms ; one the rich scarlet woof  
 Displays, as parch'd by fierce and burning suns,  
 Barren and dry ; two others, temperate  
 And habitable, glow with softer hues ;  
 Joyless and cold the last, with sullen tract,  
 Cover each pole, wrapt in perpetual gloom.

‘ Nor were those regions undisplay'd, which lie  
 By melancholy Styx ; nor omen sad  
 Was wanting : sudden tears obscured her eyes,  
 And dimm'd the moisten'd colors of the web.

‘ And now, with undulating line, her hand  
 Began to trace the limits of the deep,  
 When the rent filaments, and woof revers'd,  
 Declared the presence of th'etherial pow'rs :  
 Straight she forsakes the half-unfinish'd work,  
 While crimson blushes paint her beauteous cheeks,  
 Beaming in modesty ; so ivory glows  
 When Lydian artists tinge its pearly hues  
 With rich Sidonian dyes. Meanwhile the sun  
 Dipp'd in the western wave, and dewy Eve  
 Led on the train of night, whose gentle sway  
 Sweet repose upon the weary world.

‘ And now prepar'd to seek the upper skies,  
 Warn'd by the voice of Jove, Pluto arose ;  
 And stern Alecto brings the dusky steeds  
 That pasture by Cocytus' fiery banks,  
 In shades of Erebus, and drink the wave  
 Of stagnant Lethe, breathing thence around  
 Oblivious vapours ; Orpheus, staring stern ;  
 Æthon, more swift than dart ; Nycteus, pride  
 Of all th'infernal race ; and, Pluto's care,  
 Alastor wild ; yoked at the gates they stand.  
 And fiercely breathe, and shake their dreadful manes,  
 Expecting, in the morn, a glorious prize.’

‘ While thus in virgin pastime speed the hours,  
 Lo ! suddenly a tumult wild and loud  
 Arises ; turrets bow their trembling heads,  
 And tow'rs and lofty spires are levell'd low ;  
 No cause appears ; the Paphian queen alone

Acknowledges the sign, and trembling feels  
 A doubtful pleasure, mix'd with secret fear.  
 And now the dark-brow'd ruler of the dead,  
 Through shades, and winding caverns of the earth,  
 Urges his fiery steeds—their cruel hoofs  
 Trample on huge Enceladus, enchain'd  
 And groaning; and the chariot wheels drive o'er  
 His monstrous limbs. The tortured giant writhes  
 His wounded bulk in vain; bearing at once  
 The island and the god; in vain he strives  
 To change his posture, and with feeble force  
 Escape those burning wheels: the smoking car  
 Rides on his back. But as from some dark mine,  
 In secret dug beneath embattled walls,  
 The hidden enemy with conquering bands,  
 Like those which sprang of old from dragon's teeth,  
 Leaps out upon the pale astonish'd foe;  
 So the third son of Saturn, through the gloom  
 Of earth's deep caverns, urging on his steeds,  
 Attempts a passage to the realms of day:  
 No gate appears; on ev'ry side huge rocks  
 Oppose his path, with adamantine bars.  
 Not long he brooks delay: indignant soon  
 He rears his sceptre, and the barrier strikes:  
 Sicilia heard, and shook in all her caves;  
 Her rivers trembled, and stern Vulcan fled,  
 Affrighted, from his forge, while, smit with fear,  
 The cyclops dropp'd th'unfinish'd bolts of Jove.  
 He heard who dwelt upon the frozen Alps,  
 And he who on the Tyber sail'd; not yet  
 With Roman trophies graced; and he who steer'd  
 His swift-oar'd bark along the silver Po.

' So when in Thessaly, shut in by rocks,  
 The stagnant waters of Peneüs swell'd  
 To one vast lake, and drown'd the fertile vales,  
 Neptune with three-fork'd trident smote the hills;  
 Sore wounded with the stroke, Ossa leap'd down,  
 And parted from Olympus; straight released,  
 Through the cleft mountains rush'd the roaring stream,  
 And sought the seas: and land again appear'd.

' And now to hell's unconquerable might  
 Trinacria yields, and opes a hideous gulf:  
 A strange and sudden horror dims the skies,  
 And turns the courses of the stars—in waves  
 Forbidden, Arcto dives, and, slow before,  
 Boötes like some streaming meteor shoots;  
 Orion shudders at the neighing steeds,  
 And Atlas pales his fire: their poison'd breath

# Claudian's *Rape of Proserpine.*

Obscures each glowing axle ; while the orb  
Of Phoebus frights the coursers of the shades,  
Accustom'd to the gloom of night ; and back,  
Astonish'd at the day, they start, and seek  
Once more to plunge into the depths of hell.

‘ But on their stricken sides the frequent lash  
Resounds, and teaches them to bear the light,  
Onward they rush, wilder than wintry floods,  
Fierce as the jav’lin in its flight ; more swift  
Than Parthian arrows, winds, or anxious thoughts.  
Dark blood embrues the bit, pestiferous steams  
Poison the air, and a malignant foam  
Drops on th’ infected earth. Fast fly the nymphs ;  
Fair Proserpine is hurried to the car,  
Imploring aid.’

‘ Meanwhile the rushing chariot flies apace,  
On fiery wheels. Sad Proserpine, with hair  
Loose to the breeze, her woe-fraught bosom beats,  
And thus implores the skies with passion’d tears.

‘ “ Ah why did not thy hand, O cruel sire,  
Hurl down some bolt destructive ; ere my youth  
Should thus descend to unrelenting gloom,  
Dead to the world ? Say, from thy sterner mind  
Is virtue banish’d, and paternal love ?—  
What crime awoke this wrath ?—Alas, I ne’er  
Leagued with thine enemies, when Phlegra raged,  
Terrible in discord, nor did my hand  
Advance its aid, when huge Olympus groan’d  
’Neath Ossa’s pon’drous snows ! What dire offence,  
Committed, or premeditate, hath doom’d  
Thy daughter to the joyless shades of death ?—  
Ah, fortunate are they whom milder loves  
Possess ! they feel, at least, the cheerful beams  
Of day, the sun’s warm splendor ! but to me  
It is denied to view that glorious orb,  
Or to preserve my vestal purity :  
That with the light of heaven is gone !—Alas !  
The world fades like some vision, and I go,  
A hopeless captive, in a tyrant’s chains.—  
O evil fate ! O sadly chosen flow’rs  
Maternal counsel wantonly despised !  
O artful Venus !—Thee, dear mother now  
In Ida’s vale the horrid Phrygian rites,  
With pipe and dreadful song, detain ; or else  
On Dindyma thou hear’st the frantic yells  
And clashing weapons of the blood-stain’d priests :—  
O leave thine altars—hasten to my aid,  
And stop this cruel robber’s hated speed !” ’

' Moved by her tender and imploring grief,  
 The sullen God breathed the soft sighs of love,  
 The first he ever knew; and down his cheeks  
 Flow'd strange relenting tears, while thus he soothed,  
 In gentle accents, the sad captive's woe:  
 " Dispel, O Proserpine, the grief that rends  
 Thy anxious breast, and chase thy needless fears:  
 Extended empire shall be thine; for fate  
 Hath made thee bride to no inferior pow'r.  
 I am that son of Saturn whom the realms  
 Of Chaos own, and all the lower worlds  
 Obey. Think not to thee the light of day  
 For ever lost: we own a glorious sun;  
 And other stars adorn our firmament,  
 With purest splendor. How wilt thou admire  
 The beaming radiance of Elysian skies;  
 The fragrant groves; their bright inhabitants!  
 With us that happy state, that golden age,  
 Perpetual is found; which men enjoy'd  
 But once Thy presence fairer meads await,  
 Than these of earth, where fadeless flow'rs arise,  
 Such as thy Enna never knew, and scent  
 The softer gales: there also blooms a tree  
 Whose loaded branches hang with shining gold.—  
 All these are thine; and each rich Autumn still  
 Shall swell thy glitt'ring stores.—Why should I name  
 Such lowly off'rings! all that floats in air,  
 Or swims the sea, or stately walks the earth,  
 Whatever animates the changeful globe,  
 Shall crown thy full possession; all that lives  
 Within the bounds that Nature has prescribed  
 To mortal being! Monarchs shall appear  
 Before thee, spoil'd of regal ornament,  
 And undistinguish'd from the vulgar crowd:  
 Death renders all men equal. Thou shalt judge  
 The guilty; and thy hand shall give the meed  
 To virtue! for at thy tribunal none  
 Shall dare conceal the actions of their life.  
 The Fates shall be thy handmaids; and the pow'rs  
 That rule o'er Lethe's waters shall become  
 Subservient to thee. Thy will alone  
 Shall sway the force of Destiny till now  
 Immutable." ' He spoke, and his dark steeds  
 Encouraged: proudly they obey, and soon  
 With slacken'd pace at Tænarus arrive.'

*(To be continued.)*

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## THEOLOGY.

**ART. 13.**—*Divine Providence Evidenced*, in the causes, consequences, and termination of the late war. A Sermon, preached at St. James's Church, Bath, on the day of General Thanksgiving for peace. By the Rev. Richard Warner, Curate of St James's parish. 1s. 6d. Hatchard. 1814.

THE moral of this excellent sermon is founded on the infinite wisdom and mercy of the Almighty, who afflicts his creatures with adversity, to teach them the real value of prosperity. 'The result,' Mr. Warner says, 'of a war marked by horrors unparalleled in history, has produced this salutary blessing: it has taught the continental princes to know themselves to be no more than men—to feel, that protection in the ruler, and allegiance in the ruled, are reciprocal duties—that the throne can only be supported by the affections of the people—and, above all, that the blessings of a free government are the bulwarks of national pre-eminence.' He concludes,—

'But the decree is gone forth, and his dominion is at an end. Confederated kings are bidden to overthrow him, With an unanimity unparalleled, a perseverance without example, and a greatness of mind unheard of, in the history of human warfare, they performed their office. The dread and scourge of the civilized world; he who had poured contempt on princes, broken their sceptres, and cast their crowns down to the ground, is, by princes, baffled, defeated, subdued!—hunted from his capital; deserted by his hosts; and abandoned by his chieftains: he drops his sword, abdicates his throne,

'And leaves a home, at which the world grew pale,

'To point a moral, or adorn a tale.'

**ART. 14.**—*The prospect of perpetual and universal Peace; a* thanksgiving Sermon, for the conclusion of peace with France. Preached at Essex-street Chapel, July 3d, 1814, by Thomas Belsham, Minister of the chapel. Johnson & Co. 1814.

THIS discourse is founded, like the preceding, in the wisdom and power of God, whose finger is visibly apparent in the extraordinary and unexpected revolution of events, which have opened the way to a general peace.

Mr. Belsham, however, takes a view of the treaty as it relates to the slave trade, and comments upon the indignation and horror with which



this country contemplates that clause. He enquires, if any lover of peace is sufficiently sanguine to hope, that this sudden calm will be perpetual? It would be infatuation, he adds, to believe it. The pacificators themselves do not expect it. In the very articles of peace, provision is made for the renewal of the war.—The subject is treated with considerable ability, humanity, and Christian zeal.

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ART. 15.—*Hints to the Clergy of the Established Church*, particularly to its rulers, on the present relaxed state of ecclesiastical discipline, and the consequent increase of national corruption; in a Letter to a friend. By a Member of the Established Church. Octavo. pp. 36. Price 1s. Rivington, &c. 1814.

WE believe this pamphlet to have been written by a very worthy man; but we doubt much as to the salutary reform he may expect for his trouble. He tells us, from the authority of Machiavel, that, 'whenever the religion of the state shall fall into neglect and contempt, it will be impossible for that state to last long;—and this sentence he denounces against Great Britain, which, however apparently favoured by the temporary advantages of political events, is, nevertheless, in no small danger of incurring some fearful and heavy judgments, on account of its immoral and irreligious character.

He forbids the lord chancellor to contaminate the whole profession (LAWYERS!) by admitting any one on business of a Sunday; and the lord chief justice from appearing on the public roads during divine service. He chides the queen and princesses for travelling to Windsor, after attending divine service at Carlton-house; and inveighs against the impiety of the prince regent and the duke of York, for visiting a sister on her birth-day—because that birth-day fell upon a Sunday, and they were two and twenty miles distant from each other. Walking in Hyde-park on a Sunday (although it is the only day of recreation with a numerous class of society) is interdicted; and the *conversazioni* of the higher classes are denominated greater foes to their country, than any foreign enemies it may have to contend with.

All this may be strictly orthodox; but it is the puerile observation of a mere novice on the manners of the great world. High-born irregularities—fashionable depravities—and moral turpitudes, are as deaf to admonition, as the Gog and Magog at Guildhall; and we believe the true end of religion is quite as well served in a travelling carriage and four, on the high road, as it would be in the retirement of a cathedral, *provided*,—the heart do not join in the language of the lips. Religion is founded in devotion; and devotion is the offspring of virtuous education, fostered by an approving conscience, and manifests its expanded attributes in a train of regular and exemplary habits.

Such regular and exemplary habits we would gladly witness in our superiors, as the most effectual (perhaps only) mode of moral reform.

THEN we might hope to see piety pervade the emulating classes of subordinate society, and religion would rank among the accomplishments of the age we live in.

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ART. 16.—*Reflections on Materialism, Immaterialism, the sleep of the soul, an intermediate state, and the resurrection of the body*; being an attempt to prove, that the resurrection commences at death. By John Platts. Pamp. pp. 40. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones.

LUCRETIVS contends, that the soul is coeval with the body through life, and perishes with it at death. This gentleman has taken infinite pains to disprove a doctrine so inimical to the cherished principles of all who profess Christianity.

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ART. 17.—*A few Reflections on passing events.* Pamp. pp. 22. Price 1s. Hatchard. 1814.

THIS subject appears to engross the labours of the clergy. We applaud that zeal, which aims to fill every mind with a perfect conviction, that all the eventful changes of this life are the immediate work of God's omnipotence.

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### POETRY.

ART. 18.—*Mentor and Amander*; or, a Visit to Ackworth school: with descriptive Notes. By a late Teacher. pp. 28. Price 1s. Darton. 1814.

THIS essay resembles, in rhyme, the memorable ballad of 'The Children in the Wood.' We enter into the author's feelings with pleasure, as he thus exclaims on revisiting his school—

' Dear spot! on seeing thee once more  
My feelings want a name—  
Mingled emotions fill my mind,  
And agitate my frame.'

We do not, however, see very particular merit in the publication.

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ART. 19.—*Lilliputian Navy!!* The R——t's fleet, or John Bull at the Serpentine; a poem. By Peter Pindar, Esq. 2d edit. pamp. Fairbairn. 1s. 6d. 1814.

DR. JOHNSON tells us, that 'a poem is the work of a poet;' but, if every wretched jingler of rhyme were to be elevated to that literary

rank, the *poetical* authors of bellmen's verses might claim their graves in Westminster Abbey.

We are disgusted with *this soi-disant* Peter Pindar, Esq. who does not possess ingenuity so to season the popular subject of scandal, as to make it palatable to the most depraved taste.

ART. 20.—*Parnassian Wild Shrubs*: consisting of Odes: the Moralist, a series of poetical Essays, Sonnets, and Miscellaneous Pieces. By W. Taylor. 12mo. pp. 108. 5s. Sherwood and Co. 1814.

WE exchange ribaldry for sentiment with delight. Our author introduces his muse to the public under favour of a sentiment from Shenstone.

'A man possessed of intellectual talents, would be more blameable in confining them to his own private use, than the mean-spirited miser, that did the same by his money. The latter is, indeed, obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates; the former enjoys his treasures, even while he renders others the better for them. A composition that enters the world with a view of improving, or amusing it (I mean only amusing it in a polite and innocent way) has a claim to our utmost indulgence, even though it fail of the effect intended.'

This gentleman is an admirer of the beauties of nature, which he pourtrays with pleasing simplicity, and moral truth. His little volume contains a variety of essays, tasteful, though, perhaps, not strictly poetical:—as light reading, we can very much admire them.  
—*Specimen.*

#### SONNET IX.

*To an Infant Daughter.*

(Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Budd.)

WILT thou, sweet smiling innocent! essay  
With filial tenderness to serve thy sire,  
When years thy charms expanded shall display,  
And beauty shall the heart with love inspire?  
O! wilt thou strive to smooth life's thorny way,  
And tott'ring age's willing soother be,  
When his, now manly, form shall meet decay,  
Whose early days devoted were to thee?  
And wilt thou, with a fond affection, pay  
A loving mother for the anxious care  
With which, full oft, in childhood's happier day,  
Thy joys she heightened, and thy pains beguild?  
These are their hopes, and, as they blossom fair,  
O! rise to puberty—and prove a duteous child!

- ART. 21.—*Armida*; or, the Enchanted Island. pp. 26. 1s. Baldwin. 1814.

RINALDO and Armida are classical names, dear to the remembrance of all amateurs in enchantment. This is a love story, told in a variety of metre, without novelty, either in design or effect.

- ART. 22.—*The Olive Branch*; a poem. By M. Crawford. pp. 60, Cadell and Co. 4s. 6d. 1814.

THIS little volume issues from the press under circumstances that will, we hope, give it a rapid sale. *The whole proceeds, free from expences, are devoted to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the war in Germany.*

Independently, however, of these claims upon the public feeling, the poem proclaims the personal merit of the author. We are of opinion this little effusion will be read with pleasure, and we cordially give it our best wishes.

- ART. 23.—*Ode to the Emperor Alexander*. By the author of 'The Orphans, or the Battle of Nevil's Cross.' 1s.

- ART. 24.—*Ode to Wellington*. By the same. 1s. 6d. Cadell and Co. 1814.

LIKE the preceding volume, these complimentary odes are published in support of the fund for the relief of the sufferings by war in Germany.

We had occasion to offer, in our last number, our approbation to this gentleman's poetic efforts: that approbation is by no means decreased by the perusal of these odes.

- ART. 25.—*The General Post Bag*; or, News, foreign and domestic. To which is added, *La Bugatelle*, by Humphrey Hedgehog, Esq. author of *Rejected Odes*, &c. 2d edit. 18mo. pp. 123. 4s. 6d. J. Johnston. 1814.

WHETHER this compilation be a robbery of the mail, or not—we are little anxious to inquire; but this we know—that it is a literary felony against the understandings and the pockets of the public.

The Two-penny post Bag, which probably has been gentleman-usher to this production, possesses point, humour, and sometimes wit, to season satire; but this General Post Bag is a positive libel against common decency and common sense.

At page 110 we find 'Lines addressed to a Lady,' who desired the author to write some poetry *on her*. It was a modest request! The lines are perfectly familiar to us, and we believe them to have been

penned by Anacreon Moore. The Colloquy (p. 122) though new to us, we suspect to come from the same quarter.

**ART. 26.**—*More Kings!* a poem: to which is prefixed, an Epistle to the Monthly Reviewers. By Peter Pindar, Esq. 2d edit. pp. 35. 2s. James Johnston. 1814.

These broad-grinning incident hunters, and shameless scandal-mongers, are a terrible people for running out of one edition into another; they buzz about a printing-press with the rapidity of an insignificant moth, seeking its own worthless fate in the flame of a rushlight.

When Peter Pindar skulked into holes and corners, to ferret out anecdotes in ridicule of majesty, he clothed his satire in original costume; embellished with burlesque so pointed—raillery so keen—wit so felicitous—that the imposing splendour of his muse beguiled the reader of his sober judgment; seducing him silently to approve, that which he dare not, publicly, to applaud. Whereas, this *Brummagem* 'Squire Peter is a dealer in base metal, impudently stamped in imitation of our sterling coin—a wretched compound, fitted, alone, for the paltry traffic of the ragged Jew boys in St. Paul's Churchyard.

## POLITICS.

**ART. 27.**—*Observations on the late Treaty of Peace with France*, so far as it relates to the Slave Trade; in a letter to a friend. J. Butterworth and Son. 1814.

WHEN my Lord Castlereagh was lately attacked upon this subject, in the House of Commons, he very sensibly replied—'That he deplored, as much as any member in that honourable house, the existence of the slave trade clause; but that the cause of humanity could alone be supported by the light of reason. It was not for his lordship to enforce it at the point of the bayonet.'

Would it were otherwise, with all our hearts!

## EDUCATION.

**ART. 28.**—*A Grammar* of the French language; in which the rules are illustrated by examples, selected from the best authors.

**ART. 28.**—*A Copious Collection* of instructive and entertaining Exercises in the French language; with the different parts of speech and rules of grammar prefixed to every article.

ART. 30.—*A Key* to the re-translation of the English examples in the French grammar; intended to serve as a test of accuracy. By C. Laisne, teacher of languages, formerly private tutor in the university of Paris, and author of Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and French grammars. 3 vols pp. 256—200—40. John Souter. 1814.

These are very useful publications, divested of all tedious and superfluous explanation; but containing every essential to practical utility. Great attention is paid to the rules of pronunciation; and the sounds are conveyed by reference to English words. It is, notwithstanding, obvious, that oral communication, alone, can perfect pronunciation. The exercises are well chosen, and the idioms clearly explained. The Key, if used properly, will be very serviceable to the student.

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ART. 31.—*Juvenile Arithmetic*; or, Child's Guide to Figures: being an easy introduction to Joyce's Arithmetic, and various others, now in use. By a lady. Part I. pp. 72. 1s. J. Souter. 1814.

THIS is, decidedly, the most useful elementary little book of instruction we ever recollect to have met with. We recommend it to the attention of all persons keeping preparatory schools; and to those amiable mothers, who delight to 'teach the young idea how to shoot,' in the minds of their children.

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ART. 32.—*Remarks* on the incidental ambiguities, and false imports attendant on the use of the auxiliary signs in the English language, with hints for detecting and avoiding them, containing various incidents from the writings of Addison, Steele, Hawkesworth, Johnson, Junius, Burke, &c. &c. With explanatory remarks, and a comparison of analogous passages. The whole being designed to facilitate the acquisition of correctness, in this most difficult part of the English language, and calculated for the use of the highest class in schools, as well as for the general reader. Pp. 47. Longman and Co. 1814.

THIS is certainly a very critical inquiry into certain errors evidenced by the author, in the writings of the most celebrated of our British classics, whom he accuses of misapplying the moods and tenses. To the scholar and the tutor this little treatise would prove acceptable; unless it be considered that those who can write as well as Addison, Johnson, Burke, or Junius, need no admonishing lessons as to the grammatical perspicuity of their style; and those who cannot, have too much valuable study to wade through, for us to recommend this pamphlet to the consideration of the latter party.

The grand object of writing is, to communicate, in correct language, and in clear, natural order, the ideas we propose to transfuse into the minds of others. A strict attention, therefore, to the grammatical application of the moods and tenses is indispensable. This correctness of style, however, is not connected with any fastidious, but with simple rules. *Shall* and *will*, *would* and *should*, *might* and *could*, are most liable to misapplication; but the habit of reading good authors, founded on a general study of the verbs, will imperceptibly remove these difficulties from the mind; and that much more successfully than any remark contained in this pamphlet, notwithstanding the judicious discrimination and deep research which it evidently displays.

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ART. 33.—*Classical English Letter Writer*; or Epistolary Selections. Designed to improve young persons in the art of letter writing, and in the principles of virtue and piety. With introductory rules and observations on epistolary composition; and biographical notices of the writers from whom the letters are selected. By the author of 'Lessons for Young Persons in humble life.' 12mo. Pp. 367. 4s. 6d. Longman and Co. 1814.

THIS compilation is very superior to that of other 'Letter Writers.' The subjects are judiciously chosen, both as to moral and to style; and the introductory remarks are well worthy the attention of persons willing to improve in composition.

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## MEDICINE.

ART. 34.—*Letters* addressed to his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, on Consumption. Containing remarks on the efficacy of equable and artificial temperature in the treatment of that disease, &c. By Thomas Sutton, M. D. of the Royal College of Physicians; late physician to the forces, and consulting physician to the Kent dispensary, and author of Tracts on delirium, tremors, gout, &c. Pamph. Pp. 59. Underwood. 1814.

THE rank and attainments of our author class him very high in his profession, and instruct us to consider his treatise as the research of profound study and habitual observation. These letters are addressed to the Duke of Kent, not on account of his rank but of his humanity, and as patron of a public meeting, for the purpose of establishing an infirmary for the cure of diseases of the chest and consumption. To facilitate the purposes of an institution to be founded on a particular principle, namely, the diseases of the lungs, this gentleman has digested his present materials from occasional letters, written, originally, by himself, for insertion in the public papers,

with a view to general information We applaud the author's benevolent views, and admire his learned treatise, from which we extract as follows.

'It must be evident that heated rooms cannot concur to health and vigour; invariable in temperature, confined in circulation, unpleasant to the parties inhabiting them; and who, on this account, are rendered listless, and by no means desirous of the least exercise, which would soon tend to an increase of heat highly uncomfortable to the feelings. But if these objections exist to such rooms set apart for équable temperature, there is another consideration worthy of attention, which is, that not only the temperature possesses the objections I have stated, but the air is invariably dry; and that this is important to be considered, must be clear, from the circumstance, that those who respire the most dry air, are the most subject to pulmonary consumption. This fact is evident, from the disease occurring most among the higher classes in this country, and more particularly among the females in that class; also among those whose sedentary occupations allow them to be very little in the external air; also among bakers, whose occupations lead them to respire the dry air of their bake-houses; and manufacturers, whose employments are connected with fires. It is true that there are those who suffer from the disease under all circumstances; but the greater number by far will be found to be those, who, from various circumstances, are placed in situations to respire a dry atmosphere.\*'

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ART. 36.—*Letters*, addressed to the Countess of ———, on Indigestion, and its consequences on the general health. By a late physician of eminence, in London. 2s. 6d. Sherwood and Co. 1813.

THESE letters appear to be published for the self-interested purpose of extolling two quack medicines, unknown even in the regions of empi-

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\* Consumptions in this country have been almost uniformly considered to be caused by the variableness of our climate, and humid atmosphere; and we have been supposed to be more afflicted with this disorder, than other parts of the world not so affected. Hence have arisen the efforts to cause an artificial climate of great uniformity. But it must be suspected that there is error in these suppositions, since we learn that consumptions prevail much, even in the most favoured regions as to temperature and dryness. We undoubtedly find inflammatory affections to abound with us in very variable weather, and inflammations of the lungs among the rest; but these latter more frequently tend to excite into activity the consumptive disposition already existing, than become the real causes and grounds of the diseases; for when this disposition does not prevail, ulcerations of the lungs very frequently heal both kindly and rapidly. There can also be no doubt, that with this disposition a considerable proneness to inflammation in these organs exists, which will cause the disease often to commence in such seasons, and most frequently to be wholly attributed to them,



ricism; and of confounding all other specific remedies with unqualified abuse. The lady to whom they are addressed we suspect to be an imaginary being.

### DRAMA

**ART. 37.**—*Spanish Patriots*, a thousand years ago. . An historical drama, in three acts; as performed with universal applause at the theatre royal Lyceum. 2s. 6d. Walker. 1812.

WE have found this play upon our table: but as it must be well known to the town, from having made its appearance in the year 1812, we shall forbear to enter into its merits. The author is already amply compensated by public approbation. We will, however, offer to him our compliments on the happy choice of his subject.

The cause of Spanish freedom has aroused the generous enthusiasm of our countrymen, in combating for, and finally ensuring its blessings to an oppressed, deluded people. Our arms have overthrown the reign of tyranny, and restored a rightful monarch to his subjects. A drama, therefore, calculated to display, with advantage, the national character of those whom we sought to protect and patronise, must have been grateful to all parties. The scene, very appropriately, is laid in Salamanca, one of the many proud monuments that British valour has raised in commemoration of our national supremacy.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**ART. 38.**—*Bija Ganita*; or, the Algebra of the Hindoos, By Edward Strachey, of the East-India Company's Bengal Civil Service. Quarto pp, 119. 15s. Black and Parry.

WE are not to conclude, from the passive ignorance of the native tribes of India, that science has not deigned to visit their country; on the contrary, the brahmins are a very enlightened people. The bigotry of religion, and the influence of priestcraft, however, keeps the people in the dark.

'It is known,' says our author, 'that there are Sanscrit books on astronomy and mathematics. Whether the science they contain is of Hindoo origin, and of high antiquity; or is modern, and borrowed from foreign sources, is a question which has been disputed. Some of the advocates for the Hindoos have asserted their pretensions with a degree of zeal which may be termed extravagant; and others, among their opponents, have, with equal vehemence, pronounced them to be impostors, plagiarists, rogues, blind slaves, ignorant, &c. &c.:' and his object is, to support the opinion, that the Hindoos do possess an original fund of science, independently of all foreign sources. He traces the

antiquity of the specimens before us, in form and substance, to their existence at the end of the 12th, or the beginning of the 13th century. 'And we are told,' he adds, 'that Pythagoras and Democritus, who taught the Greeks astronomy and mathematics, learned those sciences in India. We can besides vouch, from our own researches, that every possible pains were taken, during Marquis Wellesley's administration, to propagate the vaccine inoculation among the natives. This humane measure was, however, strongly opposed by the bramins, as the cow, with them, is an object of idolatrous worship. But, during the process of his lordship's perseverance, it was discovered, that the bramins had long been in possession of the vaccine secret, which they concealed, from the motives we have already stated.

The preface strongly supports the author in his assertions.—This work is wonderfully profound, and can alone be analyzed by professionally scientific men.

**ART. 38.—***The Origin, Object, and Operation, of the Apprentice Laws*; with their application to times past, present, and to come. Addressed to the Committee of General Purposes of the City of London, by the Committee of Manufacturers in London and its Vicinity. Johnson & Co. 1814.

'As the apprentice laws are now under the consideration of parliament and the public, no apology is necessary for the publication of the present Address. The discussion is of the utmost importance to the prosperity of the country; and the question is probably the most momentous that has been entertained for years. It involves our future fate.'

We are quite disposed to concur in the above sentiment. The author's remarks are plain, manly, and judicious; and every discussion, aiming at the public good, must be founded in temperance, if it would command success.

**ART. 39.—***A Tour to France.* 2d edition. 18mo. pp. 148. John Booth. 1802.

THE novelty of a free communication between this country and France, and the avidity of the public to grasp at any thing relating to the state of society at Paris, have, we presume, given resurrection to this Tour. We cannot, however, speak of it otherwise, than as the memorandums of a traveller, lightly noting objects that have appeared to be worthy his observation.

Customs, fashions, amusements, and politics, have changed in Paris with the seasons—little real information can, therefore, be derived from a tour written so many years ago.

**ART. 40.**—*A Treatise on the Motion of Rockets*; to which is added, an Essay on Naval Gunnery, in theory and practice. Designed for the use of the army and navy, and all places of military, naval, and scientific instruction. By William Moore, of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. 8vo. pp. 157. 10s. G. & S. Robinson. 1813.

THE science here developed, as to the theory of the motion of rockets in different mediums, is addressed to the profession of arms, to whom, exclusively, from its abstruse definitions, it appears to be adapted. The learned author tells us, that, in all his researches, he has strictly adhered to the fullest illustration of them by example; and we are quite of opinion with him, that theory is never so well comprehended by a learner, as when the several subjects it considers are *evidently* exemplified.

On so intricate a subject, we incline to think, this essential desideratum is fulfilled. Difficulties are materially relieved by a table of hyperbolic logarithms, for all numbers, from 1 to 1000—which must give great facilities to the student, in his computations in the theory of rockets. Simplicity, clearness, and perspicuity, should always constitute the basis of an elementary work.

## LIST OF BOOKS

**NOTE.**—bd. signifies *bound*—h. bd. *half-bound*—sd. *sewed*. The rest are, with few exceptions, in *boards*. ed. signifies *edition*—n. ed. *new edition*.

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Our Devon Correspondent will observe that it is customary to address to the *Editor* and not personally to our *Publisher* ; as all letters ought to be post paid.

Authors and publishers, are requested to be careful in the particulars of works for announcement in our List of Books, as many are sent without the price or size being noticed.

THE  
**CRITICAL REVIEW:**

*SERIES THE FOURTH.*

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VOL. VI.

AUGUST, 1814.

No. II.

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**ART. I.—***An Essay on Genius; or the Philosophy of Literature.*  
By John Duncan. Octavo. pp. 264. 7s. 6d. Longman and Co.  
1814.

THE understanding is the most exalted faculty of the soul; and genius is the noblest attribute of the understanding. It is the refined optic of intelligence, which enables the mind to view, to compare, and to embellish external objects.

The establishment of a new theory, therefore, professing to regulate the standard of intellectual ability, presents itself to us, in the form of a stupendous labor, problematical in design—intricate in progress—fallible in consummation!

With this impression, and aware that criticisms will flow from the pens of the most enlightened writers of the age, we would prefer developing the spirit of this novel doctrine, to betraying our own weakness in analyzing its component qualities. But, as reviewers, it is imperative with us to remember this latin motto—*tentanda via est*!—we consult our author.

In enforcing opinions not generally received, he has been—he tells us—under the necessity of entering more deeply into the subject, than he, otherwise, would have done; but he flatters himself the illustrations he has given, will

Crit. Rev. Vol. 6, August, 1814

I

render his positions obvious, even to those least accustomed to think on such subjects.

In this class of readers, we rank ourselves; for in truth, we have been content to acknowledge, that mental excellence dignifies the character of man, without abstrusely searching into the arcana of its minutely relative operations.

Locke, prefacing his essay on the human understanding, tells his reader, 'I here put into thy hands, what has been the diversion of some of my idle and heavy hours: if it has the good luck to prove so of any of thine, and thou hast but half so much pleasure in reading, as I had in writing it, thou wilt as little think thy money, as I do my pains, ill bestowed.'

This is a very pleasing invitation to a very complex entertainment; but unless he could borrow facilities from the grandeur of the author's ideas, the reader, we fear, would not be wholly competent to enjoy the promised luxury.

Mr. Locke contends, that our ideas are not innate, but acquired; because children and idiots have not the least apprehension of ideas; that we cannot assert, a notion to be imprinted on the mind, and confess at the same time, that the mind is ignorant of it.

Now, in our estimation, intellect is a native perception. This faculty in a child is inactive; yet it exists. An idiot is without power to fashion his ideas, certainly, but it, by no means, follows that he is bereft of the precious attribute which exalts human beings above the brute creation. The absence of reason gives sterility to his ideas, we admit; but we deny, that it extirpates them. Hence, we may infer, that capacity is innate, and knowledge acquired; inasmuch, as the mind derives capability from nature; and is susceptible of refined cultivation. To pursue our author.

'In treating of genius, or the various degrees of human ability,' he says, 'we ought, in the first place, to endeavour to ascertain whether there exists any original difference between the intellect of one man, and that of another, arising from the peculiar nature of the mind; or, whether all difference of mental talent does not proceed from the influence of external circumstances, including, among these, the effects of constitution.'

This is a position, offering a twofold study to our comprehension; namely, that of the mental, and of the



physical operations of the mind. If intellect be the free gift of nature, and the constant associate of our innate disposition, it is fair to presume, that as our capacities gradually unfold, in the progress from infancy to maturity, our affections may be influenced by the controul of sympathy.

‘ But while all mental capacity may be referred to the nature of the constitution, as well as to the strength of the mind, it is remarkable that intellectual deficiency may be ascribed to the former of these causes. While sedateness of temper fixes us to ideas, it may also obstruct their conception; while vivacity enables us to receive impressions, it may prevent us from attending to them. Both these reasons are given for the intellectual deficiency of brutes. A multitude of causes concur, however, to prove the important fact of the existence of some original difference of ability, arising either from the peculiar nature of the mind or the body, but most probably from that of the former. We find one man more susceptible of education, naturally more penetrating and distinct, and capable of carrying his ideas further than another. We may, therefore, safely admit two species of utility, the *natural*, and the *acquired*.’

Most assuredly—it is obvious throughout society. Every day's observation may convince us, that an uncultivated mind is, often, rich in native talent; whereas, a highly instructed mind is, sometimes, with all the aids of persevering industry, incapable of soaring beyond mediocrity. The understanding is, therefore, innate—acquirement adventitious.

‘ The original difference of talent does not, however, seem great. In nature there are no prodigies. The various species are connected by gradual links, and the varieties of any particular species confined to narrow limits. The difference of intellectual ability is not, in all probability, naturally greater than that of stature. Yet this difference is important; and if the influence of external circumstances be added, is sufficient to account for the most extraordinary instances of genius which have appeared in the world. The effect of cultivation on the mind is great—the power of industry immense. The most splendid talents, therefore, are perhaps nothing more than those lucky habits which correspond with excellence.’

If this position be admitted, it argues, evidently, that neither cultivation nor industry are paramount to nature; nor is talent either an accidental property of the mind, or an equally divided attribute of man.

' Connected with the subject of genius there is one point left in the most vague and unsatisfactory state, and which it may not be improper to settle here; that is, personal dignity, or that *greatness* which has been so much talked of, and so little understood. Personal greatness may be of two kinds. It may arise either from the possession of great talents, or of some other quality which has an important influence on the happiness of mankind. The latter species again may suffer division into great actions, and great possessions. The first of these may be considered as better evidence of superior talents than the second, though neither can be considered as good.

' But, if the mind be held as indifferent from the body, *intellectual ability* can be viewed as constituting the only real personal dignity. All other is to be looked upon as fictitious; and the term *great*, as applied to it, an instance of the abuse of words.

' Mankind are, indeed, sensible of the charms of intellectual importance, and that wisdom and knowledge constitute human greatness. Every person prefers the reputation of ability to that of virtue, and would suffer the imputation of vice rather than of folly;—every person is sensible that to improve his mind is to raise him in the scale of existence, and that to increase intellectual acquisition is the only means of exalting a reasonable being.

' Adventitious and extrinsic qualities are, however, often confounded with personal, and the things possessed taken for the possessor. Thus, a king is called great, because he has the direction of every thing important to a considerable portion of mankind, and the means of rendering many happy or miserable; although, at the same time, in intellectual qualities, he may be inferior to the majority of his subjects.

' There is certainly a greatness of things, as well as of minds, because there are differences among them; but we can never acquire a title to their importance. External objects can, by no mode of possession, be assimilated to the intellect, nor can they, to any great extent, even fall within our power, or minister to our enjoyment. In whatever manner a person may apply wealth, or exercise authority, it can produce merely refinement of those pleasures which are common to all mankind; for nature always constrains him to remain within those precincts which she has assigned to individuals; and he can be great to others only, as an inanimate object can be, by forwarding, or obstructing their happiness.

' Those who hold elevated situations attract our attention more by the splendour of their rank than by their ability, and it is rather their station and circumstances which we admire than themselves. Even heroes and conquerors, and the majority of those characters which appear in the roll of fame, must be con-

sidered only as marking those revolutions which are continually happening from the motion of things, and as indicating great events rather than great minds. For it is obvious to the slightest reflection, that, in this case, opportunity holds the first rank, ability only the second, and that Darius might have been Alexander had he commanded an army of Grecians.

No one feels himself satisfied with regard to the abilities of the powerful and successful, from the evidence of power and success alone. We still wish to have an opportunity of judging of them by their conversation, or literary attempts, which are the best means of obtaining a perfect knowledge of the mind. Literature is the fairest test of mental ability, and real greatness; because no fortuitous cause can assist the labours of the mind, or whatever assistance an author derives from circumstances can easily be perceived and made allowance for: But to judge of any person's intellectual powers by those actions in which he has been engaged, is a very remote manner of estimating their value. Events form but an imperfect index to the mind, and we often take good fortune for capacity. A general may be victorious by the advice, care, or ability of his officers; by the superior number or spirit of his men; by the neglect of his antagonist; by the advantages of his situation; or by a thousand other circumstances which are neither dependant on him, nor perceivable by others. A statesman again may be successful from the temperance of the times, or the concurrence of causes which are unconnected with his determinations, and over which he has no control.

Success is not the same in literature as in life. In the former, it must depend upon ourselves; in the latter, it may depend upon things. Many men also, from particular habits and constitutional peculiarities, are not prudent in proportion to their capacity. The talents, therefore, of such, suffer great injustice among those who judge by the event. We are, in general, so much dazzled by the lustre of great events, that the conduct of every person, when fortunate, seems wise. Each accidental success, whether proceeding from coincidence of circumstances, or peculiarity of character, is ascribed to wisdom and deliberate design; while, on the contrary, it is difficult to save the reputation of the unfortunate, even among the most impartial.† But those who wish justly to estimate characters, will endeavour to

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\* The world is filled with characters whose celebrity depends upon the deficiency of their antagonists. It is also a vulgar error to ascribe so much to generalship. Discipline may be necessary as a subordinate cause; but, in all battles, victory is chiefly decided by courage.

† The difference between a mad attempt and a glorious action depends upon success.

divest themselves of this prejudice. They will judge of men rather by their reasoning than by their conduct, and examine more their understandings than their passions; for, as there are many persons who can think but cannot act, prudence of conduct, and those talents best adapted to active scenes, will perhaps be found to depend more upon constitutional character than upon deliberative wisdom.\*

Success would, indeed be a mark of superior abilities, could it be shown that it were independent of concurring circumstances, and that the difficulties surmounted were great; but, in active concerns, so many causes, different from personal talent, have an influence, that no conclusion drawn from them, can, with regard to the mind, be depended on. There may, indeed, sometimes, be degrees of real greatness in the merit of rising in the world; but there is oftener nothing more than good fortune, or a cast of character, which coincides with the situation of things and the dispositions of men.

To succeed in life, the most probable means is to go with the stream. Worldly wisdom consists, not in thinking justly or acting reasonably, according to extensive views, but in humouring the times. Servility is, in general, the shortest road to preferment; and intrigue, in most cases, an overmatch for ability.† An artful man regards the end more than the means, and depends, for success, upon pliancy rather than talent; while a person of ability, judging of mankind by himself, imagines that merit is all that is necessary to acquire consideration, and values himself upon his integrity and independence. A man of sense naturally perceives the beauty of noble and praise-worthy actions; and genius is generally accompanied by an inflexible pride of sentiment, and propensity to integrity and honourable conduct. Besides, where there are strong ideas and great vigour of mind, there are commonly strong passions and ungovernable opinions. Mental exertion, therefore, often impels to actions inconsistent with the ordinary progress of things.

Those who are most successful in life, frequently possess a contractedness of mind which renders it suitable to all circumstances, confines its powers to a narrow circle, and concentrates them always at the point of action. The common business of life is chiefly managed by habit and imitation, and a talent for

\* Human nature is, no doubt, composed of body as well as of mind, and active faculties are, perhaps, as important as contemplative; but still it is necessary to keep them separate. The maxim, 'judge of a person by his actions and not by his words,' must apply to morals rather than to ability.

† What are, indeed, the boasted dissimulation and art of politicians, but falsehood and dishonesty?

it is often the emblem of a small mind. The great employment of mankind is to live. Industry, therefore, will always be more valued than capacity. But, perhaps, rank and riches are oftener determined by the circumstance of birth than by any extraordinary exertion or ability.

Even the possession of virtue, which is much more valuable than either power or riches, cannot confer greatness on any one; and it is a misapplication of terms to bestow the appellation of *great* upon a person entitled only to that of *good*.\* Virtue is merely a habit of the mind, or a species of education which is useful to mankind. Virtue, therefore, can display no extent of thought, or intricacy of ideas. Men are prone to flatter each other for qualities which are useful or pleasing, and hence arises their profusion of commendation to those who are virtuous; but if we suppose the mind in itself unchangeable, its original force can neither be increased by virtue nor diminished by vice—affected by praise nor dispraise. All the greatness of which man is capable belongs neither to his habits nor other circumstances, but to his understanding; and he who possesses such greatness can, by no concurrence of things, be deprived of it.

Intellectual talents, however, are not oftener unjustly degraded, than exalted, by foreign causes; and we have generally occasion to be on our guard against imposition of one species or another. Of this class is reputation, derived from inflated sentiment, such as the saying of Alexander, that he would contend at the Olympic games, if kings were his competitors.† This is universally termed magnanimity, but is merely vanity, or conceit; and such conduct always receives that appellation in those who hold inferior stations in life. Passions and habits ought, however, to be distinguished from judgment. Greatness of mind consists only in the superior power of discrimination,—not in admiring or despising, loving or hating, of which all men are equally capable.

Nothing is indeed truly important in human nature, but mental ability. By the original force of mind which men derive from nature is their future greatness entirely determined; for what men do not accomplish by the power of their minds, must be ascribed to some foreign quality from which they can claim no merit.

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\* Pope says, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.' This has a fine sound, but nothing more. There is a cheat in common morality of which every candid person must be ashamed.

† By which he evidently meant to contend in rank and not in skill, and to oppose adventitious qualities to personal.

' On the same native superiority depends, in the first instance, the extent of that improvement which is not the least remarkable peculiarity of the human understanding, and which serves chiefly to distinguish mankind from the lower ranks of the creation. The inferior animals, as they are evidently intended to act within a narrow circle, soon acquire reason sufficient for it, and reach the limits of their cultivation. The minds of beasts are so incapable of abstraction, and their perceptions arise so immediately from their senses, that they attain maturity along with their bodies; and as soon as their instincts are complete, their understandings have arrived at their perfection. But the human mind contains higher powers, and admits of greater extension; for, after the means of information which the senses furnish are exhausted, it retains the power of increasing its knowledge by its own inherent exercise. The perfection of the mind of man does not depend upon the maturation of his senses, but on that of experience; and his mental faculties are capable of improvement as long as they continue to be exercised.

' The expansion of the intellect is, indeed, liable to be affected by those casualties which influence its exertion; and minds are rendered different not less by education than by nature.

' Yet circumstances never actually affect the original degree of ability. As all education is but information concerning the state of things, they can only assist or retard its development. But before entering on the subject of education, it may be proper to say something on the nature of external objects, and those qualities which occasion intellectual exertion.'

To substantiate the position that one idea equals another, our author continues—

' One idea is not more difficult of conception than another.—The idea of a mountain and the idea of a grain of sand are conceived with equal ease. The mind is affected only by the relation of qualities; continuity and uniformity are indifferent to it. It is not magnitude but number—the separation and division of things—which engages its attention, and furnishes the materials of its operation. All our ideas are, merely, intellectual properties called into exercise by the suggestion of external objects. They are all equally abstracted from physical objects, and occupy, it may be said, for the sake of illustration, the same portion of the mind. All subjects, are, therefore, more or less difficult of comprehension, merely, as they contain a greater or less number of different parts, and furnish many, or few ideas; and all things possess complexity, only, as they possess variety. Thus, in viewing an extensive building, it is not the same to the mind, as to the eye. The operation of the eye may be obstructed by the physical difficulties of vision, such as light or shade, by intervening objects, or by the extent and magnificence of the fabric; but the

difficulty of the mind must be the labour of selecting its various parts, of removing their confusion, and arranging them according to their natural dependance upon each other. However extensive an object may be, or however far any landscape may spread, or edifice extend, it may still be easy of conception ; for if all its parts be the same, they are but as one part ; and without diversity there can be no discrimination.'

This is our opinion—present a sculptor with the great toe of a gigantic statue, and his scientific mind will, instantaneously, form a comprehensive idea of the original proportions of the colossal work.

Reducing this fact to hypothesis, we presume, to be well understood at court. The serpentine fleet has been decked in the Lilliputian splendour of battle array ; and this peurile *phantasmagoria* is to elevate the mind of poor John Bull, to an awful admiration of the real grandeur of the wooden walls of Old England !

On the importance of order in mental operations.

' Order is the essence of science, or it may be called science itself ; for what would science be without order ? In the military art it constitutes strength. In business, it produces dispatch and ease ; and, where it is not demanded as a requisite, it is sought as an ornament. In order consists one of the principles of beauty—regularity. The delight which we have in viewing the array of an army, or the uniform disposition of cultivated fields, arises from the utility of arrangement, and the relation which we perceive between the means and the end. Method is valued even on the most trifling sciences. In dancing and music, it is what chiefly pleases. But, in literature, and those employments which more immediately represent the mind, the effects of order are most conspicuous.'

On education.

' Man has been called the creature of circumstances. The mind comes into the world naked and destitute of ideas. All ability depends upon knowledge ; every accomplishment is an attainment ; every talent, an acquirement. Ability, however, may be said to be of two kinds ; natural, as well as acquired. Both are equally accidental ; the first, arising from the original frame of the mind or body ; the second, from opportunity of improvement united with industry. Learning is, by some, taken for a proof of capacity ; and it is certain that facility and extent of acquisition are proportionate to the natural aptitude of the mind.'

We find ourselves creeping fast into a maze ; and pause to inquire, whether confusion may not be classically con-

sistent with method ; for, a maze is the methodical work of regularity, expressly constructed to bewilder all who approach it. We are told first, that ability is *accidental*.... then, that acquisition is proportionate to the *natural* aptitude of the mind.

The *chiaro oscuro* is beautiful in the art of painting, and logic, possibly, may give it similar qualities in the art of writing. At all events, these contradictions are too profound for the limits of our understanding.

‘The expansion of intellect resembles the spreading of flame. Fire arises from a spark, and, by embracing matter, kindles into conflagration.’

But if the mind come into the world naked and destitute of ideas....if ability be accidental, where is the *spark* that education is to kindle into the fire of genius ? We learn, that a poet, an orator, a critic, or a logician, should know every thing. We, however, content ourselves with the ambition, rather than the presumed attainment, of universal knowledge.

Memory the concomitant of education, or experience ; dependant on judgment, or strength of mind.

‘Whatever we remember is fixed on our minds by some interest less or more ; and the stronger the impression the more vivid our recollection. Difficulty of attainment and retention never fail to accompany each other, and labour is always recompensed with remembrance.’ ‘A strong mind is capable of perceiving the most distant analogies, and of uniting the most remote objects in nature. An extensive comprehension and great memory, therefore, for the most part, go together... Thus, a person who has, by long experience, made himself acquainted with most sciences, or at least has a mind stored with general information, when an observation is made which engages his attention, or any event occurs, which raises his astonishment, immediately retraces his experience in search of similar and related objects, and assembles every thing connected with it within the compass of his knowledge ; so that his ideas are carried backward in a train by the relation which they bear to each other.’ ‘Memory is but an extension of the understanding, and the excellence of the former is always proportionate to that of the latter.’ ‘The memory of persons of narrow comprehension is in proportion to their judgment, and consistent with their pursuits and interests. The mind must be extended according to its magnitude, and every person has a range of reflection peculiar to his capacity.’

Classification, the great instrument of judgment..... This, as defined by our author, is the conversion of many ideas into few. The concluding subjects, are as follow :

The greatness of minds known by the extent of objects which they embrace ; or by their capability of tracing one



cause, or arranging one set of facts.....The mind, excels in all things, according to its strength.....The mind, governed by the passions, and directed by accident.....Labour, necessary to attain excellence ; and merit, to acquire fame.....The mind excels only by the appropriation of its powers.....The treating of simple subjects no less peculiar to inferior minds, than that of extensive, to superior.....Some minds have too much genius for simple subjects....Genius not to be estimated by the degree of pleasure which any production affords.....Judgment and imagination only different applications of the mind....Fancy but an inferior degree of judgment, and subservient to a higher....Difference of subject creates difference of success, and enables one mind to excel another....Corporeal talents to be distinguished from mental....The importance of habit ; some studies disqualify for others....The universal criterion of genius.

‘ In estimating genius, one employment may be taken for another ; judgment for fancy, and fancy for judgment, observing always to give adventitious circumstances their due weight. Extent of genius may be discovered in every shape, by the expanse of mind displayed. Judgment is fancy condensed ; and fancy is judgment diffused.’ ‘ Every person’s genius is known by his judgment ; and it is only by the quantum of thought which it contains, that all composition ought to be valued.’

Such, then, is the outline of this singularly constructed work ; which is more truly the speculative theory of a philosophy, than the philosophy itself. We do not venture this assertion in disrespect to Mr. Duncan’s talents ; on the contrary, we greatly admire them....our allusion is to the employment of them. We admit it to be the province of genius to forsake the beaten paths of science, and to explore originality. Genius is superior to all common attempts at excellence ; and pursues fame through the wilderness.

The conception of a vast project, however, is not inseparable from an inability to communicate to others, the intelligence we powerfully feel ourselves. We have known persons without education, form the most rapid and correct calculations, from an association of ideas, decisive as to themselves ; but inexplicable to all others. And we recollect to have understood, some years ago, that the supervisor of the Duke of Bridgewater’s canals, combined the most powerful effects, from the suggestions of his own mind, without having the facility of imparting the relative system, of his plans, even to the workmen whom he directed.

Possibly, Mr. Duncan may partake some little of this sort of feeling. The whole of his work displays a vast depth of thought—a general knowledge of the world—and profound reading. But, we consider it wholly impossible to prove, that a man with a vigorous constitution is, *thereby*, endowed with a strong mind.

The features are called the index to the mind, and Lavater has taken uncommon pains to prove, that certain curved lines, in the countenance, infallibly delineate certain passions in the mind. It is a dangerous study. Many hard-featured men possess most excellent hearts.

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ART. II.—*Anecdotes of Music, Historical and Biographical; in a Series of Letters, from a Gentleman to his Daughter.* By A. Burgh, A. M. 3 vol. 12mo. pp. 445, 510, 456. 30s. Longman & Co. 1814.

Music holds so distinguished a rank among the accomplishments of polished society, and is, indeed, so cherished a fanaticism among the lower classes, that it is considered, almost equally essential toward the refinement of the right honourable belle of fashion, and the daughter of mine host at the Bell tavern. The fascinations of the science, however, are wholly independent of the use or the abuse of pupils. It is a science to be traced to very remote ages; and has gradually improved, from the wild melody of the oaten pipe, to the scientific unisons of a full orchestra, embodying, with descriptive variety and pathos, sounds that awaken the affections to rapture, or lull the senses into a delicious trance.

The history, therefore, of the birth, parentage, and education of this now matured science, claims a distinguished patronage from the ladies, to whom it is more peculiarly addressed.

We find these volumes compiled by an anxious parent, in compliment to his daughter; and, aware that study may borrow allurements from the advantages of tasteful costume, he has clothed his information in the light, airy, dress of a familiar correspondence.

On the music of the ancients, he says,

‘From your infancy, my dearest Caroline, your instruction has been my chief employment, your improvement the highest object of my ambition; and, if those moral religious principles which I have endeavoured, from the earliest dawn of reason, to inculcate, maintain their

influence on your future conduct, I shall feel abundantly rewarded for many years of labour and anxiety.

‘Your attention, however, has not been, exclusively, directed to subjects of everlasting importance; nor has the history of the world you live in, which, in fact, includes little more than a narrative of the vices and follies of mankind, entirely precluded the study of those trifling, yet fascinating accomplishments, which are apparently considered as indispensable in the modern system of education.

‘In acquiring the practical execution of music, you have, of necessity, sacrificed a very considerable portion of time, which might, perhaps, have been more profitably, but certainly not more agreeably employed.

‘The historical department of this charming science, I shall take upon myself: you will thus be relieved from the toil of travelling through huge volumes, equally learned and uninteresting, in search of those amusing anecdotes which are interwoven with the study of the liberal arts, and the refinements of polished society. In a word, you will thus attain many subjects of blameless conversation, released from the fatigue of encountering the pedantry of speculation, and the dullness of criticism.

‘The infancy of every art and science is involved in impenetrable obscurity, and the difficulties, absolutely insurmountable, which continually present themselves, in tracing their early progress, too frequently render the studies of the antiquarian irksome to himself, and useless to society. In respect to the music of antiquity, all at present is fable or conjecture. The few documents that have survived the irruption of the northern nations tending to embarrass, rather than to elucidate our inquiries.’

Pursuing his subject, our author tells us, that the system of harmony adopted by the ancient Greeks was, most probably, invented, or at least brought from Egypt, at that time the abode of elegance and refinement, by the famed Pythagoras. The dramas of ancient Greece were not only sung, but accompanied by musical instruments; probably much in the style of modern recitative at the Italian opera.

In those days, every poet was a musician; for music was the foundation of all science, and those ignorant of music were considered as uneducated beings.

‘But, notwithstanding the simplicity of their music, the poets themselves being able to set their own pieces, and to sing them so well to the satisfaction of the public, is a certain proof, that their music had not only fewer difficulties, but also fewer excellencies than the modern. To be, at once, a great poet, and a great musician, appears to our conception utterly impossible; otherwise, why should not such a coincidence of talents frequently occur? Milton studied music, and so have

many of our poets; but, to understand it equally well with a professor, is a drudgery to which they could not submit. Besides, a genius for poetry is so far from including a genius for music, that some of our greatest poets have not only been enemies to harmony; but have had ears so unfortunately constructed, as not to enable them to distinguish one sound from another.

'The Grecian sage, according to Gravina, was at once a philosopher, a poet, and a musician. In separating these characters, says he, they have all been weakened: the sphere of philosophy has been contracted; ideas have failed in poetry; and force and energy in song.

'The profession of an actor was long honourable among the Greeks: Their poets, who were likewise orators, statesmen, and generals, performed the principal characters in their own pieces.'

And, we learn from Cicero, that Roman actors declaimed in recitative. He tells us, that Roscius had always said, when age should diminish his force, he would not abandon the stage, but would proportion his performance to his powers, by directing music to conform to the weakness of his voice. And so it actually happened: Roscius, in his advanced age; sang in a lower pitch of voice, and the musicians regulated their accompaniment accordingly.

'In a moral point of view, the effects of music have been considered by ancient writers as eminently salutary in softening the manners—in promoting civilization—in exciting, or repressing the passions—and in the cure of various diseases.

'But, Nero played on his lute when Rome was in flames. A popular air, even of a very simple construction, may be easily supposed, by the aid of appropriate poetry, to excite the passions of love or anger—to inflame the warrior—or melt the love-sick maid. The plaintive Scots melodies, and Purcell's simple air, '*Britons strike home!*' will sufficiently elucidate this possibility to an English ear.

'The voices of animals, the whistling of winds, the fall of waters, the concussions of bodies of various kinds, and, especially, the melody of birds, as they all contain essential rudiments of harmony, may easily be supposed to have furnished the minds of intelligent creatures with such ideas of sound, as time, and the accumulated observation of succeeding ages, could not fail to improve into a system.

'Birds were, assuredly, the most ancient music-masters. Even to this day, with all our boasted refinement—all our natural and artificial exertions, who will be bold enough to assert, that either Mrs. Billington, the delight of the present age—or Farinelli, the admiration of the last, ever approached the excellence of these instinctive musicians, either in fertility of imagination, in the brilliancy of their shake, or neatness of execution.'

These letters pursue a regular detail of music, nationally arranged. They describe the characters of the troubadours, and minstrels of former times; and embellish history with lively and interesting anecdotes. But, as we had occasion, in our last number, to review a work on musical biography, in which we particularised the most eminent artists of antiquity, we forbear to repeat our routine; confessing, however, that the volumes now before us are by far more pleasing, and equally abound with information. Many of the anecdotes, indeed, are the same. We find, however, one anecdote in 1633, very appropriate to the present day, which we extract.

‘ This masque, entitled *The Triumphs of Peace*, and written by James Shirley, a dramatist of the second class in the reign of Charles the First, and author of about forty plays, was acted at Whitehall, and the whole expense defrayed by the gentlemen of the four inns of court, as a testimony of duty and loyalty on his majesty's return from Scotland, after terminating the discontents of that kingdom. Such passages in this curious manuscript as are more particularly characteristic of the manners of the times, shall be presented to the reader in the author's own words.

‘ About Allhollantide this year (1633), several of the principal members of the Four Inns of Court, amongst whom some were servants of the king, had a design that these Inns of Court should present their service to the king and queen, and testify their affections to them by the outward and splendid visible testimony of a royal masque, of all the four societies joining together, to be by them brought to the court, as an expression of their love and duty towards their majesties.

‘ This was hinted at in the court, and by them intimated to the chief of those societies, that it would be well taken from them; and some held it the more seasonable, because this action would manifest their difference of opinion from Mr. Prynne's new learning, and serve to confute his *Histrio-mastix* against interludes.

‘ This design took well with all the Inns of Court, especially the younger sort of them; and, in order to put it in execution, the benchers of each Society met, and agreed to have this solemnity performed, in the noblest and most stately manner that could be invented.

‘ The better to effect this, it was resolved in each house to choose two of their members, whom they should judge fittest for such a business, to be a committee, by joint assistance, to carry on that affair.

‘ In the Middle Temple were chosen of this committee Mr. Edward Hyde, and Whitelocke (the author); for the Inner Temple, Sir Edward Herbert, and Mr. Selden; for Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Attorney Noy, and Mr. Gerling; and for Gray's Inn, Sir John Finch and Mr. ———.

“ This committee, being empowered by the benchers, made several sub-committees, one of which was to take care of the poetical part of the business; another, of the properties of the masques, and anti-masquers, and other actors; another, of the dancing; and to me, in particular, was committed the whole care and charge of all the music for this great masque.

“ I made choice of Mr. Simon Ives, an honest and able musician, of excellent skill in his art, and of Mr. Lawes, to compose the airs, lessons, and songs, for the masque, and to be masters of all the music under me.

“ I also made choice of four of the most excellent musicians of the Queen's chapel, M. la Ware, M. du Val, M. Robert, and M. Mari, with divers others of foreign nations, who were most eminent in their art; not in the least neglecting my own countrymen, whose knowledge in music rendered them useful in this action, to bear their parts in the music, which I resolved, if I could, to have so performed, as might excel any that ever before had been in England.

“ Herein I kept my purpose, causing the meetings of all the musicians to be frequent at my house in Salisbury Court; and there I have had together, at one time, of English, French, Italian, German, and other masters of music, forty lutes, besides other instruments, and voices of the most excellent kind in consort.

“ The time for presenting this masque at Whitehall was agreed to be on Candlemas Night, to end Christmas; and the several parts of it being brought near to a readiness for action, Hyde and Whitelocke were sent to the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and to Sir Harry Vane, the comptroller of the king's house, to advise with them, and take order about the scene, and preparing things in the banquetting house.

“ The dancers, masquers, anti-masquers, and musicians, did beforehand practise in the place where they were to present the masque, and the scenes were artfully painted by Inigo Jones, at the lower end of the banquetting house, and all things were in readiness.

“ The grand masquers were four gentlemen of each Inn of Court, most suitable for their persons, dancing, and garb, for that business; and it was ordered that they should be drawn in four rich chariots, four masquers in each chariot, by six horses in each.

“ And to prevent difference about the order of their going, it was propounded by Whitelocke, and assented to by the Committee, that the chariots should be made after the fashion of the Roman triumphant chariots, and, being of an oval form in the seats, there would be no difference of place in them.

“ For the several colours, and for the precedence of the chariots, it was agreed, that one of each house of the committee should throw the dice, and as that happened, the society to be bound, of which he that threw was a member.

“ I threw the dice for the Middle Temple, and by my cast had the place or the second chariot, and silver and blue for my colours, which

colours I have ever since kept in my liveries, and upon all solemn occasions.

“ Candlemas Day being come, and all things being in readiness, the masquers, horsemen, musicians, dancers, and all that were actors in the business, set forth from Ely House, in Holborn, every one in their order, towards Whitehall, their way being directed through Chancery-lane, and from thence through Temple-bar, and so the high way to the court.

“ The first that marched were twenty footmen, in scarlet liveries with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in one hand, and a torch lighted in the other: these were the marshal's men, who cleared the streets, made way, and were all about the marshal, waiting his commands:

“ After them, and sometimes in the midst of them, came the marshal, Mr. Darrell, afterwards knighted by the king, an extraordinary handsome, proper gentleman, one of Lincoln's Inn, agreed upon by the committee for this service.

“ He was mounted upon one of the king's best horses, and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceeding rich and glorious, his horsemanship very gallant; and, besides his marshalsmen, he had two lacquays, who carried torches by him, and a page in livery, that went by him, carrying his cloak.

“ After him followed one hundred gentlemen of the Inns of Court, in very rich clothes, five-and-twenty chosen out of each house, of the most proper and handsome young gentlemen of the societies.

“ Every one of them was gallantly mounted, on the best horses, and with the best furniture, that the king's stable, and the stables of all the nobility in town, could afford, and they were forward on this occasion to lend them.

“ The richness of the apparel and furniture, glittering by the light of the multitude of torches attending them, with the motion and stirring of their mettled horses, and the many and various gay liveries of their servants, but especially the personal beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid show that ever was beheld in England.

“ After the horsemen came the anti-masquers; and as the horsemen had their music, about a dozen of the best trumpets proper for them, so the first anti-masque, being of cripples and beggars on horseback, had their music of keys and tongs, and the like, snapping and yet playing in consort before them. These beggars were mounted on the poorest, leanest jades, that could be gotten out of the dust carts, or elsewhere; and the variety and change from such noble music and gallant horses, as went before them, unto their pitiful music and horses, made both of them the more pleasing.

“ After the beggar's anti-masque, came men on horseback, playing upon pipes, whistles, and instruments, sounding notes like those of birds of all sorts, and in excellent consort, and were followed by the anti-masque of birds. This was an owl in an ivy bush, with many re-

veral sorts of other birds in a cluster about the owl, gazing, as it were, upon her: these were little boys, put into covers of the shapes of those birds, rarely fitted, and sitting on small horses, with footmen going by them, having all of them torches in their hands.

“ After this anti-masque came other musicians on horseback, playing upon bag-pipes, horn-pipes, and such kind of northern music. First in this anti-masque rode a fellow upon a little horse, with a great bitt in his mouth, and upon the man's head was a bitt, with headstall and reins fastened, and signified a projector, that none in the kingdom might ride their horses, but with such bits as they should buy of him. Another projector, who begged a patent of monopoly to feed capons with carrots, and several other projectors were in like manner personated, which pleased the spectators the more, because by it an information was covertly given to the king, of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the law; and the attorney Noy, who had most knowledge of them had a great hand in this anti-masque of the projectors.

“ After this and several other anti-masques were past, there came six of the chief musicians on horseback, upon foot clothes, and in the habits of heathen priests, and footmen carrying of torches by them. Then a sumptuous chariot, drawn by six horses, with large plumes of feathers, in which were about a dozen persons, in several habits of gods and goddesses. Then other large open chariots, with musicians in like habits, but all with some variety and distinction. These, going before the grand masquers, played on excellent loud music all the way as they went.

“ The chariot, in which sate the four grand masquers of Gray's Inn, was drawn by four horses all on breast, coursed to their heels all over with cloth of tissue, of the colour of crimson and silver, huge plumes of red and white feathers on their heads and buttockes, and the coachman's cap and feather, his long coat, and his very whip and cushion, of the same stuffe and colour. These maskers had habits, doublets, trunke hose, and cappes of the most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed, with large white silk stockings up to their trunke-hose, and rich sprigges in their cappes, themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen. On each side of the chariot were four footmen, in liveries of the colour of the chariot, carrying large flambois in their hands, which, with the torches, gave such a lustre to the paintings, spangles, and habits, that hardly any thing could be invented to appear more glorious.

“ After this followed the other three chariots, with the grand masquers of the Middle Temple, Inner Temple, and Lincoln's Inn, alike richly habited and attended; and as the sixteen grand masquers were most handsome and lovely, and the equipage so full of state, and height of gallantry, it may be said, that it was never outdone by any representation mentioned in our former glories.

“ The torches, and flaming huge flambois, borne by the side of each chariot, made it seem lightsome as noon-day, but more glittering;



and gave a full and clear light to all the streets and windows as they passed.

“ The march was slow, in regard of their great number, but more interrupted by the multitude of spectators in the streets, besides the windows; and they all seemed loth to part with so glorious a spectacle.

“ This gave opportunity to Hyde and Whitelocke, who usually were together, to take a coach, and by the other way to get before them to Whitehall, where they found the fayre banquetting-house so crowded with fayre ladies, glistering with their rich cloaths, and richer jewels, and with lords and gentlemen of great quality, that there was scarce room for the king and queen to enter in. They saw that all things were in readiness there, and the lord chamberlain carried them up to the chamber of the beautiful and ingenious Countess of Caernarvon, his daughter, whose company was no small pleasure and refreshment.

“ The king and queen stood at a window, looking straight forward into the street, to see the masque come by; and being delighted with the noble bravery of it, they sent to the marshall, to desire that the whole show might tetch a turn about the tilt-yard, that their majesties might have a double view of them, which was done accordingly, and then they alighted at Whitehall gate, and were conducted to several rooms and places prepared for them.

“ The horsemen of the masque, and other gentlemen of the Inns of Court, sate in the gallery reserved for them, and those of the committee that were present were with them; only Hyde and Whitelocke were placed below among the grandees, and near the scene, that they might be ready to give assistance, if there should be occasion, and as an extraordinary favour to them at that time, and in that presence.

“ The king and queen, and all their noble train, being come in, the masque began, and was incomparably performed, in the dancing, speechs, music, and scenes: the dances, figures, properties—the voices, instruments, songs, airs, compositions—the words and actions, were all of them exact; none failed in their parts, and the scenes were most curious and costly.

“ The queen did the honour to some of the masquers to dance with them herself, and to judge them as good dancers as ever she saw; and the great ladies were very free, and civil in dancing with all the masquers, as they were taken out by them.

“ Thus they continued their sports until it was almost morning; and then the king and queen retiring, the masquers and inns of court gentlemen were brought to a stately banquet, and after that was dispersed, every one departed to his own quarters.

“ The queen, who was so delighted with these solemnities, desired to see this show acted over again. Whereupon, an intimation being given to my lord mayor of London, he invited the king and queen, and the masquers, to the city, and entertained them with all taste and mag-

miforce at Merchant-Tailors' Hall. Thither marched through the city the same show that went to Whitehall, and the same masque was again represented, in the same state and equipage as before. This also gave great contentment to their majesties, and no less to the citizens, especially those of the younger sort, and of the female sex; and it was to the great honour, and no less charge, of the lord mayor and freemen.

“ After these dreams past, and these pomps vanished, all men were satisfied by the committee justly and bountifully.

“ For the music, which was particularly committed to my charge, I gave to Mr. Ives and to Mr Lawes, *one hundred pounds* a piece for their reward; for the four French gentlemen, the queen's servants, I thought that a handsome and liberal gratifying of them would be made known to the queen, their mistress, and well taken by her. I therefore invited them one morning to a collation at St. Dunstan's tavern, in the great room, the oracle of Apollo, where each of them had his plate laid for him covered, and the napkin by it; and when they opened their plates, they found in each of them forty pieces of gold, of their master's coin, for the first dish, and they had cause to be much pleased with this surprisall.

“ The rest of the musicians had rewards answerable to their parts and qualities; and the whole charge of the music came to about a thousand pounds. The clothes of the horsemen, reckoned one with another, at *one hundred pounds* a suit at the least, amounted to *ten thousand pounds*. The charges of all the rest of the masque, which were born by the societies, were accounted to be above twenty thousand pounds.”

ART. III.—*Scenery of the Grampian Mountains*; illustrated by 40 etchings in the soft ground, representing the principal hills, from such points as display their picturesque features; diversified by lakes and rivers, with an explanatory page affixed to each plate, giving an account of the objects of natural curiosity, and historical interests, with which the district abounds. By George Fennel Robson, member of the Society of Painting in oil and water colours. £6. 6s. Sherwood and Co. 1814.

THE sentimental traveller wanders towards the fascinations of Italian scenery, and dreams, in vain, to feel and to describe like Sterne. The inquisitive traveller, neglecting the natural curiosities of his native land, journeys to explore the terrors of the Black Forest, or to contemplate the ice-bound vallies, and frozen peakes of Switzerland. But the national traveller wraps himself up in the full enjoyment of those magnificent sports of nature, which arrest his admiration, and excite his wonder, within the precincts of the British empire.

The Grampian hills form a magnificent region that intersects Scotland, in a north-eastern direction. Its principal eminences, which are awfully stupendous, are chiefly situated in the counties of Perth and of Aberdeen. Their altitudes are, usually, from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea; but as the chain declines, towards the German Ocean, the heights are less considerable. These terrific barriers divide the inhabitants into two distinct people, differing from each other in national characteristic, and in language. They are thus described.

‘It was on the skirts of the Grampian mountains, that the Caledonians made their last effort to check the progress of the Roman arms, and to release their country from foreign despotism. The precise situation of that fatal field, where the flame of British liberty was quenched in blood, is, now, no longer known: but the event is recorded in the page of Tacitus.

‘As forming the great natural bulwarks of a barbarous people, the Grampian mountains became the last shelter of national distress. They have since been the frequent scenes of stratagems and adventures—of feuds and bloodshed. But the influence of civilization has, at length, subdued the ferocity of the Highlander, who is now distinguished for civility and intelligence, and the stranger may visit the inmost recesses of the district, without witnessing an act of rudeness or dishonesty.

‘As a field of observation to the naturalist, this extensive tract is highly interesting; for, beside many circumstances of local peculiarity, it displays, on a scale of impressive magnitude, the various phenomena of a mountainous country.

‘Of its architectural remains, the number is considerable, but their size is not great: the attention of the antiquary, however, is often excited, by vestiges of warfare and monuments of druidism.

‘With the man of taste, few districts in this kingdom, have equal claims to admiration. It is by him, that the scenery of the Grampian mountains is duly appreciated, and receives its meed of praise. To apprise him of all that may interest the mind and the eye—to facilitate his progress—and to direct his course—is the object of this volume; the plan of which, though differing from any that has been pursued by other writers, will, it is hoped, be found well adapted to the end proposed.

‘The subjects of the plates have been selected with care, and depicted with accuracy. That they may not disappoint the expectation of his subscribers, is the anxious wish of the artist, who humbly submits their merits and defects to the candour of the public.’

Of the plates, which ornament this work, we cannot speak too highly. The author, with a degree of modesty that

exalts his merit, avows himself happy in this opportunity of bearing testimony to the attainments of his engraver; Mr. Henry Morton, a young professional friend, who, he says, has condescended to employ those talents, which are likely, soon, to introduce him to the public favour, in retracing the operations of a pencil inferior to his own. But, we beg to add, that taste is so conspicuous in each of Mr. Robson's admirable designs, that the force of his merit cannot be obscured in doubt. As sketches, probably, they do not rank in the catalogue of the fine arts; but as they describe, without the aid of light and shade, and are unembellished by colouring, the eloquent outline of his majestic scenery, proclaims them to be, in the language of the poet,

“ When unadorn'd—adorn'd the most.”

Sketches are more descriptive of the fire of the artist, than highly finished paintings. In the latter, we can trace the systematic progress of the cold rules of art; but an etching is the faithful representation of native talent—it is the mirror of genius.

Each plate is accompanied by an explanatory text; and previously to his entering upon an individual description of the Grampian region, he takes a general view of the mountains on its south-western extremity, from whence his more local descriptions are intended to originate. He has chosen a view from Stirling, which exhibits the castle, proudly towering above the surrounding scene, majestically grand, in the midst of an open and a fertile country.

‘ To convey, by verbal description, a correct idea of the scenery round Stirling, is, perhaps, impossible; but those who are acquainted with the pictures of Claude, may form a good general conception of it, when informed, that it resembles the favourite subjects of this artist's pencil; being a rich and open country, bounded by distant mountains, and diversified by rocky eminences and hanging woods; studded with seats, towns, and villages, and watered by two great rivers, the Forth and the Teith, which are seen, both before and after their junction, finding their way through a course of the most intricate windings, and gradually expanding, till they form an arm of the sea. The Forth is a silent tranquil stream, without any of that turbulent character, common to most of our northern rivers; and, though inferior in size to the Teith, retains its name after their union.

‘ The town of Stirling is seated on the eastern declivity of a hill, reminating to the west, in a perpendicular basaltic rock, the summit of which is crowned by the castle. Those who have seen the old

castle and city of Edinburgh, will be struck with the resemblance between these two ancient towns. It must, however, be admitted, that Stirling is a miniature, inferior in magnificence, but equal in beauty. And, though the venerable aspect of the castle, have lately suffered from the tasteless mode of repairing it, having been stripped, in many parts, of its ivy mantle, and defaced by the patchings of modern masonry, it must, for the grandeur of its situation, rank high in the estimation of the painter. With the antiquary, it possesses equal claims to attention; and to those versed in the annals of Scottish history, this town and its vicinity are highly interesting, from the political transactions, and military achievements, of which they were the important scene.

'The castle is, still, kept in repair, by government, as a garrison; and though the eye of taste is offended, by the formality of modern fortification in the outworks, the interior exhibits many marks of ancient splendor and regal magnificence.'

'**BEN LOMOND** is situated in the county of Sterling, on the east side of Loch Lomond. Its summit is 3262 feet above the level of the sea.

'If language be insufficient to convey or to excite conceptions in an equal degree with the operation of nature on the senses, even from those most versed in its powerful energies; it must fall far short of its aim, when exercised by one accustomed to describe scenery only with the pencil: but to those who can appreciate the grandeur and sublimity of such prospects,

' Though steep the track,  
The mountain's top will overpay, when climb'd,  
The scaler's toil.'

'Contemplating such sublimity, the mind is held in astonishment; and placed above the storm's career, we heed not its approach, till the clouds

' Around the cold ærial mountain's brow,  
Combine, and deep'ning into night, shut up  
The day's fair face.'

Of **BEN LOMOND** there are several views.

**LOCH LOMOND** forms one of the most romantic, interesting, and delightful scenes in Europe; it is about 26 miles in length; and, in some places, it is 6 miles broad, containing, a surface of more than 20,000 acres of water.

**BEN VENUE**, although one of the smallest of the Grampian range, is pre-eminently distinguished for its impending cliffs—dark ravines—and the exuberant richness of its attire. Mr. Walter Scott, who describes the beauties of nature with the mind of a poet, and the eye of a painter, says,

' The minstrel came once more to view  
The eastern ridge of Ben Venue,

For e'er he parted, he would say,  
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray.  
Where shall he find in foreign land,  
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand.  
There is no breeze upon the fern,  
No ripple on the lake,  
Upon the eyrie nods the erne,  
The deer has sought the brake,  
The small birds will not sing aloud,  
The springing trout lies still,  
So darkly gleams yon thunder cloud,  
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,  
Ben Ledi's distant hill.'

There are repeated views of this mountain.

LOCH KATERINE, displays, from its shores, an infinite variety of lofty mountains. It is inferior to many other lakes in size; but it is not surpassed by any in the grandeur of its vicinity.

LOCH DOCHART is said to possess the phenomenon of a floating island, which may be pushed about the surface of the water with poles. It is supposed to be the accumulation of matted roots, and fibres of vegetables. In this neighbourhood, is the celebrated pool of saint Fillan, whose sanative virtues continue to be revered by the superstitious Highlander.

DUNKELD. 'The hills around Dunkeld, though bordering on the low country, and beyond the precincts of the main Grampian range, are, nevertheless, entitled to particular attention in this work, as they form one of the most majestic and impressive entrances to the Highlands, and have been, emphatically, styled the 'gates of the mountains.'

'The classic hill of Birnam, though now denuded of its woody honours, forms a conspicuous feature in the district of Dunkeld; from its summit, at a distance of about 15 miles, appears the hill of Dunkinane, on which there still remains some vestiges of Macbeth's castle.

How interesting our appeal to Shakespeare!

'MACB.—Hang out our banners on the outer walls;  
The cry is still, THEY COME: our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
Till famine and ague eat them up:  
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.'

**BEN-Y-GLOE** consists of many distinct members, which combine in forming one majestic group.

'During the military operations in the last rebellion, a detachment of Hessians having reached the pass of Killicrankie, refused to enter this terrific strait, it being, by them, considered as the utmost limit of habitable land; and in the reign of William III. this pass was the scene of that celebrated battle, from whence it derived the high title of the Caledonian Thermopylæ. Viscount Dundee, whose spirited exertions, still, cheered the cause of the deposed king, understanding, that the English forces, commanded by Gen. Mackay, were marching towards Blair castle, which had, previously, fallen into the hands of James's adherents, advanced, with his Highland troops, to the jaws of this defile. Here, a desperate conflict ensued; in which the mountaineers, though harassed by fatigue and hunger, obtained a complete victory. Twelve hundred of Mackay's soldiers fell a sacrifice to the Highland broad sword, and five hundred more were taken prisoners; but the pursuit of the fugitives was prevented by the death of Dundee. The spot on which the hero fell, is marked by a block of rude stone.'

'The fame of this neighbourhood, arises from its waterfalls. Of those, a stream called the Burn of Fender, displays some beautiful specimens. The rivulet descends from the skirts of Ben-y-gloe, and discharges its waters over a rocky chasm, into the Tilt. The cascade formed by the Burn of Fender, at their union, may be seen from a walk on the opposite side of the stream, into which it falls, gracing the wooded declivity of the dell.'

'The next fall of Fender, though less lofty, is equally beautiful; and from the disposition of its accompaniments, is more advantageously displayed. The main body of water bursts through a deep ravine, hung with trees and underwood; whilst a small portion of the stream is divided from the principal fall, and spouting over the edge of a high rock, is frittered into a shower of foam as it descends. But the upper fall of Fender is most worthy of attention, for the concentrated beauty of the scene, and its chaste conformity to picturesque composition. The stream precipitates itself down the steep declivity of a rocky chasm, forming a most graceful cascade, which contrasts its vivid whiteness with the deep hue of the precipice. The rich colour of the rocks, and impending foliage, with their pleasing arrangement and combination, must place this little spot high in the estimation of the landscape painter.'

There are several views of the scenery of Ben-y-gloe.

**CARN GORM** is a hill that rises on the confines of Inverness, Aberdeen, and Banff; and is celebrated for those beautiful rock chrystals, called Carn Gorm stones, so highly estimated by the lapidary. It is the property of the Duke of Gordon, and is the last of the Grampian mountains described in this work. There are several views.

This interesting volume closes with a fine map of the scenery of the Grampian mountains.

From the foregoing sketch, we may venture to pronounce the scene before us, to be well worthy the research of the naturalist, the antiquary, the painter, and the poet. The Highlands of Scotland, peculiarly abound with objects to elevate admiration to enthusiasm. From the abruptness of their acclivities, however, these stupendous mountains are peculiarly difficult of access. The tourist must possess an uniform perseverance, not to be shaken by difficulty or by danger. His arduous labours surmounted, he will breathe a pure invigorating air; and contemplate, with a philosophic eye, the wonderful works of the Almighty. Confessing, as he approaches, with cautious steps, the brink of the yawning precipice—

‘How fearful  
And dizzy ’tis to cast one’s eyes so low!’

ART. IV.—*Tell-Tale Sophas*; an Eclectic Fable, founded on Anecdotes foreign and domestic. By John Battersby. 3 vols. 12mo. £1. 1s. J. Wallis. 1814.

Ever since the memorable day of fashionable notoriety, that gave celebrity to “*The Winter in London*,” scandal has been a prominent feature, in all novels, aiming ‘to catch the manners living as they rise,’ We do not know, that we can, in justice, reproach the brotherhood of novelists; most of whom, are more desirous of money than of fame; but this we know....that we cannot compliment the morality of the town.

The volumes before us, are, perhaps, the most extraordinary in construction of any of the novel fabric. A *Tell-Tale Sopha* leads the susceptible mind of youth to wander into the regions of imagination; when fancy presents, in glowing colours, strange and impressive scenes. We would, therefore, advise all youth to refrain from the perusal of these volumes; for they abound in FORBIDDEN FRUIT. We would, likewise, caution society at large, not to encourage a work, in which, any individual of high rank may chance to find some *dear friend* exposed to public ridicule. We give an account of the machinery of these sophas.



‘I have taken advantage of the *Hindu* belief in the metempsychosis, and have ventured to suppose it may be the ORDEAL through which BRAMA ordains rewards and punishments.

‘The soul, now transmigrated, originally inhabited the body of an eastern Prince, of vast riches, with extensive power. He ascended the *musnud* of his ancestors at the early age of fifteen; and being naturally of an effeminate mind, he gave the reins of government into the hands of his ministers, who, like ministers in general, studied, only their own private interests, and involve the kingdom in civil and political anarchy.

‘Meanwhile the young Prince, unrestrained by a single moral virtue, was deaf to the miseries of his people, and devoted altogether to his personal enjoyments.

‘He considered the creation as an object subordinate to his pleasures. His seraglio contained five hundred females of extraordinary beauty, who had been educated with all those luxurious blandishments, that, artificially, provoke the enervated passions.

‘This *sanctum-sanctorum* of all that was viciously voluptuous, was distant three miles from his capital. It was built on an immensely high rock; the base of which was on one side washed by the sea, and on the other encompassed by a wide moat; so that it was inaccessible, save by a draw-bridge, guarded by one hundred eunuchs.

‘His approach was always by night; and the splendour of his train was almost incredible. Three hundred elephants preceded his march; and as each animal advanced his ponderous foot, a grand display of fire-works blazed from the caverns of the earth with a brilliancy that almost mocked the splendour of meridian day. Elevated theatres moved as it were by magic before him; and on these professional girls and boys, of a certain age, enacted the most lascivious pantomimes.

‘BRAMA, to mock the impotency of human power, sentenced this Prince’s SOUL to wander through the globe, from one *sopha* to another, till observation and reflection should have purified his principles.

‘The Soul, thus penanced, was singularly endowed: it had the faculties of seeing, bearing, and reflecting; together with that of divining the thoughts and dispositions of all who came within the limits of its observation. To whatever country it was doomed—it carried with it an intuitive knowledge of the language, character, and general habits of that country:—so that, by experience, it might eventually work its own release and reformation.

‘After a variety of adventures, the Prince was restored; and, impressed with the excellence of the lesson he had acquired by long suffering, he composed a “NARRATIVE OF HIS TRAVELS,” in the *Hindu* language: from which, it is to be presumed, the following is a faithful translation.’

There is a certain air of originality in this scenery, which we might applaud, if we could divest it of mischievous and illiberal tendency. An invisible spy, who proclaims all he sees and hears is a dangerous companion. His first adventure is in the bedchamber of a beautiful young creature, the wife of an old withered nabob. Much might be said on such a subject ; and the opportunity certainly is not lost. The language, however, that is calculated to seduce the senses, cannot be admired, however flowing the periods, and classical the diction. Unfortunately, the language of this work is too imposing ; it is as good, as its tendency is bad. We mean, generally ; for the second *sopha*....vol. 1.... exhibits a contrast of ' woman as she ought to be'....with ' woman as she is'....that might confer honor on the most moral writer of the age : and *sopha* last....vol. 3....contains an animated portrait of unsophisticated worth, so exquisitely drawn, that it embellishes all the attributes of humanity.

On the other hand, we have to deplore (for this work abounds in variety) that polished talent has been sacrificed to public taste. Among others, we find the historiettes of a subscription house in St. James's-street ; and if the author, merely, proposed to chastise the vice of gaming, his object would be meritorious ; but he enters into the private piccadillo's of the members' fire-sides ; and holds up a mirror, they will be little pleased to look at.

Another *sopha* in the tent, or boudoir, of a lady of high rank, affects to unfold mysteries, which for the honor of human nature, we cannot believe to be true. It, however, details the story of a Bristol merchant, which is fair game, and we wish the gentleman joy on its publicity. The following extract from a *sopha* entitled " *Sopha on the banks of the Thames ; or wanderings of the heart,*" may not be unacceptable.

' Invited as it were by the cheering smiles of a fine summer's day, my Soul waded to a *Sopha*, the familiar lounge of the most accomplished woman in the kingdom.

' This Lady was a high titled Dowager, beyond the meridian blaze of beauty, but highly gifted with the softened charms of intellectual endowment.

' Her cottage was small—with a stucco'd front, shaded by light verandahs—and looked over an extensive meadow on the variegated scenery of the winding Thames.

‘ But, if this little spot were beautiful when enriched with Nature’s full blown treasures, how much more so is it in the depths of dreary winter, when the doors are crouded with destitute half famished women and children, receiving food and raiment from its benevolent mistress!

‘ At the early age of seventeen, her Ladyship was sacrificed to a man of large fortune, but of most contemptible talents. Warm, susceptible, almost enthusiastic in herself, the native superiority of her mind revolted at such connubial vassalage; and ere she passed her teens, she eloped to the continent.

‘ There, crowned heads submitted to her chains, and rival Princes contended for her smiles; but her’s was a yielding—not an obsequious heart. Her vanity and love of admiration certainly were gratified by this homage; but her sensibility was untouched.

‘ She played the very tyrant with her lovers; whim, ridicule, and caprice were the habitual return she made to their amorous suit; nor did she suffer the numbers of her train to diminish. It was her passion to inspire love; and then to laugh at it as a sentimental folly.

‘ At length, she wandered towards the delicious provinces of Italy, whose blissful climate awakened congenial emotions, and her susceptible bosom acknowledged the delicate impression of the softer passion.

‘ Our fair Voluptuary—lovely in person—in the delicious bloom of tempting youth—and with a witchery of manners to ornament frailty—did not depend solely on these attractions to merit admiration. She cultivated the sciences, and had began to acquire an exquisite taste for music, painting, and the fine arts, which she has since matured by improved refinement of classical study.

‘ Surrounded by enchantment—herself a sorceress—adored—worshipped—wherever she appeared, she taught a lesson to the Italian Nobility on the powers of love, which their sensual habits had never conceived.

‘ In Italy, an amour is an intimate union of the sexes equally devoid of love and delicacy: persons guided by the senses to the same point; voluptuous, not tender; eager, not impassioned; youth and constitution make up the sum of their desires.

‘ But her’s was a superior penchant. Her heart was formed for exquisite pleasures, and shrank from those light, fantastic, capricious engagements, which, being never felt, can never be enjoyed. She had reduced love to system, and this was her argument.

‘ Possession is the tomb of love, because few know how to keep alive the blessing: and the more violent the affections, the sooner they die. When the heart has nothing more to ask, and the person has nothing more to give—facility and repetition soon leave a void in the bosom, which nothing but variety can fill

up. Whereas, if possession were moderate, delicate, tender, and apprehensive, love might bloom for ever. Sentiment is prophaned by voluptuous enjoyment—for it is soft, timid, and respectful: it bears no sort of resemblance to the passions flowing from a heated imagination. The latter depraves the heart, to prepare it for enjoyment: but pure love is the most chaste of all existing pleasures: It is a divine influence, that detaches the mind from surrounding objects, and concentrates all our wishes.

‘To ordinary women, every man is a man; but to a heart in love, there is but one man in the world; and that man is the object of its affections.

‘With this feeling a woman does not desire—she loves. The heart does not obey the senses—it directs them; it throws a delicious veil over the delirium of the soul: it is ever modest—it does not violate—it steals with timidity on its wishes. Mystery, silence, and bashfulness, conceal the tumult of its softest transports, purify its caresses, and insinuate every nerve into the very bosom of enjoyment—giving all to desire, and taking nothing from modesty.

‘It will be conceived, therefore, that the errors of this fair Voluptuary were essentially “*les Egarements du Cœur*,” and she possessed the grand secret of giving refined variety to possession. She was perfectly a Calypso; her smiles were a mine of seduction; the united powers of nature and of art to enslave the senses, were committed by Venus to her care. Her circling arms were an eternity of sweets, and her expressive form spoke a peculiar language to the heart: her’s was a perpetual intoxication, arising from the charms of ever varying novelty: a succession of luxury—a renewal of delights—a divine philosophy of the passions.’

In ‘Sophia at Vauxhall; or sketches of scandal,’ there will be found ample subject for the gratification of the curious in this *refined* topic of entertainment. Passing over a variety of characters, we select the following; not to testify our admiration....but to mark our disgust.

‘“That very large man in the red waistcoat,” continued the Citizen, “is *chamberlain* to a large inn in the Borough. His wife is laundry-maid; and his son—known by the name of Carrotty Dick—was ostler—a place for which he was peculiarly qualified by nature, being a professed pugilist, an accomplished slang orator, and a celebrated blackguard. They are a powerful phalanx in the family; and *Madam* holds up her head very high, on account of a *platonic* attachment between her and a gentleman of *large income* and *great patronage*, who *frequents* the house *notoriously* on her account, but *delicately*, in an old yellow chariot, without liveries or heraldry.’

‘ ‘ Is she handsome?’ inquired the Country Gentleman.

‘ ‘ She might have been so,’ replied the Citizen, some five-and-thirty years ago; but whatever her charms may want in *quality*, there is no deficiency in *quantity*: the full blown sweets of her bosom vie in bulk with the *rotundities* of the Hottentot Venus, or with the mountains of flesh on which master Gulliver took his morning’s airing in the city of Brobdignag.

‘ ‘ Ye gods! what a figure for a denkey-race at Brighton! What an object to be MOUNTED!—near the Steyne—in a Regency cap with a Regency plume, and a Regency spur to tickle her ass!—her form, with exercise, distilling sweets at every pore, like the Arabian tree its medicinal gums!

‘ ‘ Oh, Dolololla! Dolololla, oh!

‘ ‘ The chamberlain’s key of office opens all the apartments except his wife’s; her door is secured by a PATENT lock; and as the chamberlain is content not to ‘ SEE MORE’ than his wife and her platonic friend *choose* he should see, he never presumes to interfere with her cumbrous enjoyments. Meanwhile, Carrotty Dick—with all his vulgarity—has contrived so well to recommend himself to his mamma’s friend, that he has been removed from the stable to a *snug birth* in that gentleman’s establishment.

‘ ‘ Carrotty Dick was a widower bewitched; he married an outlandish player on the hurdy-gurdy; but she ran away with a French drummer—who possibly may become a French Prince, An old man, who passed for her father, died lately, and left her some money, which Carrotty Dick—in quality of her *lawful* husband—claims; but it is said to be so bequeathed, that it is payable alone to his *chaste* wife.....’

‘ ‘ Once upon a time, my Lord—who is A SUPREME JUDGE of the GOOD as well as the BAD things of this world—was in a large party, at a turtle feast. He sat near the head of the table; and before the President could serve the turtle-soup round, his Lordship had lined his paunch with *four* soup plates of the invigorating *potage*.

‘ ‘ This act of gluttony occasioned two or three of the guests to go without their soup; upon which, one of the disappointed company said, good humouredly, ‘ My Lord, you have *smuggled* my share of the soup.’

‘ ‘ His Lordship—who would not *commit* himself by saying as a low bred person might have done, ‘ *Your assertion is as false as hell*,’—merely replied, ‘ Not *smuggled*, but *fairly entered*, by G—d.’

‘ ‘ As this quibble was *professional*, it passed off as a fair dash at *second hand* wit.

‘ ‘ So much for LAW and EQUITY!!!

‘ ‘ Take notice,’ continued the Citizen, ‘ of you little ruddy-faced man, in a light brown wig, whose countenance and deportment confirm the pleasure he takes in his evening’s amusement.

‘ ‘ He is a lucky dog, and by one bright thought is likely to make his fortune. The other day he kept an obscure snuff-shop; and now it has suddenly risen into the best frequented shop in town.

‘ ‘ It is a custom to keep ready mixed snuffs; and the jar, so filled, is distinguished by the name of some great personage. My little bob-wig friend, in pursuance of this practice, hoisted a large board over his door, announcing ‘ the P.... R.... and the M.... of H....’s MIXTURE, to be had at this shop ONLY.’ The singularity of the conceit invited every body into the shop to *taste this refined mixture*.

‘ ‘ I remember a similar instance of good fortune befalling a caricaturist, at the time of the memorable coalition between my Lord N.... and Mr. F..... This wag described those *patriots* seated over the same cauldron. The devil stood in the background with a long pole, stirring up the *mixture* as he held his nose, and made horrible grimaces.

‘ ‘ The sale of this print exceeded all precedent.’

‘ ‘ These two anecdotes,’ said the Country Gentleman, smiling, ‘ should never be separated.’

‘ ‘ Nay,’ replied the Citizen; ‘ I meant no allusion.’

‘ ‘ Possibly,’ said the other: ‘ but we do not command our thoughts, you know; and, in my mind, the one mixture is quite as salubrious as the other.’’

At length the transmigrated soul arrives in the gay and dissipated city of Paris. As we firmly believe the anecdotes detailed to be descriptive of the customs, elegancies and manners, of the Parisian beau-monde, we present our readers with the following extract :

‘ I now found myself in the gay, frivolous, and infatuated city of Paris. The sofa to which my Soul was condemned stood in the *ruelle* of a *ciderant Marquise*, whose hotel was the fashionable *rendezvous* of beauty, talent, and fashion. The suites of apartments were spacious to grandeur; displaying a profusion of gilding—immense mirrors—highly-wrought cabinets—and a variety of *pendules*; but the flooring was marble—uncarpeted—and a want of comfort and *propreté* pervaded the whole.

‘ In London, a lady of *haut ton* gives brilliancy to her parties by a splendid union of art with taste. In Paris, they depend on their national vivacity to give charm to their entertainments, which are, otherwise, sombre and comfortless.

' In high life, the *Parisiennes* have only three classes of fashionables—the *intriguante*, the *petite maitresse*—and the *dévôte*.

' The *intriguante* is the young married woman, who, taking advantage of her matronly character, pursues public amusements with insatiable avidity. Her conversation is free, lively, witty, and embellished every now and then with an *équivoque* of *coquinerie*, which proclaims to the world that her very soul is wedded to the real enjoyments of life. Her eloquent eyes betray her susceptible heart, and she sits down a willing guest at the banquet of sensuality.

' Protected by the approbation of her husband, her conduct and her wishes are equally unfettered; and fashion, uniformly depraved, sanctions in others the freedoms it indulges in itself. In short, an *intriguante* is the most fascinating *libertine* in the world.

' The following anecdote of a young lady in her teens—twelve months married—will assist my portrait.

' Madame du P.... was the personification of all the *agrémens*. She was encircled by *les grâces qui rient, et les amours qui folâtroient*. She was beloved by one of the French Princes, and it was notorious that his *Altesse* had not sighed in vain.

' The Prince was absent, in the *suite* of the Emperor, at Boulogne, when he received the following letter from his mistress.

' " If it be a crime to have received a new lover, condemn me on my own confession, for I am, indeed, most criminal; but the error was irresistible. Suffer me to appeal to your candour in detailing the fact.

' " Last night—either by fatality or good fortune, God knows which!—I was alone, when M...., your previously innocent rival, was announced. It is my belief that men always enjoy a presentiment of victory, when it accidentally awaits them; and, from this sentiment, they not only borrow a more than ordinary confidence, but wear additional captivation.

' " At all events, M.... never appeared with so much advantage. His dress was the standard of taste and elegance; his conversation was brilliant; and his *ensemble* bewitching. It was impossible to resist the impression. My eyes spoke my instinctive admiration; and he is too well schooled in gallantry not to have interpreted them to his advantage.

' " Hope, thus flattered, gave him all the graces of a superior being. His *picquante* wit and seducing vivacity became sympathetic, and our animated *tête-à-tête* was exquisitely voluptuous.

' " It is said that *frenzy* is one of the attributes of love. I began to fear it was so; and casting my eyes towards an opposite mirror, I was so well convinced of my own reflected feelings, that I sweetly yielded to the dear delusion, remembering what

CRIT. REV. Vol. 6, August, 1814.

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you have so often told me, that the flame of love languishes when uninivigorated by *new desires*.

“ This resuscitating art, in your moments of delirium, you have ascribed to me; and if ever I were made for conquest, this surely was the moment.

“ I leave you to divine whether M.... became pressing; and while thus appealing, I *blush* to add, that every emotion of my heart beat responsively to his. I had determined as to the *denouement*; and only retarded the moment by a *recherche voluptueuse* to make it altogether maddening.

“ M.... discovered the fulness of my desires, and, by a refinement of malignity, affected to calm his ardent passions in sacrificing them to decorum.

“ With a serious air and suppressed sigh he arose from his knees, and placed himself at a distance from me on the *ottomane*.

“ Consummate adept in the female heart! he dared to take out his watch, and to play the chain across his fore-finger: his well-imagined indifference aroused my every faculty to vengeance—my heart, my vanity, my senses—all were up in arms! It is not, as you know, my nature to feign, even upon trifling occasions; but at a moment like this, my vast emotions were altogether ungovernable.

“ M...., meanwhile, sat silently contemplating my agony of embarrassment, and enjoying the foretaste of his perfect triumph.

“ Oh that I could have repaid his *nonchalance* with disdain! How I envied the invincible ascendancy my weakness had given him over my heart! I could have struck him dead at my feet!

“ In a moment of compelled fortitude, however, I arose from the couch. I wished, yet knew not how, to rescue my vanity from such a degrading defeat. Alas! love laughs at all these vain-glorious subterfuges.

“ I would have left the room; but fate urged my trembling footsteps to the little *boudoir*, which you so oft have blessed as the dear asylum of your repeated transports.

“ In this spot, surrounded by every allurement of love and mystery, where passion never was prophaned by languid enjoyment, where the complaints of unrequited love never murmured—in this spot, the delicious witness of exalted joys, and ever creative delights, where none but the object of my fondest adoration ever entered—in this spot—this wilderness of never fading sweets—behold me.....

“ As you can well appreciate the tumult of my aroused feelings, picture to yourself, the throbbings of my wildly beating heart. An intoxicating languor stole upon my senses. My sight failed me—my brain fired—my knees bent under me. M—’s softly circling arms alone prevented my fall; the glowing pressure of his embrace com-



pleted my defeat. Our transports, now, were mutually unbounded. No more artifice—no more feint—no more studied defence—a secret charm entranced me : we could no longer support each other ; we fell, twined in the folds of extacy, at the feet of the statue of love! ”

Such is the vicious outline of the object of our review. We deeply lament, that, under the instructive and semblance of a fable, the press should be permitted to disseminate so dangerous a poison. We have said enough to predetermine the opinion of the town against the perusal of this work ; as for those, who will not be instructed, be the peril on their own head !

‘ A new scene of Parisian gallantry now opened to my observation. I wandered to a *petite maison*, half a league from the capital, where my Soul occupied a superbly canopied *fauteuil*, recessed in an apparently deserted room.

‘ I had suffered solitary confinement for some days, uninterrupted by the presence of any human being, when the entrance of several servants to prepare a banquet, gave me assurance that my faculties were not doomed altogether to inactivity.

‘ I now saw at once the nature of this retirement. A *petite maison* is the sanctuary of intrigue ; where Mystery gives confidence to Error ; and where the passions yield to unrestrained enjoyment, uninvaded by the apprehensive terrors of detection.

‘ Every woman of rank and spirit has her *petite maison*. When the Hotel at Paris is closed for the night, and the domestics have retired to their respective apartments, *Madame* and her *souvante*, habited *en garçon*, steal through the house to the *porte cochère*, where they mount a *fiacre* in waiting, and drive to the luxurious asylum of love and secrecy.

‘ They admit themselves—the gallant has his key—and the parties meet without any intervention of servants. They find a repast prepared ; and the night is devoted to the Goddess of Voluptuousness.

‘ This *petite maison* however, was not the *retraite* of a woman of fashion : it was the *bijou* of a young banker, who kept up the most brilliant establishment at Paris, and came hither *pour se délasser*. The room was lighted up with a profusion of brilliant chandeliers ; and every object was reflected by large mirrors.

‘ About one in the morning, Monsieur Villarceaux appeared, and seated himself alone on a table covered with high-seasoned viands, and set out with a variety of wines and liquors. When he had eaten like a *Gourmand* and drank like a *Bacchus*, a gauze curtain dropped from the ceiling, and divided the room. Presently, three of the finest formed females I had ever beheld appeared behind the transparency. They were adorned in the native simplicities of Juno, Minerva, and Venus, when they presented themselves to Paris on Mount Ida to claim the golden apple.

## 140 *Reflections of a French Constitutional Royalist.*

‘ These beautiful *Nudes* were not passive in their allurements ; but performed a variety of evolutions, so expressively lascivious, that every nerve vibrated with sensuality. M. Villarceaux, however, sat mutely gazing on their protean attitudes ; and, alive only to the more exhilarating powers of the bottle, swallowed goblet after goblet off, till he fell senseless from his seat upon the carpet, where he remained all night.

‘ The performers disappeared, and returned to the *Palais Royal*, where Profligacy sits enthroned, pre-eminently infamous.

‘ The nightly splendour of the illuminated arcades of this common-wealth of iniquity, is inconceivably imposing, and, the attraction of the shops, seductive ; but while the *bijoutier*—the *tapisseur*—the *marchande de mode*—and other rival allurements, tempt the passenger’s pockets below, a horde of depravities beckon them upstairs.

‘ Here, gaming, in all its destructive varieties occupies the night.—Here every violation of decorum and morality assails the senses with procreative novelties—and here, the three females, whose disgraceful exhibition, I had just witnessed, held their *Paphos*. They were *figurantes*, at the French Opera, and devoted to the pleasures of mankind—at least, to that class who paid well for the indulgence of their caprices.

‘ They were the *nuns* of a celebrated *Abbess*, and their *Convent* was very *unique* in its arrangements. Let us walk through the apartments.’

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ART. V.—*Reflections of a French Constitutional Royalist.* By Duchesne, of Grenoble. Advocate. Translated from the French, by Baron Daldorf. Pp. 69. 3s. Souter. 1814.

BOLD opinions, close reasoning, and an admirable analysis of the new French constitution, are the subject of this pamphlet ; which, as to construction, we will venture to affirm, is without its parallel in France. We were so much astonished at the perusal of this translation, that we have been at the trouble of comparing it, almost line for line, with the singular original ; and find it to be the labour of no common manufacturer of translations. Indeed, we have heard, that the baron is a literary character, and that he has other works at press. We shall be glad to be introduced to them at their public debut.

The proposed object of this pamphlet is, to show to the nation, that Louis XVIII. is not in the nineteenth year of his reign ; and that, although he has a right to become the king of France, that, as yet, he is not, legally, invested with the royal prerogatives....that the senate is not the legally

organized representatives of the nation ; because, when Buonaparte abdicated the throne, their powers ceased ; and no act of the people has, since, invested them with delegated authorities.

It, further, charges the senate with the disasters that have befallen France ; and reprobates their dastardly acquiescence in the despotic decrees of a mad usurper.

Finally, it calls the *arch chancellor* an *arch saint* ; and proves, as far as reasoning can prove, that the greater part of the articles composing the ordinance of reform, given to the nation, in lieu of a constitutional charter, are not founded in an unequivocal establishment of natural rights and privileges ; but that they are indited by craft, disguised in sophistry, and susceptible of premeditated misapplications, new readings and perilous results.

We should lose our labour in any attempt to give to the public, an adequate idea of this political effusion. The author is an advocate ; and, in France, that profession is truly honourable : for they are not, usually, adventurers, who store the memory with bits and scraps of law....men who aim to make black white, by brow-beating a timid, well-meaning witness, till confusion rob him of his faculties, and he answers 'YEA,' or 'NAY,' just as it may suit the *lawful* purposes of his insolent interrogator !

They, are men of education, talent, and profound reading. They do not sip at the bottom of the stream ; but quaff large draughts at the fountain head of knowledge. They, know all constitutions, and are, with equal talent, disputants in the senate, and in the courts of justice.

The author has paid many compliments to the British constitution, he says,

‘ Mais, pour être sages, il faut imiter l'Angleterre, dans ce qu'elle a de bon, et tâcher d'éviter les écueils contre lesquels elle est allée heurter. Au surplus, qu'on nous donne la constitution Anglaise dans toute sa pureté, et nous y trouverons assez d'autres garanties, pour ne pas être effrayés d'une disposition comme celle-là.

This observation results from his disapprobation of closing the debates of the house of commons at the caprice of a member, against the public. We give extracts.

‘ Frenchmen ! you believe yourselves to be the happy rivals of the English. You arrogate the proud idea of having dived into the most profound secrets of their manufactures, and of their agricultural in-

## 142 *Reflections of a French Constitutional Royalist.*

terests. When they extol a Milton, a Bacon, or a Marlborough, you contemptuously contrast those great men with a Voltaire, a Montesquieu, and a Turenne!

'Imitate them, if it be possible, in the wisdom of their political institutes—imitate, at least, their religious deference for the liberty of the press: then, and then only, will you be entitled to draw a fair parallel between the two nations!

'But it is ridiculous in me, to conjure up doubts, as to the interpretation intended by our government, on art. 8 of the ordinance of reform,

'I have, now, before me, the circular manifesto, that monsieur the director general of the police, has just addressed to the subordinate departments. It states—'the police, so far from restraining, gives ample scope, to public opinion, taking cognizance, alone, of those, whose writings tend to vitiate the morals of society, or to disturb the public peace.' It further states, 'that, in future, the police will be the friend to toleration, and a discreet and peaceful protector of the subject; that, like a drop of oil poured into a mechanical machine, it will, imperceptibly, remove the rust that clogs society, and give freedom to its internal movements.'

'As my Reflections are not inimical to morality—as they are too moderate to inflame the peace of society—I do hope (to borrow the ingenious metaphor of this circular manifesto), that I am not in need of this '*drop of oil*,' which is, in future, to regulate the corporeal machine. But, under the supposition, that my inconsiderate zeal might unconsciously overstep the prescribed limits of moderation; in that event, let some few '*drops of oil*,' purified by toleration, be administered to my correction.

'I hesitate no longer—I will freely impart to my fellow-citizens, my New Reflections; and, happy shall I be, if they meet with a reception equally favourable with those already published; superlatively so, indeed, if the police honour them with a repetition of attention.\*

'My Reflections shall occupy two compartments. In the first, I will studiously ferret out, whether our constitutional charter *ought* to have been given to us, under the mask of a simple ordinance of reform. In the second, I shall point out its most prominent vices, and its most

\* 'It has been their pleasure to seize upon my first pamphlet. Was this owing to any informality, on my part, towards their authority? They have assured me, that they will give free circulation to all pamphlets, which, like mine, bear the names of the author, and of the vender. Am I to be corrected for having twice done right?

'*J'en atteste le ciel, je n'avois merite,*

'*Ni cet excès d'honneur, ni cette indignité.*'

'Whatever the cause, the result was (and it happens every day,) I was eagerly read by all those who love *forbidden fruit*—a very numerous class:—therefore, I thank the police for their interference.'

essential deficiencies ; or at least, so far as they come within my powers of contemplation. In the execution of this task, I shall take especial care not to advance any sentiments derogatory to my loyalty to my king ; and what I say, I shall say, with the purest of all possible motives.'.....

' It is well understood, in the present day, that the prerogatives of majesty are founded in the suffrages of the people. Hence they depend on the will of the nation, or, in other words, on the majority of the public voice. It belongs to the people to delegate the several authorities of sovereignty, to one or more chiefs, provided they do so according to the prescribed forms of monarchy, or of republicanism ; reserving, at all times, the most important of all public rights—that of making laws.'.....

Again—' *specific laws* are to set forth the meaning of treason and extortion, when a minister is the criminal. I presume, it is considered to be beneath the dignity of a minister to suffer judgment from the common laws of common men.'

' Still, when they come to the application of this law, I greatly fear they will set aside both the interpretation of the house, and the corroborating reply of the king : that they will not strictly adhere to the literal sense of the article ; and that, henceforth, we may freely and truly assert, that LIBERTY has not been offered to us in the legitimate character of a guardian divinity, but in that of one of those idolatrous images, which priestcraft sets up, to enslave the passions of its bigotted adherents.

' Ministers who betray the secrets of the cabinet to an enemy ; or who favour an invading army... ministers who sacrifice the public purse to their private emoluments... ministers who usurp a destructive monopoly, are a species of monsters, scarcely regenerated from one century to another.

' But a fanatical, or cringing minister, will, sometimes, persecute the religion that differs from his own creed, or that of his prince. A vindictive minister, will, often, tyrannize over a rival or an enemy. A weak and presumptuous minister will, naturally, labour to crush the individual who proclaims his imbecility. A projecting minister will sacrifice, on frivolous pretexts, the sacred rights and properties of the people. A self-willed imperious minister, will measure the laws by his own caprice : but a POMPADOUR, will, almost always, form a ministry of men, who see with his eyes, who dispose of all government employ to his creatures ; who will sign, in his study, a declaration of war against Austria, or a treaty of commerce with England.'

The pamphlet before us must have been received with great avidity and interest, by the public ; in consequence of the confusion created in the Bourbon palace, on the 5th August, the Moniteur of which we have just received. It states, that the house of representatives was, on the prece-

of seeking, among the edifices of Greece, for the principles he disseminates. The ancient readings may, in many instances, be restored, and the text, in some degree, purified, from the corruptions with which the early editors have loaded it.'

'For the sake of greater perspicuity, this translation is given according to the text of the manuscripts, accompanied by notes, explanatory of the reasons for retaining such parts of it as have been altered in the printed copies. The illustrations of the text and explanations of the plates, are given at the end of the several sections. The division into sections, corresponds with that used in the books of manuscripts. The order of the enumeration is the same, but the mode is different; the first section answering to the third book of the author.'

The object of this translation is to prove, that, although various editions of Vitruvius are, already, before the public, translated, not only in those languages peculiarly familiar to all persons of education, but in our own native language. Those editors, however, have been accustomed to search for illustrations of their author, amid the splendid edifices of Rome; whereas, it is his uniform assertion, that, upon theories of Grecian architecture, he has, invariably, founded the fabric of his own work.

Burke, 'on the Sublime and Beautiful,' thus expresses himself. 'To the sublime in building, greatness of dimension seems requisite; for, on a few parts, and those small, the imagination cannot rise to any idea of infinity. No greatness in the manner, can effectually compensate for the want of proper dimensions. Too great a length in buildings destroys the purpose of greatness, which it was intended to promote; the perspective will lessen it in height, as it gains in length, and will bring it at last to a point; turning the whole figure into a sort of triangle, the poorest in its effect of almost any figure that can be presented to the eye. I have ever observed that colonnades and avenues of trees of a moderate length, were, without comparison, far grander, than when they were suffered to run to immense distances. A true artist should put a generous deceit on the spectators, and effect the noblest designs by easy methods. Designs, that are vast, only, by their dimensions, are always the sign of a common and low imagination. No work of art can be great, but as it deceives; to be otherwise, is the prerogative of nature only. A good eye will fix the medium betwixt an excessive length or height (for the same objection lies against both), and a short or broken quantity; and per-

haps it might be ascertained to a tolerable degree of exactness, if it was my purpose to descend far into the particulars of any art.'

We will contrast these opinions with the text before us.

' Architectural beauty may be said to arise from the symmetrical proportion of the whole building, and from the fitness and propriety of the ornamental parts. This will sufficiently accord with the definition of the beautiful, as given by Aristotle, which consists, according to him, in magnitude and order; the first being a term purely relative, is made to comprise the whole extent of that scale, which the eye is able to embrace at one view. The truth is, however, that general rules for beauty, in this, or in any other practical part, cannot be fixed from abstract conclusions. They must be deduced from experience, and the continued observation of those qualities which have been found, universally, to please; and, by an adherence to this principle, the Greeks seem, in a great degree, to have regulated their practice. Hence, the remarkable uniformity of all their buildings. The variations are, indeed, so slight, as scarcely, on a first view, to satisfy the natural desire of novelty, or justly to merit the praise of invention. A quadrilateral form, adorned with exterior columns, in different degrees of magnificence and profusion, constituted, almost invariably, the figure of their most splendid edifices. But, although, generally similar in plan, distinct varieties are observable in Grecian structures; each peculiar and consistent in all its respective parts. The character of massive and imposing grandeur in the Doric style, of adorned yet simple majesty in the Ionic, and of festive sumptuousness in the Corinthian, is preserved throughout the minutest details of these orders.'

' ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT, if not really useful, ought, in its principal parts, to wear some semblance of utility. There should exist, at least in appearance, a sufficient reason for its introduction, although, in truth, perhaps there may be none. We have frequently seen holes in recesses, made in walls, for no other purpose, but that of containing columns. And, it is not uncommon to find little projections formed, by sticking a couple of columns, with their entablature, at intervals along the plain surface of a building. Decoration of this kind is always offensive, because it is, at once, discovered to originate in an ostentatious desire of splendour; producing infallibly, however, the effect only of tawdry and misplaced finery.

' With respect to columns, perhaps their great charm, in addition to the apparent fitness of their employment, consists, by the powers of lights and shadows, in the production of a species of intricacy, and in a concealment of parts, which, although really indistinct, the imagination can, with certainty, fill up and supply to itself. Indeed, the variety of surface necessary to occasion this result, is the minister with whom the general harmony with his heart's blood! edifice, may be said to form the main object

The perfection of ornament, as taught by those examples, which educated men have, in all ages, agreed to admire, and by which criterion, alone, it is to be estimated, is natural and consistent. It is fixed in that happy medium, which alike avoids the poverty that is caused by the extreme of simplicity or boldness, and the confusion that arises from redundancy and caprice. If we seek for the manifestation of pure taste, in the monuments that surround us, our search will but too often prove fruitless. We must turn our eyes towards those regions,

‘Where, on the Egean shore, a city stands,  
Built nobly!’

Here, it has been little understood; for, it has been rarely felt. Its country is Greece—its throne, the Acropolis of Athens!

The preface, which is historical, shortly enumerates the most striking vestiges of Grecian architecture; and notes the sources whence an accurate knowledge of all their details may be derived. It occupies 76 pages; which introduces us to the ‘Civic Architecture of Vitruvius,’ comprehending the following subjects:—

SECT. I.—The composition and symmetry of temples.... The five species of temples....The foundation of temples, and of Ionic columns and their appendages....Explanation of plates.

SECT. II.—The three orders of columns, their origin, and the proportions of the Corinthian capital....The entablature of columns....The Doric order....The proportion of the Pronaos and the interior of the Cella....The aspects which are most appropriate for temples....The proportions of the doorways of temples....The proportions of the Tuscan order, of round and various other kinds of temples....Altars.... Explanation of plates.

ART. VII.—*A Voyage to the Isle of Elba*; with Notices of the other Islands in the Tyrrhenian Sea. Translated from the French of Arsenne Thiébaud de Berneaud, Emeritus Secretary of the Class of Literature, History, and Antiquities, of the Italian Academy, &c. By William Jerden. 8vo. pp. 183. 9s. Longman and Co. 1814.

THE author of this volume, with the approbation of his government, travelled from 1801 to 1807 under the immediate patronage of the National Institute of France. His may, lies against both), and CLASSIC TRAVELS; not undertaken....to



borrow his own phrase....in imitation of Tristram Shandy, who travelled post, lest he might be overtaken by a fever; but like the philosophers of antiquity, who sought information, from the palace to the cottage; in the colleges of the learned, and at the cabinets of the curious.

We believe M. Thiebault to be a very profound scholar; but we should value his labours more, were they less pompous and pedantic; and we fear that the translator has been affected by the author's disease, as his dedication is sublimity sublimely refined. We shall merely add,

'Praise undeserv'd, is satire in disguise.'

and, without kneeling to venerate the Right Hon. Charles Long, 'as one of the most intimate and valued friends of William Pitt....as one of the firmest advocates of the measures of that great statesman, while living, and the most consistent, unvarying, and unchangeable supporter of his principles, since the æra at which Britain began to deplore his loss; as one of the \* foremost of those legislators and efficient persons, whose perseverance in the good cause has led to that glorious state of affairs, which confers interest upon the Isle of Elba;' without, we say, acknowledging all these beautiful sentiments of high-flown veneration, we shall consider the Isle of Elba, not as deriving its interest from the Right Honourable Charles Long, but from the downfall of the more memorable Bonaparte....the tyrant, who long dazzled the whole world with the political splendours of his military achievements. He, who has proved as dastardly in adversity, as he was despotic in prosperity. He, who has exchanged the mighty sceptre of the continental world for the lilliputian supremacy of Elba!

Let us take a general view of the Isle of Elba, hitherto only known for its iron mines; and peep into its various pro-

\* We remember, once, to have heard one of these foremost pillars of the legislature make a very *patriotic* speech, to prove, that he was, on his return to office, authorized to retain a handsome pension, granted to him on his quitting office: it was the reward of past services. And we have heard, that a poor subaltern, who, after bravely defending his country, is reduced to half pay, must relinquish that half pay, when he chance to have interest to be honoured with a clerkship in a public office.

His past services are set at naught—Government does not pay double.—But, we admit, there is a great distinction: the one supports the minister with his venal brains; the other, *ONLY*, defends his country with his heart's blood!

ductions....the manners of the people....and their political revolutions. We begin with its geographical situation.

‘ The Isle of Elba is situated in the Mediterranean, at the commencement of the sixth climate, where the longest day consists of fifteen hours and nine minutes, and where the elevation of the Pole is 42 degrees, 49 minutes, 6 seconds, 23 thirds, of north latitude, and 7 degrees, 59 minutes, 24 seconds, 38 thirds, of east longitude, calculated from the meridian of Paris.

‘ The chanuel of Piombino, of which the navigation is extremely difficult, separates Elba from the continent of Italy. The straits are about ten miles across in the narrowest part.

‘ Upon the north are the islands of Capraja and Gorgona; on the east the rocks of Parmajola and Cerboli, and the Etruscan shore; on the south and south-east the islands of Giglio, Montechristo, and Pianosa; and on the west Corsica; whence it is distant forty Italian miles.

‘ Its figure is very irregular. Formed of a soft and light earth, consisting of pulverized wreck from mountains, of reefs, and of flints continually triturated and battered by the winds and by currents and surges of a sea often tempestuous, the shores of Elba present on every side a thousand sharp angles encroaching upon the land, or jutting out into the water, of which, the number and shape vary continually.

‘ The same causes which modify the form of the island, tend necessarily to the diminution of its extent.

‘ In the time of Pliny, if the text has not been corrupted, the Isle of Elba was a hundred Roman miles in circuit: at present it is not, in reality, more than sixty Florentine miles, viz.

From Cape della Vita to Cape St Andrea	-	-	22
From Cape St. Andrea to Cape della Calamita	-	-	23
And from the latter to Cape della Vita	-	-	15
			—
			60
			—

‘ The Isle of Elba was known to the Greeks under the name of *Æthalia*. Among the Etruscans and Romans it was called *Ilua* or *Ilva*, of which the moderns have made *Elba*.’

Its population, natural history, agriculture, and industry.

‘ The Isle of Elba was peopled long before the use of that iron, which it furnishes so abundantly, was known; before Rome was built. The Etruscans were its first occupants. Its population must have been very considerable, as we know from Virgil that it contributed three hundred chosen soldiers to Eneas, in his wars with Turnus, Silius

Itidicus also informs us, that after the unfortunate day of Trebia, it sent (the same number with Sicily) three thousand excellent archers, armed and equipped, and a vast quantity of arms, to the Roman consuls.

‘ In 1778, the Isle of Elba contained scarcely eight thousand inhabitants. At present (1808) the number amounts to nearly twelve thousand. From a comparative calculation of the births and deaths, it appears, on an average estimate, that the births are equal to one in twelve, and the deaths to one in twenty-three.

‘ The character of islanders is always marked with some original traits. The peculiarities of the Elboise, of which I am about to treat, have strongly interested me.

‘ Remarkably attached to their native soil, the inhabitants of the Isle of Elba love labour; and in the hour of common danger they are all soldiers. Like the early Romans, we observe them with equal pleasure and eagerness pass from the cultivation of the earth to the toils of the camp. Oftener than once they have been seen repulsing the hordes of barbarians who sought to invade their country, or reap their harvests. Pianosa, whence they procure a large quantity of grain, is still red with the blood of Turks slain by them in defence of their rights. They have, indeed, been sometimes overcome, but their despair and boldness have rescued them from the horrors of a long and oppressive slavery.

‘ The Elboise are, in general, good and hospitable, and bear no resemblance to the Phœceans; (that slanderous people, of whom the wise Nausicaa speaks to the subtle Ulysses) but, like all weak nations, they are flatterers.

‘ They are of an ordinary height, and well made, robust, and of an excellent constitution; they are born seamen, are passionately fond of the chace, and of all manly exercises. Their hair is generally black, their complexion brown, and their looks lively and penetrating. The active and frugal life to which they are accustomed, contributes to render them hardy, ardent, and brave, and to preserve their health.

‘ Although education, which always exercises a direct and material influence upon the habits of life, and upon the happiness or misery of mankind, is much neglected in the Isle of Elba; although perpetual revolutions and violent commotions, which have so often struck at the root of the security and property of the people, have imparted to their character a singular degree of asperity, the Elboise do not inherit that spirit of hatred and revenge, which is the distinguishing feature of some other nations. They have neither the ferocity of the gloomy Sardinian, nor of the fiery Sicilian. I have not discovered among them either the cunning, the laziness, or the listlessness, so natural to a southern people. They are extremely irritable, and impatient of contradiction; more addicted to superstition than to fanaticism, and almost universally ignorant and credulous. They are nevertheless endowed with a certain sprightliness of imagination, which renders them

capable of receiving the strongest impressions; thence proceeds their excessive predilection for extravagant and romantic tales, for all that belongs to the marvellous, or is connected with quackery and deception. They are unacquainted with the monstrous luxury of cities. A hat of black straw, a white boddice, a short petticoat of red or blue, is the whole attire of the women. A flower, ribbons, a huge ring, large ear-rings, a gold chain (of which the precious metal is lost in alloy): these are the objects of a female coquetry, which is not destitute of charms.

'In Elba, the vital current is of pure quality. The old men are not decrepid. I have known many of them who had reached their ninety-fifth year without experiencing the slightest ailment. The women are not in general beautiful: I have, however, met with pretty girls in the western mountains, and at Rio. They press their swelling bosoms under enormous busks, laced tight with ribbons. This troublesome custom, at once absurd and barbarous, is among them the cause of a forced and disagreeable promineny in front, and imparts an unpleasant stiffness to their arms and motions. They are excessively jealous, and possessed of a high degree of sensibility. At the age of thirteen or fourteen they are marriageable; but when they arrive at thirty, they quickly become old, and exhibit at this age many symptoms of having reached a far more advanced period of life. They are good mothers, entirely devoted to their families, punctual and faithful in the discharge of all their duties.

'The food of the inhabitants consists of dried pulse, cheese made from the milk of ewes, of which the smell and taste resemble bad grease good bacon of a light quality, salted and smoked provisions, coarse bread, fresh fish, of which the tunny is the chief, and a very few vegetables. The salted cheese of Sardinia is an article of great consumption. They also eat an immense quantity of chesnuts, the crop of which is gathered towards the end of October. After they have been dried by the fire till their double rind peels off, they are ground in the corn-mill, with the upper grindstone raised to accomodate their bulk. The flour produced is not mixed with bran; it is soft, saccharine, and of a yellowish gray colour, which approaches nearer to white, in proportion as the chesnuts have been carefully picked and dried with attention. This flour combines and hardens when squeezed together. In order to preserve it, it is necessary to shut it up in a dry place, to compress it with considerable force, and to cover it over to the depth of two or three inches with ashes or sand. The Elboise make from it *pollenta* and pastry, far superior to any which can be manufactured from maize.

'The strictest economy prevails in their use of food. It is only upon holidays, that fresh meat, and a white wine, rendered excellent by the utmost care in making, are permitted to be placed upon their tables. On ordinary days, they breakfast upon *pollenta*; towards noon they eat bread and beans, lentils, or some other species of pulse, boiled and

seasoned with oil; and in the evening their repast is soup, and sometimes salt fish, or such as the sea yields.

‘ Their houses are low : the interior arranged with neatness : and the furniture simple, but solid.

‘ All their kitchen utensils are of baked earth, which they import from Naples and Tuscany. Their beds are remarkable for their size ; three, four, and often six persons, sleep upon them together. One is frequently held to be sufficient for a whole family. The use of these beds, so common in Italy, may be traced to the era of the brilliant age of chivalry. In the seventeenth century, their counterparts were to be seen in France and Germany.

‘ The inhabitants of the towns, as is usually the case, bestow more regard upon their tables and habitations. They enjoy the most excellent bread, meats and fish, vegetables and fruit ; the chief part of which they procure at a heavy expence from the continent.

‘ At Elba, the pleasures and diversions of the people are not of the liveliest description. Dancing is the favourite amusement of the young, but it wants that expression of sentiment, that vivacity of movement, and that variety of attitude, which are so enchanting in the countries of Rome, Naples, Tarentum, Pouille, and Calabria. Even in the time of harvest there is little gaiety ; the corn is thrashed out under a burning sun, and in the evening we do not hear, as on the plains of Tuscany, the violin or the mandoline announce that the toils of the day are at an end—that every heart is happy ; the pleasures of the table do not here cause the neighbourhood to resound with the joyous shouts of the labourer. The period of the vintage is the carnival of the cultivators of the vine. Mirth is then most obstreperous, and while the grapes are gathered, echo is taught to repeat the loud notes of musical instruments.

‘ The amusements of the Elboise are few in number, and little diversified. The principal are, races, the game of bowls, ninepins, quoits, and a kind of tennis, in which they employ the band, and sometimes the wrist, armed with a sort of wooden bat, cut into the shape of a pine apple.

‘ Among the young men, as among the Greeks and Liparots, it is a disgrace not to be able to row and navigate a bark. They also attach a high estimation to being the best marksman at a butt.

‘ The diversions of the women, principally engaged in the cares of housewifery, and in attending to the cattle, are more monotonous and quiet.

‘ Licentiousness is at all times an indelible stain upon the female character. Although garrisons have introduced it into the towns, and it has thence spread into the interior of the island, the corruption consequent thereon is not by any means equal to that which prevails in Italy.

‘ The language of the country is a *Patois*, of which the radical words are in the Tuscan dialect : it is of easy pronunciation, and far

from disagreeable. The amusement in which the people take the greatest delight, is that of the Improvisatore, or recitations in verse upon a given subject, on their days of festivity, and in their taverns. As at Florence, Rome, and Naples, I have recognised in these songs entire pieces from Tasso, Ariosto, and Metastasio, which the Improvisatore has adroitly adapted to his own subject.

‘The colonies which re peopled the Isle of Elba, after the devastations of Barbarossa and Dragutt, came from Naples and Tuscany; owing to this, it is by no means uncommon to find in particular families the habits of the metropolis; and in the midst of gentleness, ease, and natural feeling, we encounter the studied politeness and gravity of the Tuscans, the gross manners and the ungracious behaviour of the Neapolitans, and the vices which spring from selfishness, whether allied to love, ambition, wealth, or passion.

‘The practice of carrying stilettoes, and of employing them on the most trivial quarrels, a practice so common among the Genoese and Romans, does not exist in the Isle of Elba. I have also been assured, that the indigenous inhabitants held it in abhorrence, and that there has not occurred a single assassination of this sort within the memory of man.

‘Robbery is very uncommon; murder still more rare.

‘The number of paupers is very inconsiderable. An active inclination to love and succour their fellow-creatures, influences the Elboises to diminish, without relaxation, the number of the poor.’

### Agriculture and botany.

‘The soil of the Isle of Elba is throughout hilly, unequal, and unfertile, because it is uncultivated. The depth of the vegetable earth, it is true, is not considerable, but the slightest labour is sufficient to render it productive. There are districts susceptible of culture, which are too much neglected. The crop of corn is almost nothing; it would hardly supply the wants of the inhabitants during one quarter of the year. This sterility will soon disappear, since they have begun to grub and clear the ground. I have, however, seen few ploughs. The cultivated land which does exist, is generally opened with the spade, or the unwieldy *fossor*. Towards the middle of June the corn harvest is reaped with the sickle as close to the earth as possible, according to the ancient manner in Umbria. They lay down each gavel in the way they have cut it, and then separate the ears from the straw: the former they throw into baskets or hampers, to be carried to the barn-floor; the straw remains upon the field.

‘They also raise in Elba maize, peas, beans, and other species of pulse. Of flax the produce is very small, and hemp is not cultivated. The thread which they use is manufactured from the

leaves of the numerous aloes with which the fields of Lungone are covered.

‘The pasteque (*cucumis anguria*, L.) neither attains the size nor the excellence of those in Viareggio, and other Luccaese districts. In the month of August, however, its freshness and sweet pulp render it one of the delicacies of Elba, not the least grateful to the palate. They are sown in the beginning of April, and cultivated in the same manner with the common melon. They prune the plant when it blossoms, and at the period when the fruit is set.

‘In this island gardening is not the art of varying the productions of the earth, nor of providing the cook throughout the year with the most useful and necessary kitchen herbs, such as spinach, lettuce, cabbage, &c. Sorrel, chervil, cibol, parsnips, are unknown. Nothing can equal the indifference of the inhabitants for this species of culture.

‘Pasturage is rare, but of an admirable quality. Artificial meadows would succeed almost in every part. Experience has demonstrated the vigorous lupinella (the *trifolium incarnatum*, L.) is well suited to barren coasts.

‘The Isle of Elba contains a sufficiently ample store of all the species of fruit-trees common to Europe, except the apple. They are generally ill-cultivated, and their quality is not of the best kind. Pears, cherries, peaches, and prunes, arrive at perfect maturity; but they are rather of the wild sort, and their flavour is insipid. The apricot is rare, and very difficult to raise. The lemon, the pomegranate, and the orange, thrive, but their fruit does not possess the most perfect taste. Figs and chesnuts are very plentiful. The olive and the mulberry, which they have received from the industrious Luccaese, flourish throughout the greatest part of the island; but do nothing more than vegetate in the neighbourhood of Marciana and Poggio. The carob tree yields a pulp blackish and luscious, which possesses the virtues of cassia, and the service-tree, a very astringent bark, which might be made a substitute for the gall-nut.

‘The vine is fine, and too abundant, because it too frequently occupies a soil which would much better suit the cultivation of corn. The grape is of an excellent quality. The red wine is in small quantity, but exquisite. The white, on the other hand, is common, and consumed only in the island. It might be made much better, if they took pains to render the fermentation more perfect, and if the casks in which it is kept were made of thinner staves, and of other wood than that of the chesnut-tree.

‘The vine is cultivated in the same manner as in the north of France, Germany, and England. In order to support it, they make use of reeds (the *arundo donax*, L.), which they raise for this purpose on the borders of the rivulets, in places where the ground is moist. The vintage is in September.

‘The use of the press is unknown in the Isle of Elba, as in the rest of Italy, where they still continue to make wine in the same way they

have done for two thousand years, and almost with the same kind of utensils. They throw the grapes into the vats; there the fermentation goes on from eight to fifteen days, during which, it is squeezed only three times. They then draw off the clear liquid. This first operation terminated, they take the husks, which the action of the air has soured, in order to manufacture it into vinegar. As for the lees, upon a vat of eighteen barrels they pour five barrels of water, mingle the whole together, and in twenty-four hours obtain from it a very agreeable piquette.

'The Isle of Elba produces two sorts of dessert wine, which are highly esteemed, *Vermont* and *Aleatico*.' The first of these wines is of an agreeable perfume; it is mixed with wormwood, and made of the choicest grapes. The Aleatico is also expressed from a superior red muscadine grape, of a rich bloom, slightly oval, pointed at the extremities, and of a middling size; the clusters are very loose; and its leaf, like that of the muscadines, of a very dark green, is deeply indented, and almost palmated.

'This delicious wine may enter into competition with those of Monte-Catini and Monte Pulciano, when they have lost their intoxicating odour. Every proprietor attends personally to the making of this liqueur wine; a process which they are very tenacious of keeping a profound secret. It consists in the evaporation of the aqueous part of the grape before the juice is expressed, in the fermentation more or less prolonged, and, at last, in the addition of some spirituous liquor, such as rum.

'There is the greatest want of wood fit for carpenter's work. The improvident consumption of thirty years has completed the scarcity which they now experience. Wood for fuel is still more rare. The island affords nothing beyond a meagre underwood, the chief plantations of which are at Monte-Giove, the valley of Tre-Acque, and Mont de Fonza. The oak, though endowed with the hardiest formation, does not arrive at that pitch of peculiar beauty, or at that majestic height, which made it the earliest object of the religious worship by which it was consecrated, and which still renders it the greatest ornament of the ancient forests of Helvetia, Caledonia, and the highest mountains of France. Its branches do not display the stamp of ages; it is not, in Elba, the patriarch of the vegetable world. Neither do we find here these two fine varieties of pine (*Pinus Pineæ* and *P. Sylvestris*), the fruits of which are so agreeable, which form magnificent forests among the Apennines, and produce the most excellent building timber. In a word, forest-trees are wanted throughout the island.'

Speaking of animals, the author tells us, that the island, being poor in pasturage, is without cattle...excepting a few asses, mules, and a miserable description of horses, oxen, and



cows, which are nourished by the blades of maize and reeds.

To compensate, however, for this deficiency, their fields abound in partridges, rails, blackbirds, larks, woodpigeons, thrushes, fig-eaters, starlings, and other birds. They are, also, much visited by birds of passage; such as wild-duck, the king's-fisher, the crane, the bustard, &c.; and hares, rabbits, hedge-hogs, martins, otters, and squirrels, are found there.

The commerce of the islanders is chiefly confined to Leghorn and Marseilles, from whence they import grain, cheese, cattle, and other articles of domestic necessity. They export—tunny, common wine, salt, Vermouth and Aleatico wines, vinegar, granite, and ore.

There are no manufactures throughout the island; in this respect, Elba is tributary to the coasts of France and Italy.

Of their salt marshes....oysters....&c.

'The salt marshes, which are very numerous on the Gulf and in the environs of Porto Ferrajo and Lungone, will always prove more detrimental to the salubrity of the atmosphere and the public health, than they can possibly be commercially advantageous, as long as so little attention is paid to their superintendence. The purifying basins are too numerous, and the pans not well managed. The partitions and walks are of beaten earth. Their annual produce is 60,000 sacks, of about 150lbs. each. The magazines for the reception of this article, the use of which is not less ancient than universal and wholesome, are fine and commodious structures, especially those erected by the Grand Duke Leopold, at the point of Cape Bianco.

'Oysters of different sizes, some of which contained pearls, were formerly caught off the coast of the island. This fishery has long ceased here, as well as on the coast of Persia, South America, and Sweden, in consequence of the greediness of the inhabitants, who have exhausted the beds, and of the anchoring of vessels along the shore. The falling of the cliffs undermined by the waves, and the quantities of ballast imprudently thrown overboard by seamen, in violation of the maritime regulations, are likewise circumstances which have hurt this interesting fishery. Guthrie's Geography erroneously states that it is still carried on. It was not without great trouble that I met with a few small oysters near the rocks of Cape Sant Andrea, and at Cape dell' Enfola, the pearls of which were about the size of a common pin's head. They are of a very fine colour.

'The tunny, *scomber thynnus*, annually visits the coast of Italy in shoals. The fishery is very considerable, and forms an essential

branch of the commerce of the Isle of Elba. It takes place twice a year: the first begins about the 15th April, and ends in the beginning of July; the second, called the *return fishery*, happens in September and October. It is carried on at Porto Ferrajo and Marciana. The fishery in the gulf of Porto Ferrajo, revived in 1585, by the Grand Duke Francis I. is of very ancient date. Strabo speaks of it, and makes mention of the observatory, *θυννοσκοπεῖον*, of Populonia, where persons watched the arrival of the tunnies, and their entrance into the enclosure of nets. This fishery lasted in those times from the rising of the Pleiades to the setting of Arcturus.

' This is a truly curious, but, at the same time, a barbarous sight. It is a period of festivity for the country: the sea is covered with boats; joy sparkles in every face; all eyes are fixed upon the nets; the tunnies arrive; they enter, and fill all the chambers of the vast enclosure; they are pierced with a very sharp iron harpoon, with two prongs, and the gulf is soon reddened with their blood. The fishermen sometimes kill sword-fish, dog-fish, and dolphins, which prey voraciously upon the tunny, and pursue it into the very nets.

' The fishery of Marciana, established very soon after the other, is extremely productive, surpassing that of Porto Ferrajo by more than two-thirds. It is carried on at the place called Il Bagno.

' The annual amount of these two fisheries is estimated at 60,000 francs (2500l. sterling.) Out of the produce, the contractor engages to give a certain sum to the hospitals.

' The oil made in the island is sufficient for the consumption of the inhabitants; but as an article of commerce, or rather of exchange, it is of very little importance.'

The author next treats of the diseases and their causes.... hospitals and prisons....and then gives us a political as well as historical sketch of the island; beginning from the days of Lycurgus, the celebrated lawgiver. This is a most interesting detail, embracing the eventful revolutions and calamities of war, which, at different periods, subjected Elba to the dominion of different masters. This history is chronologically pursued, down to the abolition of the grand duchy of Tuscany, by the treaty of Aranjuez in 1801; at which period the island was ceded by the king of Naples, and became part of the newly-created kingdom of Etruria. Shortly after, however, it passed under the French dominion.

We are told, that there still remain some unequivocal proofs of the primitive splendour of the Island of Elba; but a long series of overwhelming warfare has mutilated and defaced those monuments of Etruscan architecture, by which the island had formerly been distinguished. The ruins near

the bay of Porto Ferrajo, formed part of a Roman villa. The ivy, the wild vine, and the mastick, still cover its mouldering walls. Vestiges of antiquity are also discoverable at the Cape della Vita, at Monte Giove, on the heights of Santa Lucia, Pomonte, &c. On the summit of Monte Cassetto, stands the ancient fortress, Il Volterrajo, still in tolerable repair. Its circumference is very limited; but it will garrison between four and five hundred men, and may be defended by a much smaller force. It can only be reduced by famine, and contains some very fine, although neglected, cisterns.

The author says. .. 'ON GEOLOGY'.... 'Hitherto the torch of physical inquiry has become dim before the darkness of the profound abyss;' and then, with his dim torch, he proceeds to inquire into the physical constitution of the island, which he ascertains not to be of a volcanic nature. Having argumentatively concluded that it is not the offspring of fire, he adds, 'it is possible that it may have proceeded from whirlpools in the sea, and have been elevated to its present level by an earthquake; or, *par consensu*, a convulsive movement excited by the fermentation of inflammable substances, which have, in former times, been vomited forth from the bowels of Monte Rotundo, Monte Amiata, Radicofane, and other distinguished volcanos on the coast of Etruria. Conceiving that, by similar process, the highest Pyrennees, and Andes, have elevated their heads into the clouds.

It appears, that naturalists differ as to the nature of the mountains of Elba. One affirms them to be entirely granite—another, that granite is not the prevailing substance—a third, finds nothing but *lapes cotiulares*; i. e. a very hard argillaceous schistus.

THE CLIMATE is temperate; the heats are neither excessive, nor of long duration; and the cold is usually unattended with rigour.

THE WATERS do not exhibit themselves in lakes and rivers, but in many rivulets, which meander through the island, and in salubrious fountains; which latter, however, generally become dry during the summer season. The principal rivulet is that of Rio,

'whose source is in a delicious situation, a little below the village. Its waters are pure, exceedingly fresh, and abundant: they are spouted from six mouths into a basin which retains them. They increase and diminish with the daylight; and at the summer solstice, when other streams are generally low, the flow of this rivulet is most copious. I

have often quenched my thirst, and always with new pleasure and enjoyment, at this delightful spring. The brook turns eighteen mills, and, after running a mile, is lost in the briny wave.

‘ Unable to account for the origin of the waters, and for their various courses upon the different beds of earth which constitute a mountain; recollecting that the water resulting from rains and the melting of snow is not sufficient to feed the rich source of the Rio, it has been contended that there is a communication, by means of submarine channels, between Elba and Corsica, or between Elba and the continent. This hypothesis is more specious than solid. Daily observation proves, that water is raised into the atmosphere from all parts, by evaporation, and that the exhalation from the sea deposits its salts in proportion as it yields to the attraction of the air. The dews and rains produced by this process descend upon the summits of mountains. These also fix the clouds, and act upon them from affinity. The waters are filtered through the earth which covers the mountains, and when they encounter any bed impermeable to them, they rise again to the surface. Thus is the rivulet of Rio nourished by the evaporation which is incessantly carried on in the atmosphere, and by the clouds which are arrested in their course by the most exalted mountains of the Isle of Elba, and yield their moisture to the extent of their contact with them.

‘ It is to the filtration of the water of this rivulet that a phenomenon, which strikes both strangers and the natives of the island with astonishment, must be attributed. On digging a hole to the depth of a few inches in the sand washed by the waves of the sea, soft water, and of the most agreeable taste, is drawn up. It has this peculiar property, in common with the Rhine, the Tagus, the Po, the Danube, and other great rivers.

‘ The Isle of Elba also possesses several mineral springs.’

THE TOPOGRAPHY comprehends Porto Ferrajo, the scite of which city is celebrated, according to Timæus, and other historians cited by Diodorus, for having served as an asylum to the Argonauts, when, after the acquisition of the Golden Fleece, they passed along the coasts of the Mediterranean. The houses are small, badly divided, without conveniency: they are built of brick, and are, generally, two stories high. The streets are wide, clean, and well-paved.

Rio and its environs, contains a poor population of about 1800 souls. The environs offer some treasure to the lapidary, and an abundant harvest to the metallist.

‘ The first will find there micaceous schiste, pyritous schiste, pyramidal triangular spar, a rock of green serpentine intersected by veins of white calx, vulgarly called *verd antique*, quartz, some pudding

stone, little susceptible, it is true, of a fine polish; and a rich quarry of white marble, veined with dark green.

‘The last will there discover that inexhaustible mine of iron, known and worked from time immemorial, which renders the Island of Elba so justly celebrated, and the metal of which, by the treaty of peace made by Porsenna with the Romans, after the expulsion of the kings, was no longer to be used but for purposes of agriculture. All the writers of antiquity, Greek and Latin, speak of it with admiration. Virgil calls it,

‘*Insula, inexhaustis chalybum generosa metallis.*’

‘Silius Italicus, Rutilius the Gaul, and Theodoric, sing the noble use which the Elboese made of this, the most necessary and precious of all metals.

‘An entire mountain, of the height of a hundred and ninety-four Florentine fathoms, bathed by the waves of the channel of Piombino, and situated near the little village of Marina, almost in front of the ancient port of Faleria, forms the iron mine: *Mons totus ex ea materia*, says Pliny. There nature has profusely stored up the truly useful metal; that which sustains agriculture, makes the arts flourish, and allies itself to the most common uses of life. The mountain is distant almost a mile from the village, in the direction of the north-east, and is about three miles in circumference. It is separated from those which surround it by a small shallow valley, in which are scattered shrubs, and a few wild olives.

‘The superficies of the mountain is covered with a reddish, ferruginous earth, abounding in little shining scales of iron ore, this bed is many feet deep. There are found on it myrtles and mastick in full perfection, and some vine-trees which give a very pleasant musk wine. In some parts of it wheat is cultivated.

‘The mineral does not exist in detached bodies, nor even in veins. The whole mountain is metallic. It offers, in a primitive soil, masses of metal accumulated without any fixed order, without regular and continued beds, sometimes solitary, and more frequently approximating one to another. There is only found there the quantity of terreous substance strictly necessary to serve as a depositary for the masses. Iron presents itself in every known variety; green and black ore, slimy and sandy ore, crystallized ore, mica, manganese, hematite.

‘Sometimes the iron is found in a pyritous state, that is, united with sulphur, when it gives crystals of marcasite of great beauty; sometimes it is found in a state of oxidation more or less pure, and mixed with argillaceous substances, from which result, if the proportion of iron is not considerable, ochres of all shades, and when the mineral is in greater quantity, red, brown, and black hematites; but if the earthy substance scarcely exists at all, the ore then assumes a metallic aspect, and its weight differs little more than a seventh from that of forged iron.

'The mine extends above a mile into the mountain. Since the discovery of saltpetre, the work proceeds under the open sky, as in marble quarries. The ancients, who made deep excavations in this mountain, opened, with the pickaxe, winding galleries, a method highly wasteful, and still more prejudicial to the health of the workmen. The ore it supplies is pure, of the finest colour, very hard, and at the same time richer in metal, more fusible, more abundant, and more malleable, than any other known species. It equals in quality the ore of Sweden, Lapland, and Siberia; and gives 0,76 to 0,85 of excellent iron, from which a very good natural steel is obtained. It is therefore erroneously that a naturalist, as estimable for his private qualities, as for his vast acquisitions, Haüy, to whom mineralogy is so much indebted, calls it an ore that is poor in metal. He has doubtless been deceived by ignorant founders, in whose hands the ore produces only from 0,50 to 0,60, and perhaps too by the absence of the black earth which always accompanies the ore called *oxidulé*. 'The red dust obtained from the ore of Rio, by trituration, or by the aid of the file, bespeaks a very advanced oxidation; this mineral, he adds, is found to be poor.' Is this fact well verified? I leave it to mineralogists to decide, and pass on to details which make the mine better known.

'Importance is attached to only two species of the masses of ore furnished by the mine. The labourers call the one *ferrata*, and the other *luciola*.

'The former, for which its metallic appearance has obtained this name, presents itself under an aspect simply ochreous, and sometimes under the form of lime. It is exceedingly hard, heavy, and not affected by acids. The loadstone does not attract it, unless it has been burnt. It is a hematite of the colour of the ore of Cronsted. Its cavities are filled with crystals.

'The other kind has received the denomination of *luciola*, from the brightness with which the little scales composing it shine: it is a micaceous ore, less hard, less heavy, and less rich than the *ferrata*, which is frequently found in a crumbled form. When this dust is united to particles of a quartz quality, it constitutes a sort of emery, but which has not, like that of Jersey and Guernsey, the hardness necessary for its employment in the arts. Both these varieties often reflect the prismatic colours in an agreeable manner.

'The good iron ore is generally enveloped in a shallow bed of argillaceous earth, of the nature of the *schiste*, which abounds in the mountains. It is a white soil, called by the workmen *bianchetto*; occasionally it is red, yellow, light blue, and liver-colored. It contains a great quantity of oxide of steel which gives a yellow or pale red colour, and hardens to the consistence of a true jasper.

This *matrix* is not the only one, although the most general. The mineral is found also sometimes in the red ferruginous earth which

covers the mountain, and sometimes attached to rock crystal, to sulphur, to copper pyrites, and to other substances.

‘But the mineral which is the most interesting and the most considerable, that which more exclusively belongs to the Island of Elba, is the crystallized ore (*ferrum crystallisatum retractorum adhærens, Linn.*). Its metallic qualities are attracted by a powerful loadstone, when they are reduced into particles. Its matrix is a rock of serpentine mixed with white calx. Its masses of crystal are one of the finest ornaments of mineralogical cabinets, and especially of that of Florence (*i.*). The form of the crystallization greatly varies; but the most frequent is the dodecahedron, with triangular surfaces. It is sometimes, however, so confused, that it would be impossible to determine its angles. I have seen single crystals, which weighed several hectogrammes. There are some which are lenticular, and some specular, with brilliant and polished facets; others are shaped like the comb of a cock, spires, pyramids, &c.: some are polygons, and pointed like diamonds; and some have the appearance of leaves or scales laid the one over the other. The size of these crystals is proportioned to that of the cavities which they fill. They have no determinate colour. They have ordinarily the colour and the brightness of polished steel; but they are often tinted green, red, black, yellow, brown, and violet, of all shades. Quartz sometimes mingles itself with these metallic crystallizations, and adopts their colours. There are some of these pieces which appear to be an assemblage of all the precious stones, and offer to the enchanted eye the appearance of topazes, emeralds, rubies, diamonds, amethysts, aqua-marinas, and sapphires, united together. This great diversity of rainbow reflections is remarked in zones and spots.’

The author continues his research, ‘*enlightened by the torch of pneumatic chemistry,*’ and furnishes us with a catalogue of hard names, for which we have not any dictionary. We find a list of plants under this head.

‘The environs of Lungone are very agreeable, and very fertile in grain, wine, oil, and fruit. I have seen aloes and the American agave there in flower.’

‘In a delightful situation in the midst of stupendous rocks, whose sharp and rugged summits seem to pierce the clouds, at about the distance of two miles from the city, we find the charming hermitage of Monte Serrato. We pass to it through an alley of cypress trees. I have sometimes stopped in this picturesque place, where the fresh springs yield delicious water, and which seems fondly to mingle with the excellent wine which the hermit lavishes on all who visit him. This tranquil retreat enjoys a certain something of Ossian in it which I know not how to describe, which insensibly soothes us to meditation and delight, elevates the soul to sublime thoughts, and makes its inhabitants forget their pains and all the corroding cares of life. There

all is calm, all well adapted to invite sensibility to pour forth its whole soul in boundless confidence: this were the Paraclete two lovers would desire. The wild magnificence of nature, agreeable solitude, a view which, extending from the fertile plain, is finally lost in the vast expanse of the ocean; murmurs, sweetly prolonged, which fill the heart with numerous ideas of long life; the concerts of the feathered songsters, an unclouded sun, spreading light and life around, and a moon, whose silver rays throwing the shadows of the trees on the neighbouring rocks, a long and fugitive train, produces a magical effect. Such is the hermitage of Monte Serrata.

“O Rus! quando te adspiciam? quandoque licebit.  
Nunc veterum libræ, nunc somno et inertibus horis licebit  
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?”

“I could not leave this beautiful retreat without regret.”

The remainder of this volume we leave to the perusal of the curious. It abounds in variety, great efforts to display profound reading, and vast acquired knowledge. With these opinions we introduce it to the public.

ART. VIII.—*Original Letters of Advice to a Young Lady*; by the Author of ‘The Polite Reasoner.’ 12mo. pp. 84. 2s. 6d. Souter. 1814.

WE do not, usually, class a pocket volume in the body of our Review; but a small prospectus sometimes portrays a great design. This subject is important; and we propose to give our reflections in detail.

The letters are well written; and, what is much better, they are well meant. The subjects are all morally instructive; and exhibit maxims, which every parent ought to wish to impress on a daughter’s mind. The first is on Education.

Nothing is more abounding than female seminaries: they appear, within these last twenty years, to have been the *dernière resorte* for young ladies of decayed families. In consequence of which, we find fine ladies acting the parts of governesses, well pleased with the emolument, but abhorring the drudgeries, of their compelled avocations; and parents are, too frequently, so lured by the artificial complaisance, and assumed good humour, of these lady governesses, that they thoughtlessly confide the moral education of their



children to persons who, possibly, have never been taught the principle of religion themselves.

We do not propose to satirize the *elegant system* of education, as practised at finishing schools of great eclat; where all the valuable accomplishments of the female mind are sacrificed to the superior attraction of the dazzling graces. We will confine ourselves to minor establishments.

The first attainment, to dignify the female character, is a mild, gentle, and unassuming disposition; ornamented by suavity of manners and domestic habits. These attainments are essential to our mental enjoyments, and confirm the comforts of those with whom we are connected. To dazzle is far less amiable than to please. Masculine habits, and bold opinions, are equally foreign to decorum, and to that modesty, which ought to take the leading feature of the female character.

But, if a governess be not herself educated with these principles....if she be ignorant, that there is a kind of constitutional void in the human heart, which religion, alone, can fill up....if she be unaware, that, by devotional habits, is meant a progressive endeavour to fulfil the duties which are required of all, by their dependance on their maker....if she feel not this to be the sentiment that alleviates our sorrows, and augments our joys, throughout the perilous journey of life; that it increases our tenderness for those whom we love, and banishes from our hearts every harsh, unfriendly, and austere propensity....if she do not know, that good-breeding is the offspring of good temper; and that the politeness which never varies, and the manners which are ever pleasing, depend on principles rightly formed, in a heart open to the impressions of social affection....if she do not know, and practise, these essential tenets, how, we would inquire, can she communicate them to her pupils?

We have remarked, that many ladies' schools are kept by unmarried women: this is, according to the principles of nature, a glaring inconsistency.

An old maid seldom possesses suavity of temper; and, without suavity of temper, there cannot exist a uniform observance of good manners.

An old maid has not, generally speaking, a heart open to social affections. She is a blank in the creation; a poor, neglected, non-entity: her heart is unrefined by the reciprocal endearments of loving, and of being loved. she is a stran-

ger to all maternal feelings....consequently, to all maternal duties.

How, then, can an old maid be the proper guardian of youth? Can she so model the unfolding energies of her young pupils' minds, as to make them worthy members of society? Can she impress them with the sacred duties they will have, eventually, to fulfil, in the characters of wives and mothers? We answer, no!....a woman, rendered peevish and fretful, by her own solitary situation in the world, cannot impress the social duties of life upon the minds of others. How, in truth, can she ever give a mother's correction to, or feel a mother's indulgence for, her pupils? In short, how can she practice what she never knew? We will give an anecdote in point.

A gentleman, very lately, having occasion to remove his three daughters....the eldest not eight years of age....called, during the vacation, among other places, at a seminary at Little Ealing, kept by a *single lady*. This *single lady* was; at the time, mingling with the fashionable world at Brighton; but his inquiries were replied to by a polite gentlewoman, who boarded in the family, and were such, as to induce the gentleman to think he had found a very proper establishment for his little ones.

On the Tuesday following, the absent governess was to return from the allurements of fashion to the allurements of interest; she was to exchange the cap and bells of fashionable folly for the birchen sceptre. That day was appointed for an interview. The children's mother had the honour of an audience: mutual explanations pleasantly took place; and the children were to be received on the Saturday following. A tray and wine were introduced; and the conversation was *seasoned* by little anecdotes, on the part of the governess, not very complimentary to the school the children had just left; and still less so, as to a neighbouring school, which was to have been visited, in the event of the mother's not arranging with the school she was then at.

On the Saturday, the gentleman and lady, accompanied by their little family, arrived in a chaise at the school. After waiting a tedious time in the public hall, the governess made her stately approach; and, with the most austere, forbidding, ill-manner'd peremptoriness of address, said, she did not expect the children, and (*untrue*) had written to that effect. A parley of three hours ensued; in which, the governess

expressed herself not satisfied as to the safety of her payments, and desired to be better assured. The gentleman, indignant at the *manners* of the governess....not at her *caution*....wished to have left the house with his family; but his lady was going into the country immediately, and, as both liked the school, it was settled, that the children should remain till the Thursday following; then to be removed, or to be continued, as might be determined.

As soon as this important point was settled, the eldest child, who had always been accustomed to go cheerfully to school, burst into an agony of tears, and prayed, with fervour, not to be left at such a place. A little stroll into the village, however, with assurances that, if she continued to feel herself unhappy, she should be removed on the Thursday, won the child's consent; and she agreed to stay, without shedding any more tears.

During this long, and painful interview, the governess never once, by a smile, or inviting gesture, essayed to compose the agitated feelings of the children, or, by any distant show of kindness, sought to reconcile them to a temporary separation from their parents. No tray....no wine....no courtesy....no affability....no politeness....no common decency of demeanour....was exhibited by the governess; and, certainly, nature did not supply this wanton absence of good breeding.

Her appearance was, it is true, of that matronly description, that nothing was to be apprehended from the giddiness of her youth. She was dressed with a precision of neatness, that boded cleanly habits; and a very pretty wig denoted, that she was no enemy to the adventitious aid of ornament.

Wigs are worn by our judges, to give them solemnity; and solemnity is, *perhaps*, becoming to the mistress of a school; but wigs are, also, worn to hide red or grey locks: they are a principal ingredient in the art of cookery, when it is proposed to dress tough ewes lamb fashion.

Be that as it may....the children were left; and the parents returned to town, with a sort of feeling not easily to be described. A series of the most grossly impertinent questions, from various emissaries, as to the capability of the parties to pay their children's schooling, as well as in relation to all their most private, domestic, history, was set on foot by this lady abbess; and, because the banker said, that the money lodged with him to be paid quarterly (which was proposed to

be made payable to the governess) was not settled on the children, but was payable to their father's check ; and because their mother was going out of town ; and because their father (meanwhile) was admitted to board in a friend's family ; and because the parents might both quit the kingdom, and desert their children ; this governess, by a deputy as uncivil as herself, desired the children might be removed. They were so ; and returned home, DELIGHTED, notwithstanding they were MINUS their pocket money, which some one of the sisterhood kindly undertook to *keep* for them.

Schools are public institutions, and their keepers are public characters. To analyse these, therefore, is the duty of a reviewer ; and we will not shrink from our avocation, notwithstanding it is sometimes painful.

We conclude, with our recommendation of the letters before us, which contain an excellent lesson for the edification of young ladies not too highly born.

**ART. IX.—*Kunopædia*.** A practical essay on breaking or training the English spaniel or pointer. With instructions for attaining the art of shooting flying : in which the latter is reduced to rule, and the former inculcated on principle. By the late William Dobson, Esq. Octavo. pp. 235. 12s. Callew. 1814

THIS treatise will be found very entertaining to the veteran sportsman ; and very useful to the novice. It is an admirable *vade mecum* for the cockney : it will enable him to distinguish a covey of partridges from a flight of tame ducks ; and, will so instruct him, that he may learn, *how* to shoot a farmer's pig, without wounding his own dog.

Science has become so fashionable a study with the English, that all subjects now assume a philosophical character. This, we presume, is an acquirement from the German school ; but, notwithstanding, we venerate the talents of some few German writers, a very immoral species of philosophy pervades the generality of their works.

This is a posthumous publication ; and the editor, in his preface, sets forth the disadvantages with which it comes out, 'exposed to all the consequences of its own incorrect errors, and the mistakes of the person, who with the zeal of friendship, rather than that of any similar feeling, or ade-

quate knowledge on the subject may be induced to push it forward on the world."

We cannot, certainly, pay many compliments to the language in which this treatise is written ; but we admire the novelty of an attempt to reduce to system, the various and complex principles which constitute the organization of making, training, and hunting, dogs, appropriated, by nature, to field sports.

Those who read at all will support us in the justice of this remark....that instances of \*sagacity in the various canine species, are so numerous, and so well authenticated, that it may be concluded, no degree of perfection is impossible, when they study under a patient, persevering, kind, and skilful master. The great difficulty, presenting itself to us, is, that of constructing a grammar for the establishment of this art. A classing and modification of subjects, progressively, from elementary difficulties to the completion of a digested system. The same principles occur in establishing the science of shooting ; and good shooting makes good dogs.

The following are the author's own words, as taken by the editor from an unfinished chapter, apparently designed as a concluding review of the main points of his system.

'The reader will understand, that for the illustration of these doctrines, the scene has been purposely laid among the hills in Scotland. The small enclosures, and the sneaking practice, which it is not very easy to restrain after its nearer connexion with the mid-day find has been discovered by the pupil, of sweeping along the outlines of a hedge, instead of making good his regular fieldings as he ought, in the first instance ; and still more the obstructions and entanglements, created by the green crops of a cultivated country, are all against 'the consummation devoutly to be wished,' of establishing early upon the pupil that first great principle of utility and beauty, an extended but regulated range. Even the fair extents of open field, which in the more fertile plains of the south offer themselves to the sportsman, and some of them very sufficiently stocked with objects of pursuit, are by no

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\* A gentleman of our acquaintance, some time since, purchased a horse, drafted from a dragoon regiment, which he put to his carriage. Not long after they were surprised on an airing, by the shrill sound of a bugle. The old dragoon, instinctively pricked up his ears, and set off at full speed, towards his accustomed summons. This proof of sagacity in the horse would have been very fatal, had it not been averted by the sagacity of the master, who exclaimed—just as they were plunging into a thick hedge—halt!. Upon which the horse immediately stood still.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 6, September, 1814.

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means equally favourable to our purpose. Three-fourths of the ground of this nature presents only a close-shaven barly-stubble or oatersh, that will barely perhaps afford cover for an ant ; over which, although in justice to a young dog it be necessary to keep up his regularity of beat, we are wasting our own time and his powers, without a chance of interesting his attention ; whilst every now and then, a narrow stripe of turnips, or some equivalent, holds out a temptation of threading it from one end to the other ; thereby interrupting, and by frequent repetition doing away, all attention to the first great lesson of a regular quartering to windward ; which from the incalculable advantages connected with it, it so much behoves the tutor to enforce and to establish. In fact, it is only where some such scope of country, as that which lies open to the more exalted pursuits of the sportsman, amongst the mountains of the north, that this great lesson can be practised to every advantage ; where, with little interruption, he can maintain his line of advance for miles, with a furlong or two of beat on either hand, over ground where, from the more rambling habits of the game, if not from its greater profusion, the expectation of the dog is more continually kept alive to find ; and over every inch of which, in the regular completion of his alternate sweeps, he is to be called on to do his duty. It is here only that we can draw with most effect the first outlines of grandeur : and as first impressions have no inconsiderable influence on character, we are fairly warranted in looking forward to the superior performances of an animal, who has had his energies called forth in a scene like this, when compared with one, who has been doomed to plod away his youthful vivacities, by the hour together in a patch of potatoes, and to play at hide-and-seek with his master along the windings of a ditch, or amongst the thickly-wooded fences, in some of the richer soils of England. The gentleman in the south undoubtedly has many advantages, in the variety of game which, in the course of the season, is presented to him ; but of the grandeur and style in which the diversion of shooting admits of being prosecuted amongst the hills of the north, for the somewhat too brief period during which, for a variety of reasons, the pursuit is at all practicable, he can have but a very humble conception ; and for the means of creating perfection in the dog, the advantages are altogether on the side of the former. Let me add, that with a somewhat various acquaintance with different counties in the south of this island, although I have seen many dogs, to whom, without having had their noses elevated above the level of a partridge, it would be unfair to refuse the epithet of good, I have never witnessed one whom I could consider as entitled to any very eminent distinction, who had not very early in life the good fortune to have his legs stretched, and his faculties expanded on the moors.

‘ And here I shall take the liberty of pausing, for the purpose of giving way to some sensations, which, in the present rage for agriculture, I know not whether it be quite safe to avow. Considering, however, the scene we have been contemplating, as a school of superior education, a man who steps forward as a professor on the subject, may

be pardoned for a confession, in which he will perhaps be joined by not a few devoted to the sport, that it is not without an evil eye they have had, from one year to another, to mark the increasing progress of cultivation, which has been driving from their native hills the denizens of the mountains ; and with the exception of two or three of the most northern counties, has gone pretty nearly to the total extinction of the breed in England. Our acquaintance with them, indeed, has become so limited, as scarcely to admit elsewhere the due application of a hint, that wherever it lies within a man's reach to have his dog awakened to the first perception of his own powers, by a sufficient acquaintance with the species of game, he will find his account in neglecting no means whatever to accomplish it. Even on the other side of the Tweed, a keener attention to pasturage, exerting itself in the more frequent burning off the redundant supply of food and shelter for the game, has of late years been making some lamentable inroads upon the natural privileges of the sportsman. Still, however, there remains for those who have the means of seeking it, an ample field for superior instruction : and, without the risk of setting national partialities on a blaze, by any conjectural opinion how far the milder atmosphere of the south may venture to come in competition with the keen air of the Caledonian hills, for the cultivation of intellect, I can have no hesitation in saying, that were my fortune of that description, which would make it convenient to realize choice, my pointers at least should have the full benefit of an education in Scotland.

Many persons, perchance, will ridicule the novel action of a man's working himself into a good shot by rule ; these instructions, notwithstanding, may be read with a great deal of interest.

In the first ardours of youth, a boy beats about the neighbouring hedges, and is delighted with his wild adventures among the sparrow train. But success in killing his bird, gives impetus to his pursuits. As he advances to maturity, he desires to claim a rank with sportsmen in the field, and to acquire skill in his amusement. Emulation in his classical pursuits, has expended in his bosom ; and he will, as eagerly, covet a treatise on the derivative susceptibilities of the art of hunting a dog, or shooting a bird flying, as he will hunt after the derivations of a Greek verb. Every attainment is the result of study ; and method and rule are the foundation stone of instruction. Method arranges subjects ; rule analyzes them ; and practice perfects the whole.

The first essay is, 'on breaking the English spaniel, &c.' and thus begins his preparatory lesson....send for your dog before the season commences, and introduce him to a knowledge of his game.

‘ Let him be shut up in some agreeable, but retired situation, well bedded with clean straw : clear his nose, if necessary ; this will be effected by two or three doses of one to two ounces of *flor. sulph.*— Keep him thus chained up under your own immediate care : feed him yourself ; yes, sir, by no means let his food come from any person but yourself, and that at some regular hour. In a morning give him a short airing in the field behind you ; let him gambol off at pleasure, but under the occasional check and acquired command of “ COME IN here ! ” being the first word he has to learn in your vocabulary : no permission to bound over the fence, nor to be off beyond the perfect controul of your eye and voice : no rambling about to pick up idle acquaintance in the village ; but back immediately to the security and retirement of his chain and kennel. As it suits your convenience, look in upon him occasionally in the course of the day ; *talk* to him a little cheerfully ; caress him ; let him out for a few minutes ; play with him, and again chain him up. On no account let this, or any part of this, be done by your servants or your children ; and let him be secured, therefore, where they have not access to him\*.—‘ What, in the name of wonder, is all this preparation for ? ’ you will say. I will tell you ; it is to get acquainted with your dog ; it is to break the habits of gossiping, too probably acquired where he has been brought up ; it is to endeavour to make the first necessary incision in his head, to insert the idea that, ‘ Here is something more than ordinary going forward, and this *master* of mine—’ ; you may *show* him the whip, in order that he may perceive and acknowledge you as such, by letting it fall lightly over him in the course of these visits to him, making him “ DOWN ” at the time. At the sound of this word, he must be formally taught a close and handsome crouch upon the ground ; the fore-feet extended straight, and his nose exactly parallel between them.— This lesson must be uniformly given when taken out on airing as above ; first with the chain in your hand, and your foot pressing on his neck, if necessary to keep him close ; while the whip falls gently, but with such expression of its meaning as may be called for, over him ; proceed to practise this lesson with the chain dropped and the foot withdrawn ; and, lastly, when loosened from the chain, until he *shows* obedience. Much, very much, will be anticipated by some proficiency in this apparently simple lesson ; and, from all this form of feeding and visiting, he will begin to perceive, as above, that, ‘ here is something going forward ; and this master of mine is the only person from whom I can find out what it all means.’

‘ I am no great advocate for what the game-keepers earn their two or three guineas a head by, upon dogs put out to them to, what they call, break in ; that is, to make them stop to example, and then exhibit

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\* A fortnight at least of this particular attention on the part of the breaker himself, to get acquainted with his pupil, and to awaken his attention, will be required.



them to their gaping employer, with 'A capital dog this will make you, Sir; I'll warrant him complete, staunch, firm as a tree; wants nothing but working; backs up to my old boy there; see, how he stands!' Why, ay! so does a cypher on the wrong side of an unit, signifying nothing; for the poor animal has not a single idea put into his head about the great business of *finding game*, and is totally lost without his fugelma: like the witless *elves* of other hireling academies, he returns home from this mockery of education with every thing to learn. You, however, are not in a situation of thus squandering money or of wasting time; and so much the better for your dog; for whom I have in contemplation a better tutor and a wiser master. Besides, in the commencement of a system, when I am engaged in laying before you the ground-work of education, I feel myself bound to keep general principles in view; and, considering the matter as a general question, I must repeat that I am no advocate for the common practise of a prefatory breaking-in, without the object of killing the game being made part of the lesson: it is to trifle away time; or, perhaps worse, to trifle away attention by the unexplained foolery of pursuit without object; and to throw a damp over the rising ardour of that pursuit, by the perpetual disappointment of instinctive wishes. This is an observation which must be understood *sub modo*; and I have it not in my plan to enlarge upon the modifications, which, in various cases, or even in yours perhaps, this treatment must admit of. Suffice it to say, excepting that a young dog should be taken out to know, and to enjoy, under command, the scent of his game; and to be led—yes, Sir, led back again, in order the better to fix attention: I would have mine, prepared as above, brought directly to his work, and to the actual business of having game killed before him. It is here implied that he has been made familiar with the gun, in the course of your visits to him, and to *stand fire* by degrees, and to enjoy it as a signal for food, or as the prelude to the little privilege of being occasionally at liberty under your eye, during his novitiate, as above directed.

So, Sir, we are about to take the field in earnest: you are equipped; and we are setting off. Stop, a moment; 'COME IN HERE, Cato! will you? See the wanton devil has got a hundred yards ahead, 'COME IN, I say.' Remember this; it is *one of the first secrets* in the science of dog-breaking, and it has an influence far above your power at present to conceive, never to suffer him, when going upon actual service, nor indeed upon common occasions of mere travel on a road, to have his nose ahead of you. It is no more than decent to see an older dog at heel, and in order; but with an untutored youngster it is absolutely indispensable, as the means to acquire command. I repeat it, therefore, *never suffer your dog to put his nose ahead of you*. Keep him, literally so, close to your knee; check him with the voice, with the crack of the whip, and thence to a good round trimming, if a most perfect and direct obedience to 'Come in here,' is not otherwise to be obtained. For this reason, your first lessons must be on foot;

and do not mount a horse until you are decidedly master here. I must insist upon your attention to this ; for I want to arrest and to engross that of your dog, undisturbed and undiverted by gossiping or trifling, or by any other object than that which is about to be presented to him ; and I have to employ his disposition to be off upon his range, to better purpose than that of the undirected scamper of a puppy, who has just found the use of his legs, and is willing to try how fast they will carry him. It is owing to a lazy inattention on this head, for it requires some trouble at first, that many a dog gives you ten times more plague in perfecting than he otherwise would do :—Remember, therefore, the whip in hand ; the dog close to your knee ; we are going upon duty ; no wantoning, no trifling ! And so proceed, until you come upon your ground, to *throw him off* in form.

‘For this purpose, choose the finest piece of unbroken ground of fair extent, and where you are likely to find. Here you have an instant advantage which scarcely any man can equally possess ; and, it were unpardonable, therefore, to loose it by failing in the very commencement to teach him, what, if neglected, he will not so readily learn hereafter, that first of all lessons, yet so seldom witnessed in tolerable perfection, a regular *quartering to find*. Of course, you will give him the advantage of the wind, and of the morning air, while the feeding haunt is fresh. Caress him, and talk to him, with ‘GOOD DOG ! &c.’ before you throw him off ; and then ‘HEY AWAY !’—giving, with an eager extension of your arm, the direction of his range, walking after him a little, and obliging him, as well as you can, to take his range *across the wind*. His legs will lead him off, and instinct will soon make him find that he has a nose that was made for something. He begins to hunt ;—I hope he throws it, in an attitude of inquiry, into the wind ; for, though his range be across, his nose, as his own sagacity will by-and-by teach him, should ever have a bearing to windward. If he puzzles on the ground, you must get up towards him, and encourage him to get on ; with ‘HEY ON !—HOLD UP, good dog !’—again presently recalling him, showing him on his road the other way, and giving him by these seemings of example, his first rudiments in the crosses of quartering. It is hard work at first ; so is the business of all sound instruction ; drudgery ! sad drudgery ! But at present you are fully able, or to a pupil of powers you would be incompetent to the office of tutor ; and if you would lay a good foundation, you must not make account of the toil ; you will be amply repaid hereafter. It, is not of importance how short his ranges from you are at first ; but this system of crossing the general line of your progress into the wind must be adhered to. He will soon if you manage him with judgment take his ranges each way ; and leave you without so much fatigue, nearly in the centre.

‘We will suppose that he is gone off hand some hundred yards to the right ;—this is full far enough, or perhaps too far to trust him at first. Check him with the whistie, and ‘Cato ! BACK HERE, BACK !’ stopping yourself at the time. We will suppose that he obeys your call,

by his head thrown round at the summons ; by a stop of attention in sympathy with yours ; and, with some hesitation at being thus interrupted in his gallop, by making an, as yet, imperfect hunt of his way back directly towards you. Receive him with all possible encouragement, and show him his road to a similar range on your left by setting off towards it yourself as he approaches, by the eager index of your hand, and by the cheering notes of 'HEY ON, good dog ! HEY ON.' If, in the increase of his distance from you, he looks back under the apprehension of controul, let it be, 'HEY ON ! HOLD UP !' to the limits of your intended range.—If he do not obey your summons of recal, you must patiently find the means of making him do it, by stopping immediately yourself. Go not after him, nor move, *subsequent* to the challenge, as above ; calling to him again and again, and demanding his obedience. He may shuffle a little at first, under the sense of being thus interrupted ; he may, likely enough, make a pretence of hunting, as an excuse ; but you must keep a discriminating eye upon him ; and if it be only a pretence, permit it not, but continue to insist on his return ; and if he have been taught no vices, I will warrant he will give up the point. If he exhibit symptoms of being refractory, let the note of 'BACK' be exchanged for that of 'COME IN HERE,' and make him 'DOWN ;' *showing* him the whip, *i. e.* let it fall lightly over him, but no flogging ;—then again—'HEY AWAY ;' but to the side opposite to that from which he has been called in, giving him the direction of your hand, &c. as before. It is scarcely necessary to observe why I say, 'no flogging,' here : I wish to establish a prompt and willing obedience to the summons of recal ; an undreading and gallant return to the employment of his powers elsewhere, and to better purpose than that of having them trifled away under his own non-guidance ; and where, from the distance he may begin to conceive too, that he is out of the reach of controul, and that he can dispose of them full as well himself. Sir, we must extinguish, even before they exist, the jarring elements of self-will ; we shall have a world of trouble else : I will have the direction of his every motion ; and I begin here. You must labour, therefore, with diligence this lesson of 'Back,' until he yield implicit obedience to it. It is by no means a difficult one ; if he has not already been rendered lewd, by mismanagement, or by some unlicensed ramble, during his puppyhood. If the seeds of vice have thus unhappily been sown I am sorry for it ; for there is only one way to eradicate them, and that is against the cheerful, undreading return, which we so much wish to obtain. But there is no alternative, the whip must be instantly called in to your assistance ; we cannot think of *advancing on beat* ; we shall do nothing ; we shall never be understood in the higher parts of our geometry, in the fine delineation of our curves and angles, unless we have acquired a thorough command here.'

These lessons are given with equal ingenuity and perspicuity ; but we do not profess the character of staunch

sportsmen....in the field at least. We train and fire in the retirement of our closet, and are best pleased, when we hit our mark without *wounding* the object. A wanton scribbler, however, like a wanton bird that has been affrighted by a passing shot, flutters, and resumes his flight, careless of the perils that await temerity. Criticism is a most ungracious sport, and its phraseology, even, when most correct, is, often, least admired.

The preceding subject occupies 66 pages. A vocabulary succeeds : as little intelligible to a book worm, as the slang dictionary of the four-in-hand clubs to the comprehension of a polished gentleman ; but there exists this decided advantage : the one is useful to its professors ; whereas, the other is degrading.

Maxims follow....as sententious as the proverbs of Sancho Panza, and not one whit less expressive.

Supplementary chapters treat on 'Blinking'....'Confirmation of Point, and leading up to Game'....'Hunting in company, Brigading in the field, &c.'....then follow....'Instructions for attaining the art of Shooting flying. More immediately addressed to young sportsmen ; but designed, also, to supply the best means of correcting the errors of an older one.' The dedication is singular. It is addressed to 'the knights companion of the honorable order of the trigger.'

'We shall commence then with your APPROACH TO GAME, OR ADVANCE TO POINT. In doing which you may get up any how, provided you are perfectly free from all internal flutter, and your dog be in such a state of discipline, that your mode of advance be a matter of indifference to him. If the least of this flutter exist, stop instantly ; for it is of no use for you to run floundering up, with your heart beating a tattoo against your side, your eyes rivetted in a wild stare out of your own command, and your mouth wide open, ready to catch one of the birds, if it should happen to fly into it. Make a call upon your manhood for a repossession of yourself ; and when that is effected, advance again, until *within the chance of spring*. By this, I mean as near a distance from where you have reason to suppose the game lies, and which your acquaintance with your dog's nose and manner alone must teach you to form an idea of, as you dare to venture, without being perfectly ready to meet their spring. Pause here for a moment ; in order to breathe, to feel your pulse, or take a pinch of snuff, if you please ; but, at all events, to gain the command of yourself, and to be cool : and instantly *handle arms* ; giving to your eye, at the time, an eager undecided (yet not wandering) direction forwards, somewhat beyond the immediate

sphere of expected spring, in order more effectually to seize the object rising beneath your sight, and not to have to search for it, when risen, beyond the expected bounds. And now, Sir, dismissing every former symptom of a design upon the hen-roost, let your further advance be made with firmer and nearly upright port ; and, instead of the short, creeping, shuffling step, let it be extended as far you can with ease ; yet as slow as the necessary connection with your dog, now in advance upon the foot, will admit, in order that at the instant of spring you may, with the now liberated action of your lower limbs, more immediately and perfectly bring yourself to form, or **TAKE FORM** !— ' This must be done by a decisive step-out with the left-leg, the foot in a line of direction with your thigh, towards the range of the bird ; your right foot, at the same time turned outwards, to a very nearly right angle with the other ; your body nearly upright, but easy ; and altogether considerably sunk upon the bended spring of both knees ; assuming thus, by this extension of the legs, and cross direction of the feet, a position of firm but flexible support.'

A drill exercise. This manual of motions having been adroitly acquired by the pupil, his next object is.... ' keeping your eyes firm on the bird, and your gun will find its way to it of itself.'

In this manner, by progressive lessons, the pupil is led to improvement ; and eventually, towards perfection : always remembering, that peculiar modes of firing attach to peculiar birds ; and that as Peter Pindar saith....

' Fleas are not lobsters, d——n their souls !'

' It concludes....'

' Let not the arduous height appal the pupil's resolution. Let him keep a firm footing upon these steps, as he ascends ; and he will not fail to receive, in the encreasing weight of his game-bag, a convincing proof of the truth of these precepts, and a reward of his own obedience.'

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ART. X.—*The Rape of Proserpine* : with other poems, from Claudian ; translated into English verse. With a prefatory discourse, and occasionally notes. By Jacob George Strutt. Octavo. pp. 208. 8s. 6d. Longman and Co. 1814.

[Concluded from page 89, Vol. VI.]

Having expressed our sentiments on this work, it, merely, remains with us to re-exhibit the translator in his own graceful costume.

We concluded with extracts from the *Rape of Proserpine* ;

and we, now, make selections, from Rufinus, a poem, in our opinion, of equal celebrity with the former.

The works of Claudian, occasionally, pourtray the courtly sycophant. In Rufinus, however, he displays an opposite character. The subject calls for the severities of chastisement, and, greatly, has he celebrated his versatile powers,

‘ There lies a spot on Gallia’s distant shore,  
Wash’d by the azure tide ; where, it is said,  
Ulysses once allured the silent ghosts,  
With dark libations of unhallow’d blood.  
There may be heard, full oft, the plaintive moans  
Of pining shades forlorn, and the light sound  
Of airy pinions sitting on the gale,  
Whilst through the gloom th’affrighted peasant sees  
Pale wand’ring shapes, and images of death.  
Thence bursts the Fury dire, and dims the rays  
Of Phœbus in her flight, and rends the air  
With loud terrific cry. The fearful shout  
Appals the distant Briton’s savage ear,  
Shakes the Transalpine plains, checks the swift Rhine,  
And makes the startled sea roll back her tides.  
Then with dissembled years to veil her form,  
Her snakes she changes to the locks of age,  
Imprints deep furrows in her rugged cheeks,  
And feigns a feeble step. And now she gains  
Elusa’s walls, and seeks the well known roof  
Where dwells Rufinus ; there arrived, long time  
She gazes on the worst of men, with eyes  
Ghastly and wild ; then thus her fraudulent tongue.

“ Rufinus, shall inglorious ease delight  
“ Thy wasting hours ? shall thy fresh flow’ring youth  
“ Ignobly fade in thy paternal fields ?  
“ O dull of soul, the hand of Fate prepares  
“ E’en now thy greatness, wealth, and splendid fame.  
“ Be but my pow’r consulted, and thy sway,  
“ Unrival’d, shall extend o’er all the globe.  
“ Spurn not the help of age : to me belong  
“ The arts of magic, and that prescient glance  
“ Which pierces through futurity ; these strains  
“ Whose deadly force steals from the radiant moon  
“ Her brightness, I have learn’d ; and well can trace  
“ The wise Egyptian’s lore, in mystic line,  
“ Or hieroglyphic rude, and that dark verse  
“ Chaldean, which compels the lab’ring Gods  
“ To work a mortal’s will ; nor from my sight  
“ Escape those hidden juices which reside,

" Of dire effect, in tree, or herb, or flow'r,  
 " On savage Caucasus, or Scythia's rocks,  
 " Pregnant with fatal charms ; such as of old  
 " Medea chose, and that fair nymph renown'd,  
 " Circe, the radiant daughter of the sun.  
 " Oft, by the midnight incantation roused,  
 " I summon to my aid the pow'rs of hell,  
 " With Hecate stern ; and the reluctant dead  
 " Pluck from their quiet graves ; my thrilling song  
 " Can steal the spirit from its mortal frame,  
 " While the deluded Fates, with careful toil,  
 " Spin on the useless thread ; my charms displace  
 " The rooted forest, and in rapid flight  
 " Delay Jove's light'ning : rivers backward roll,  
 " And at my bidding hasten to their source.  
 " Think not my words are false : behold e'en now  
 " I change thy household deities." She spoke ;  
 And suddenly the marble walls assumed  
 Unusual radiance, and the ceilings shone  
 With fretted gold. Attracted by the sight,  
 He feasts his ardent eyes upon the scene,  
 Rejoicing in his wealth. E'en so at first  
 Mæonia's king, with swelling heart, elate,  
 Perceived the wonders of his magic touch ;  
 But when he saw the dainties of his board  
 Harden apace, and the rich flowing wine  
 Freeze into solid ore, he spurn'd the gold,  
 And cursed his hand that wrought such fatal change,

' Won by the act, Rufinus quick exclaims :  
 " Be thou a mortal, or a god, thy will  
 " Henceforward I obey." Leaving his home,  
 Eastward he shapes his course, to where, afar,  
 The Cyanean isles, once moving shores,  
 Threaten the narrow seas—that streight renown'd  
 Of Bosphorus, where sail'd the Argonauts  
 On bold design ; whose stormy waters part  
 The tow'rs of Asia from the Thracian coast.

' At length his toilsome journey is complete ;  
 And, guided by the Fates' malignant care,  
 A royal dome he enters : here his heart  
 Conceives ambition, venal and corrupt.  
 His clients he deceives, betrays their trust,  
 And sells the smiles and honors of his prince ;  
 The injured he incites to deep revenge,  
 Inflames their wounds, and nourishes their hate.

' E'en as the Ocean drinks each various stream  
 With sateless drought ; the flowing Ister cool,

The sultry Nile ; and, all unsatisfied,  
 Still thirsts for more ; so doth his avarice,  
 Though fed with floods of gold, still gape for food.  
 If of a splendid ornament possess'd  
 Some one he haply sees, or turns his eye  
 Where more luxuriant fields perfume the air ;  
 Rufinus' stores the ravish'd jewel swells,  
 And the rich land its lord's destruction dooms :  
 Plenty becomes a curse ; straight from his home,  
 His ancient fields, he drives the victim forth ;  
 Plunders the living, and defrauds the heir.  
 Uncounted stores, the rapine of a world,  
 One house receives : the people are enslaved,  
 And cities crouch to private tyranny.'

————— ' Life needs not wealth :  
 Nature to all around dispenses joy.  
 If they were known, would not the world retire  
 To taste such pleasures ? on th'embattled plain  
 No trumpet then would bray ; no hissing dart  
 Empierce the air ; no ship contend with storms,  
 Nor ponderous engine strike the trembling walls.

' Still doth that hateful avarice increase  
 In fierce Rufinus ; he fresh plunder seeks  
 By violence, or shameless fraud ; and still  
 Conceals, with hollow courtesies and smiles,  
 His ill intent : but if his purpose fail,  
 No lion stricken by Getulian spears,  
 Nor howling tigress plunder'd of her whelps,  
 Nor wounded serpent can exceed his rage,  
 Or match the fury swelling in his heart :  
 His oaths affront the majesty of heav'n :  
 His victim falls not singly ; to his wrath  
 The slaughter'd children and the murder'd wife  
 Supply too poor a sacrifice : they die  
 Who kindred or acquaintance claim ; nor then  
 His hatred rests ; e'en the unhappy land  
 That nursed his foe, he to destruction dooms,  
 And strives to sweep its memory from the earth.  
 Nor swift the stroke of death ; tortures precede :  
 Darkness, and bonds, and stripes delay the sword.  
 His mercy wounds more keenly than the steel ;  
 And life is spared to misery : death yields  
 Too little for revenge. Secure in guilt,  
 Himself is criminal and judge. He owns  
 No virtue, vigilant in crimes ; no shores  
 Are safe from his pursuit : not Sirius fierce,  
 Nor winter, howling o'er Riphean rocks,



Retards his eagerness: Meanwhile his heart  
 Consumes with anguish, lest the slaughtering sword  
 Should fail, or royal clemency awake.  
 Nor innocence, nor trembling age, he spares:  
 The son is slain before the father's face;  
 The aged sire condemn'd to banishment.  
 What tongue can tell, what weeping eye deplore  
 The fulness of their woe! Compared to his,  
 What were the deeds of those atrocious men  
 Whose murd'rous acts fame shudders to relate;  
 Sinis, who bound his foes to bending trees,  
 Sciron, or Phalaris, or Scylla fell;  
 O gentle steeds of Diomed! O fanes  
 Of merciful Busiris!—If compared  
 To dread Rufinus, Spartacus appears  
 A lenient robber, cruel Cinna, just.  
 Wild terrors seize the victims of his hate,  
 Inly they groan, nor dare attempt revenge."

" So dealing various woe, the wrathful judge  
 At length beholds Rufinus in the gloom:  
 To indignation moved, his kindling eyes  
 Dart angry glances on the trembling shade,  
 While his deep voice appals the vast profound.

" " Approach, unhallow'd wretch, vile slave to gold,  
 " Destroyer of thy country's laws! By thee  
 " The torch of civil discord was inflamed;  
 " Thy slaughtering hand hath choak'd the lakes of hell,  
 " And wearied with abundant toil the ears  
 " Of Charon. Hope not to disguise thy crimes:  
 " Behold thy bosom mark'd with sable spots,  
 " Developing thy nature! Anguish dire,  
 " And sad variety of pain are thine;  
 " Over thy trembling head a rock shall hang  
 " And threaten momentary fate; the wheel  
 " Shall lend its torture; cooling rivers flow  
 " Before thy sight, yet shun thy burning lips;  
 " The vulture, too, which rends the giant's side,  
 " Shall migrate from its food with frequent wing,  
 " To tear thy baser heart. All these whom thus  
 " Afflictions chasten, yield to thee in guilt;  
 " More daring than Salmonens, more false  
 " Than Tantalus, and lawless in thy lust  
 " As fierce Tityus: even if their vice  
 " Were all concentrate in a single breast  
 " Thine would exceed its sum. What punishment  
 " Can match the whole, when half thy deeds demand

" More than our utmost vengeance can inflict ?  
 " Hence with thy hideous aspect ! wound no more  
 " Our troubled sight !—Ye furies urge him swift,  
 " With scorpion lash, beyond th'abodes of night  
 " Beyond the realms of Erebus, and hurl  
 " His hated being to th'abyss profound,  
 " Below the Titan's gloom ; far, far beneath  
 " The depths of Hell and Chaos. There in pangs,  
 " His groaning spirit shall exist, as long  
 " As glittering stars irradiate the pole,  
 " And summer breezes sweep the rocky shores." '

It is impossible to peruse these lines without confessing the grandeur of the genius of the poet, and, paying the deserved tribute of applause to the translator.

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**ART. XI.**—*Lives of Cardinal Alberoni, the Duke of Ripperda, and Marquis of Pombal.* Three distinguished political Adventurers of the last century, exhibiting a View of the Kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, during a considerable portion of that Period. By George Moore, Esq. Octavo. Pp. 473. Rodwell, 1814.

THE history of the continent is pregnant with the almost incredible achievements of aspiring adventurers ; who have elevated themselves from the hovels of poverty and wretchedness, into ministerial despotism.

In the first of these extraordinary personages, now in review before us, we behold an individual, who, from the most obscure origin, rose to the command of monarchy, where uncontrolled power, and unlimited splendour sat upon the throne ; and, what is still more remarkable—at a court, where nobility of birth had been the only acknowledged passport to royal favor. But ambition is a raging lust : it is presumptuous, intrepid, unappalled !

This is the author's picture of a despotic government.

'The glare which scorches vegetation, and flings barrenness abroad, exalts mud and ordure into life : expands the reptile into the mounting insect of the day ; gives him wings to fly ; invests him with a gaudy coat ; till, in his turn, he sinks beneath that glory from which he derived his existence.'

And to this sentiment we cordially subscribe. It is a sentiment, that will be acknowledged by every reflecting mind ; for it is fully confirmed in the adventures of the

**Bonapartes.** This picture is contrasted with the blessings of a well regulated government.

‘The state, on the contrary, where the progress from obscurity is slow and laborious; where the imagination is not amused with the vicissitudes of sudden rises, and sudden falls; where the subordination of ranks is most strictly preserved; is like those regions which, enjoying a mild sky and temperate sun, exhibit the refreshing spectacle of greenness and fertility, but can boast neither of the magnificence of storms, nor the splendour of meteors.’

These memoirs are carefully compiled from acknowledged authorities of celebrity. We will begin by sketching the life of the cardinal Alberoni.

He was born of parents so obscure, that his father earned his daily bread by labouring as a gardener, in the City of Placentia. His birth is dated March 30th 1664. From earliest childhood, Julius Alberoni was remarkable for a perseverance of disposition, that no difficulty could shake; for no indignity could arrest his bold career.

His assumed docility, however, and the rapidity of his genius, recommended him to the attention of some Barnabite Friars, from whom he received those rudiments of early education, which personal industry, subsequently, matured. His first office was bell-ringer to a cathedral; when he conceived the determination of becoming a priest, of which order, after surmounting great difficulties, he eventually became a member.

We next find him in quality of a buffoon to the vice legate Barni; who, finding vast entertainment in Alberoni's wit and vivacity, appointed him steward to his household; in which capacity, he became a daily guest at his patron's table.

Pursuing fortune, he crept by servility and adulation into the favor of the Duke of Vendome; at the beginning of the 18th century, when that nobleman commanded the French army.

Alberoni soon improved the advantages he had gained. The Duke loved flattery; and this favorite knew how to season it to his master's palate; skilfully intermixing adulation with obscenity, so that he shortly became the Duke's confidant, and had permission to open his letters. His

presumption, however, grew with his power, and nearly cost him dear.

One day in the presence of the whole army, he received a caning from the duke; but, as the latter's resentment went no further, Alberoni laughed at his disgrace, and fawned himself into new influence. From this period to the death of his patron, the life of Alberoni was strongly marked by systematic craft, and perfidy; but his servility overcame all occasional disgraces; and he contrived to insinuate himself, at Madrid, into the protection of the Marquis de Casali, the Parmesan minister. Here he acquired so complete an ascendancy, that, on the Marquis returning to his own country, he left all the affairs of the Duke his master in Alberoni's hands.

Behold our adventurer, now, in the character of Envoy to the Court of Parma. He did not forget one title of his consequence; but presuming on his official authority, he travelled to Pampeluna to meet the late princess of Parma, now the Spanish queen.

On her favour indeed, he had some pretensions, having been instrumental, by court intrigue, to procure her marriage with Phillip V.

His reception, however, was not very flattering---'I have heard'—said she—'that you are an egregious rascal.' Aberoni bowed—flattered—soothed—and conciliated her favor.

It happened, that the queen, soon after, deprived of the presence of those in whom she had been accustomed to place confidence, gradually and insensibly, delivered herself over to the counsels of Alberoni. He was her countryman—was, in a degree, the author of her elevation—was the representative of the prince her uncle—and all these circumstances, she permitted herself to consider, claims on her favour.

"The object to which all the faculties of Alberoni's mind were directed, for which he was willing to make a temporary sacrifice of his ambitious schemes, was a place in the college of Cardinals. A Cardinal's hat would, he thought, efface the little disgraceful circumstances in his early life, and give weight to his character, when he should make his appearance in the political world. Behind the purple, too, he would find a retreat on any reverse of fortune from a standing maxim of policy among the cardinals, to protect the dignity in the person invested with it, however obnoxious

he might be as an individual, or however acrimonious the persecution he might be exposed to,

‘He had many difficulties to surmount in the pursuit of this object. His mean birth and parentage, and still meaner occupations, when he came to attract at all the notice of mankind, would be alleged against him: but he was encouraged by observing, what a thousand examples tended to verify, that he who dispenses the wealth, and directs the forces of nations, tramples on those fugitive opinions which feeble vanity would oppose to him.

‘The pope, however, had the greatest unwillingness to gratify him, and he immediately applied himself to sooth or rather to deceive him into compliance.

‘The circumstances of the times gave him an opportunity.

‘The Turks had declared war against the Venetians. They had made themselves masters of the Morea. Their armaments and occasional descents spread consternation along the shores of the Adriatic.

‘The terrified Pontiff earnestly implored succours from Spain: but no succours would he have obtained, had he not been seconded by the views of Alberoni.

‘When it was proposed in the Spanish cabinet to send ships and troops in deference to his prayers and exhortations, Giudice, though a cardinal, yet affecting to be guided entirely by the principles of a politician, exclaimed against what he called the pious simplicity of the proposal.

‘Alberoni, with as little pious simplicity, got all objections over-ruled; and six ships were sent for the protection of Italy.

‘There were several points of ecclesiastical litigation between the courts of Rome and Madrid. By his influence the King of Spain withdrew his pretensions, and the pope prevailed in every instance. These services he took care to have proclaimed and magnified by the Spanish ambassador at Rome.

‘The King and Queen of Spain were perpetually renewing their solicitations.

‘The Papal Nuncio at Madrid, gained over by Alberoni, represented his glowing power, and the benefit the church might derive from a timely compliance with his wishes.

‘The pope could no longer be inflexible; and in a consistory, held the 12th of July, 1717, the long-expected hat was bestowed upon Alberoni:—Now, said he, I have nothing more to pretend to, for myself, I devote myself to the glory of the king.

‘He now assumed the rank of prime minister. Giudice had been discarded the year before, and had retired in disgrace to Rome, where he took the opportunity of the consistory to manifest his resentment, representing the indelible disgrace the purple would sustain by being conferred on a gardener’s son.

‘Alberoni revenged himself by heaping upon him fresh mortifications’

Without pursuing the political interests and intrigues that, at this period, agitated the Spanish cabinet, in which Alberoni, in character of minister, played a witty and and successful part—we hasten to the period, when his insolent ambition led him to engage on schemes to change the whole political system of Europe.

Philip of Spain was a nominal sovereign. An indulged lethargy had bereft him of his faculties; so that the whole power vested in the queen and her favorite minister. The one governed the king, absolutely, by indulging his appetites: the other, by well wrought visions of ambition, governed the queen.

Thus elevated, and intoxicated with power, Alberoni displayed the utmost hauteur of demeanour. He treated the ancient nobility with an air of superiority; and on the\* least contradiction, would break into the most indecent transports of passion. He centered the whole administration of the kingdom in his own person; denying, even, to communicate to the queen, the secrets of the state. He directed all foreign dispatches to be addressed immediately to himself, giving notice, at the same time, that whoever deviated, in the least degree, from his command, should answer the disobedience with his head.

Alberoni, now, was at the height of human power; but he had not the genius of a profound statesman. By plot, intrigue, and insurrection he had ascended the ladder; and by counterplot, equally infamous, he was soon fated to sustain a precipitate fall. He had rendered himself obnoxious to the people of Spain, whom he had taught, to believe, he intended to assume the title of Cardinal Farneze and to claim relationship with the queen. The clergy accused him of a design to abridge their power; and influence, and to overturn the inquisition. In consequence of which, his confessor was one of the first to abandon him. But the grand blow was to deprive him of the patronage of the queen. This was, at length, effected by the queen's house, who was largely bribed to persuade her royal mistress of the impotency of retaining an unpopular minister.

Shortly after, Alberoni, under the sign manual of the king, was banished Spain.

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\* Was it not so with Bonaparte?

Pursuing a variety of adventures, he, at length, fixed his residence at Rome, where he lived in great splendour and magnificence.

During this period, he corresponded with many distinguished literary and political characters throughout Europe.

Previously, however, to his establishment at Rome, he was arrested at Genoa, at the instance of Pope Clement XI. but was soon discharged. The pope dying, Alberoni was invited to the conclave for the election of a successor, at which meeting, he had many votes, in his own favor, for the papal chair. On the election of Pope Innocent XIII. he was abolished from all accusations.

The eyes of the public followed him in his retirement and plans of active and comprehensive ambition were supposed to be working in his thoughts. It could not be believed, that so active a mind was perfectly asleep.

‘The story of the time was, that he sent a Mr. Bernier, whom he had formerly known, when in the service of the Duke de Vendôme, to examine the cities and strong places in Turkey. Mr. Bernier, it was said, was three years executing this commission in the disguise of a Turk.

‘A publication appeared, detailing a scheme, pretended to have been formed by the cardinal, for reducing the Turkish Empire to the obedience of the christian princes, and dividing it among the conquerors.

‘About the year 1740, he was appointed vice-legate of Romagna. Ravenna became the place of his residence, and he had the pleasure of seeing himself the first man in a town which had witnessed his very obscure beginnings.

‘While in this situation he conceived the burlesque ambition of overturning the little republic of St. Marino; and exerted in this ridiculous enterprise the restless spirit which had once disturbed Europe.

‘Ravenna however was indebted to him for some useful works.....

‘The Spanish soldiers spoke of him with the greatest respect and admiration, as of a man who had laboured for the glory of their monarchy, and been sacrificed to the envy of foreigners.

‘His conversation retained to the last an uncommon portion of gaiety and vivacity. He spoke Italian, French, and Spanish, with equal facility, passing from one language to the other, according to the persons he conversed with. The political transactions of the time were the ordinary subjects of his conversation, and he would illustrate and enliven his remarks with anecdotes of his

own life. He frequently quoted Tacitus, and his quotations were always in the original.

‘ He died at Placentia, June 26, 1752.

‘ The greater part of his wealth descended to a nephew, Abbé Alberoni.

‘ Alberoni was low in stature, inclined to be corpulent. The expression of his face was, upon the whole, ignoble; yet there was a great deal of vivacity in his eye.

‘ His manners in his highest elevation retained a coarseness and vulgarity derived from the habits of his early life.’

### Of the Duke of Ripperda.

The object of this memoir, cannot, in the usual acceptation of the word, be styled an adventurer. His family was of ancient nobility—he was born March 7, 1680, at Groningen, one of the seven provinces of the federal republic of Holland. He was educated at Jesuits College at Cologne; and, having contracted a marriage with a rich Dutch heiress, he aspired to the public honors of his country; and his first step was to renounce his religion.

While a colonel on the service of the states, he devoted his leisure to the perfect acquirement of the French, Spanish, and Latin languages, the better to favor his views in becoming a diplomatic character.

In this he succeeded; and in May, 1715, he embarked for Spain in the character of envoy extraordinary from the states; but in the year following, he was fully appointed their ambassador at the Spanish court.

This was the precise period, when Phillip the Vth. had recently espoused the princess of Parma; and although the office of Prime Minister nominally vested in the Cardinal Giudice, the real power, as we have stated, was executed by the queen and her creature Alberoni.

‘ The court of Spain exhibited a scene extremely tempting to the views of Ripperda. Chance and caprice reigned with absolute dominion.

‘ The adventurers who succeeded, kindled hope in all those who had yet to make good their advancement. Here then, as in her chosen temple, he resolved to devote himself to the worship of Fortune.

‘ He possessed many of those superficial endowments which dazzle the great as well as the little vulgar. He discoursed with much fluency and rapidity on all subjects, and nothing seemed difficult to his lively imagination. He succeeded in persuading many of the principal persons about the court, that he would be an



acquisition to the Spanish monarchy. Those who had a taste for conversions, were gained by the hopes he held out to them of returning to the catholic faith.

Giudice soon gave way to the man whom he had been allowed to represent, and Alberoni became prime minister in appearance, as he already was in effect.

Ripperda was made sensible of the change, by the check which was imposed upon his enterprises. The mockery of devotion could not blind the wily Parmesan. He appeared a rival adventurer, pursuing the same objects of power and wealth. The two politicians maintained a shew of good-will; but Ripperda did not fail to cabal against the minister. He was the meanest in the crowd of his daily worshippers, but he had secret interviews with the King and Queen, censured his measures, insinuated that he himself would be able to contrive much more advantageous plans, and, with the connivance at least of D'Aubenton, the confessor, if not absolutely in concert with him, laboured for his overthrow.

His interviews with the king and queen gave him a thorough insight into their characters; and he resolved no longer to delay the change of country he had meditated.

He had continued all his time ambassador of the states, and in this quality was instructed by his masters, to present a memorial against the embargo laid on the Dutch shipping, a little before the expedition for the conquest of Sardinia. It was in the beginning of March, 1718, he set out from Madrid on his return to Holland, where he proposed resigning his employment, and then transferring himself to Spain. This he did with all expedition. The states declared themselves satisfied with his conduct in their service. He might have looked to other and more distinguished situations in his country. But all his thoughts were turned to the execution of his scheme.

Ripperda returned to Madrid in the summer, seeking all avenues to the queen's favour; and courted the friendship of Alberoni, who always regarded him with a jealous and suspicious eye. Alberoni, politically, granted him a pension and estate, of which, however, he soon after deprived him, and Ripperda was reduced to a private individual. Meanwhile he enjoyed the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing the cardinal deprived of all his honours, and exiled from Spain.

The beginning of 1724 witnessed a singular revolution in the court of Madrid.

King Philip, sinking under the malady of mind and body which had long oppressed him, felt his religious scruples, every day acquire new power over him. Père D'Aubenton, whose strong

own life. He frequently quoted Tacitus, and always in the original.

‘He died at Placentia, June 26, 1752.

‘The greater part of his wealth descended to Alberoni.

‘Alberoni was low in stature, inclination of his face was, upon the whole, great deal of vivacity in his eye.

‘His manners in his highest degree of vulgarity derived from the habit

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she would seize the first opportunity of resuming her rank in the

state, looked upon her still as the person who might raise him

to the elevation he aspired to. He contrived to open a corres-

pondence with her; and she was so far influenced by his sug-

gestions as to send large sums and her jewels to Parma.

What he foresaw happened. The young King Lewis died a few

months after he had been proclaimed; and Philip, though not with-

out some scruples, and opposition from his conscience, yielding

to the strong bent of his inclinations, returned to the exercise of

an authority of which he had bitterly felt the suspension.

Lewis had not been wanting in deference and submission to his

father. He consulted him on every occasion; and the father's

answers were the rule of his government. The queen and her

adviser, the Marquis de Grimaldi, dictated these answers, and

she might consider herself as reigning. Yet to be deprived of the

pomp and ceremonial of royalty, was extremely irksome to her.

It was equally so to Philip.—Minds trained up in the manner

theirs had been, could find no occupation in solitude and retirement.

Ripperda had introduced himself to the queen; she had the power

of rewarding the assiduities he had paid her, when not actually

seated on the throne; and he might entertain well-founded hopes

of conciliating her favour. He had no rivals to encounter. Alberoni

was gone; D'Aubenton, whose influence might have been exerted

in counteracting his views, was in his grave; Bernudez would nei-

ther be willing nor able to give him any opposition.

‘After the departure of Alberoni, Philip had acceded to the

palace of St. Ildephonso, of Madrid; where he amused himself in the gardens, and building and adorning his gardens, and to have conveyed to the place of her residence, she could by any means amass. A considerable sum was mentioned at the time, no less than four hundred

thousand crowns. Alberoni, convinced, from the character of the new king, that the real power would continue to reside with her, and that she would seize the first opportunity of resuming her rank in the state, looked upon her still as the person who might raise him to the elevation he aspired to. He contrived to open a correspondence with her; and she was so far influenced by his suggestions as to send large sums and her jewels to Parma.

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‘After the departure of Alberoni, Philip had acceded to the

quadruple alliance, and peace was restored to Spain. The Spaniards evacuated Sicily and Sardinia. The former, according to the stipulations of the treaty, was given to the Emperor; and the latter, to the Duke of Savoy.'

'Ever since the correspondence commenced between Ripperda and the Queen, during the short period of her retreat, he was much in her good graces. He had been attentive to all the little means of confirming her favourable disposition. He had continued paying assiduous court to the Jesuits and their devout followers. The Jesuits looked upon him with pride and exultation, as brought over to the true faith by the force of their arguments. He was their religious child, the plant of their rearing. He was befriended by their partisans, and was singled out as the most proper person to be sent to the court of Vienna. Those who recommended him, spoke of his skill in languages, and his acquaintance with Prince Eugene, which he had formed during the war of succession.

'How far his head was in that state of calmness and composure which qualified him for a negociator, the reader will judge by the project he delivered in before he left Spain. He proposed that one hundred thousand infantry and thirty thousand horse should be immediately raised, and a hundred ships of the line be equipped, without very clearly explaining how or for what purpose; only he gave to understand, the regulations he would introduce into the trade with the colonies would produce great treasures. An annual saving of at least ten millions of crowns would immediately accrue.

'This proposal however was thought to denote a great statesman.

'He was promised the place of head minister immediately on his return.

'He set out for Vienna in October, 1724, and arrived there the month following. He resided in the suburbs, under the name of Count Pfaffenberg. He eluded the vigilance of all the foreign ministers during most of the time he preserved this incognito. It was only in the February after his arrival, that St. Saphorin, envoy from the King of Great Britain, learned from Petcum, minister of the Duke of Holstein, that a Dutchman, the description of whose person answered to that of Ripperda, held long and secret conferences with Count Zinzerdorf by night.

'He however could flatter himself with very little success in these multiplied conferences. The Emperor's ministers, who saw no great advantage in an alliance with Spain, unless Spain yielded in every point, and who were encouraged by the eagerness of Ripperda, would not listen to any treaty, in which he was not prepared to make every sacrifice.

'Ripperda might have returned without accomplishing any thing, when, very seasonably, orders came to him to conclude the treaty of terms. Philip and his Queen had just received from France a severe mortification, and what they deemed an inexpiable affront. In

the bitterness of their vexation, they thought they could not make sufficient haste to unite themselves to the Emperor. The circumstances were these :

‘ The conclusion of peace between the King of Spain and the Regent Duke of Orleans, had been followed by a double alliance between the two branches of the Bourbon family.’

Pending all these secret political manœuvres, Ripperda was appointed ambassador from the court of Spain, on the 22d August, 1725, when he dropped his incognito, and made a magnificent public entry into Vienna. This good fortune, however, completely overthrew his reason, and nothing could surpass the extravagance of his conduct.

The expressions he made use of were as little looked for as the matter of his discourse. ‘ Let King George take care of himself,’....he would say....‘ or he will soon be sent back to his German principality.’ And when he spoke of his own treaties, he set no bounds to the praises which he lavished on his successful talents.

Eager in his political career, he was eventually created a duke, and grandee of Spain. All these accumulated honours sprang from his ascendancy over the queen ; but this delusion was soon to be removed, when he descended from his greatness.

The duke’s ministry was one continued series of expedients to preserve the favour of the queen ; and this, for a time, he ensured, by a tissue of fabricated falsehoods, specious as unfounded.

If the most flagrant contempt of truth, and an unfeeling disregard for the sufferings of the nation, were a proof of diplomatic abilities, there never was a more able minister.

He accumulated burthens upon burthens on the people ; he exacted sums from all who had been concerned in the farming of revenue, or had had employments in the Indies. He carried the severest scrutiny into all parts of the expenditure ; he suppressed pensions and places ; he discarded crowds of clerks from all the public offices ; he put a stop to all payments whatsoever ; finally, he had recourse to the expedient commonly practised by governments in the last degree of distress,—raising the denomination of the coin, that is, endeavouring to persuade mankind to consider a less quantity of the precious metals of equal value with a greater.

‘ All these methods to procure money for the Emperor, were felt with the bitterest resentment and indignation by the Spaniards. They had not the slender consolation, which has at other times been afford-

to suffering nations; the money thus wrung from them was not employed in schemes which promised at least some real or supposed advantage; some accession of territory, or some increase of national honour and reputation;—they were tortured for no other purpose, than to protract a delusion as insulting to their government, as grievous to themselves.

The dead uniformity of a despotic government allowed little relief, but the scattered murmurs of individuals. There were no great constitutional channels open, through which the feelings of the people could ascend to the ear of the sovereign. Yet there was a tribunal which, from its rank at the head of the administration of justice, felt itself authorised to remonstrate against some of the measures of the minister; this was the Council of Castille. The raising the denomination of the coin was the subject of representations, which however produced no immediate effect.

No sooner had Ripperda been raised to power, than he meditated a variety of reforms. He indulged himself in unbounded censures upon all the ministers who had preceded him; rank abuses prevailed in every part of the government; all were to be eradicated; every thing was to be set on a new foundation.

The representations of the Council of Castille added the motive of revenge to his desire of appearing in the character of a reformer. Suits lingered in this as well as other tribunals of justice in Spain, nor was, perhaps, the integrity of its decision perfectly unimpeachable. Ripperda thought at once of punishing the Council, and gratifying the people, by the publication of two decrees, one calling upon every one who felt himself aggrieved in any matter of law or justice, by the proceedings of any tribunal, to lay his complaints immediately before the King, through the channel of his minister, with a promise of impartial and immediate redress. The other, for abridging suits, and protecting suitors from vexatious delays, directed, that an account of all suits depending before the tribunals should be drawn up for the inspection of the government, and that at the end of every month, a regular return should be made of those which were terminated, and of the progress which had taken place in such as remained to be determined.

This supposed grievance of the dilatory proceedings of courts of justice, has been at all times a favourite topic with reformers, and a constant temptation to empirical change.

Persons have not reflected, that it is impossible to obtain accuracy of investigation, much less certainty of decision, without the interposition of many circumstances which necessarily produce delay. To exclude, as much as possible, the arbitrary in judges, and beget the inestimable advantage of a known rule, precedents are carefully preserved, which, by their accumulation, and reasonings of analogy they give rise to, transform what was originally mere good sense and natural equity, into something deriving from the same principles, and tending much more regularly to the same ends,—a body of artificial

laws. Then every detected fraud and experienced inconvenience leads to some new form, directed to guard against the one, and remedy the other, by which proceedings become complicated and slow.

‘Leave every thing to caprice, and take your chance for the obtaining of right, and delay is easily discarded.

‘A Turkish cadi shall decide a hundred causes, while a British judge is employed in the investigation of one.

‘Ripperda derived little advantage from his decrees. He neither soothed and conciliated the people, nor conferred any important benefit on the state.’

Conspiracies were now formed against the duke in every quarter. He felt his declining influence at court; but still, intoxicated with a confidence in his own abilities, and hoping to re-establish his ascendancy by threatening to withdraw, he solicited to be dismissed from all his appointments. This was granted, with a pension of 3000 pistoles, in consideration of his past services.

When the duke’s disgrace was publicly announced, all classes testified their joy; and the populace celebrated the event by abandoning themselves to riotous exhibitions of public triumph. His servants were insulted, and he was not without fears for his personal safety. In this dilemma, the duke found refuge with the English ambassador; but the Council of Castille caused him to be arrested in his sanctuary, and he was conveyed, by an armed force, to the tower of Segovia.

But fortune, fickle as she is, did not wholly forsake this extraordinary man in his disgrace.

‘The marvellous, which characterised the whole of his life, attended him in his confinement. At a subsequent period, but before his hopes were quite extinguished, a youth of a lively fancy and bold, stirring disposition, of the name of Geronimo Enriquez, who was serving as page at Madrid, left his employment, and entered the service of the alcaide of the castle, with a view of being instrumental in his deliverance. He let pass this opportunity likewise; and he could scarcely expect that fortune would send him another, when the most singular of any presented itself.

‘This part of his history is differently related.—Perhaps the account which follows, resting on so romantic a ground-work, may have been dressed out for the sake of romantic effect.

‘Among the persons who visited the alcaide’s wife, was a young lady of a good family, native of Tordesillas, but residing in Segovia. Her name was Donna Josepha Fausta Martina Ramos. She was of an agreeable person, and ardent, voluptuous complexion. She had given much of her time to reading, and had not a little inflamed her imagination.

nation, sufficiently apt to kindle, by the perusal of romances, and those parts of ancient history, which, from an air of undefined grandeur shed over the events recorded, and the personages that make a figure in them, have nearly the effect of romances upon us. In her visits she became acquainted with Ripperda; and, though he was past the bloom and vigour of manhood, she saw something about him, connected with the events of his life, which rivetted her fancy. In the laxness of confinement which prevailed at the castle, she had no difficulty in obtaining secret interviews with him, and was soon wholly abandoned to his wishes. He intimated how glad he would be to escape from his prison. 'Why indeed, said she, a departure from this place is equally desirable for me, as I am four months advanced in pregnancy.' They began to consult upon the means of accomplishing their project; and it was resolved to concert the matter with his servant.

'This servant was a Frenchman, a pleasant alert fellow, who had followed him from Holland. He had often been employed in his amours, and never scrupled at any thing to serve his master. By his means, the corporal who had the inspection of Ripperda's apartment, and the adjoining parts of the castle, was gained over, and thus a principal difficulty surmounted. The time fixed was a moon-light night in September, the eve of a bull-feast, which would draw multitudes of people to the town, and give them an opportunity of proceeding unsuspected. Very seasonably for their purpose, the alcade and his wife were both confined to their chamber by illness. But on account of the infirmities of Ripperda, and the gout with which he was grievously afflicted, it was impossible for him to travel in any other manner than in a chaise, and that with no great expedition. If a pursuit should be commenced against him, he must inevitably fall into the hands of his pursuers. With some difficulty, by promises and by earnest assurances that he would incur no serious danger, he persuaded his servant to remain behind him, and instructed him how to act. He was to pretend his master could not leave his bed, and receive his victuals as if for him, which he was to eat himself. If any one asked for his master he was to say that he was fast asleep. By this contrivance Ripperda promised himself several days would elapse before his flight was discovered.

'Horses were engaged, which were to wait for him in a concealed place, at a short distance from the castle. He was to ride to a village called Carboneros, four leagues from Segovia, where there was an obscure inn, and remain there till he was joined by Donna Josepha and the corporal.

'Donna Josepha was so full of the strange passion she had conceived for him, that she would be with him on the night of his escape, to lend him her assistance. That done, she and the corporal were to hire a carriage, in which they were to drive to Carboneros, and to take up Ripperda. The corporal had obtained a furlough to go and see his family.

• Every thing being settled, Donna Josepha got into the castle, disguised in boy's clothes, and by favour of the corporal found means to introduce herself into a little flower-garden, which was under the windows of Ripperda's apartment, and divided from the road only by a high wall. There she lay hid till the hour appointed, which was ten at night.

• The servant had procured a ladder of ropes. As soon as it struck ten, Ripperda cautiously descended into the garden. The gardener's ladder, applied to the wall, enabled him to get to the top, and the ladder of ropes conveyed him to the other side, his fair companion all the time supporting his infirm steps.

• He mounted the horse that was waiting for him, and, accompanied by a guide that had been engaged and had the care of the horses, rode off for Carboneros. They had not gone far when they fell in with the patrol, that went its nightly rounds near the castle. 'Who goes there?' was cried out to them. 'We are strangers who, to avoid the heat of the sun, travel by night: can you direct us the shortest way to Carboneros?' The patrol gave them every direction, and, wishing them a good night, proceeded in its round.

• The day was just dawning when Ripperda and the guide arrived at Carboneros. He remained there two whole days, choosing rather to run the risk of being taken, than disappoint the woman who had sacrificed so much for him.

• She took leave of her friends at Segovia, saying she was going on a visit to Valladolid, and privately meeting the corporal, she, along with him, hired a chaise to carry them to Valladolid; but when they got to Carboneros, where they took up Ripperda, they told the driver, that at this unexpected meeting had changed the plan of their journey, and that he must proceed to the frontier of Portugal.

• The fellow was not very willing to obey; but rather than forfeit his hire, he prepared himself to do so: but, when the travellers ordered him to strike off the high road, and avoid the great towns, he looked upon them as very suspicious persons, and would have nothing more to do with them. Upon which the corporal produced a pistol, and threatened to shoot him on the spot, if he did not perform what he was desired.

• As soon as Ripperda saw Dona Josepha at Carboneros, he loaded her with caresses, and called her his sister. It was agreed they should preserve this character during the journey. They two got into the chaise, and the corporal rode behind on a horse he had hired for the purpose. They proceeded along rugged unfrequented roads, which were very often near shivering the chaise in pieces, stopping only at cottages and obscure villages.

• They were first informed they were in Portugal by the change of language. The first town in this kingdom they stopped at, was Miranda de Duero.

• Here the driver, exasperated at the trick which had been practised upon him, and the menace which had overcome his reluctance,



went to the alcaide or chief magistrate of the place, and lodged his complaint. The corporal was summoned to appear before him; but, getting his cue from Ripperda no sooner was he in the presence of the magistrate, than, going up to him and addressing him in a mysterious whisper... 'Take care (said he) what you are about; my master is here upon an important and secret affair of state, which is the reason he left Spain with so much privacy. He is no less a man than Don Antonio de Mendoza, nephew to Don Diego de Mendoza Corte Real, secretary of state to his Portuguese Majesty.

'Ripperda had read in the papers, that such a person was shortly expected that way, and readily assumed his name.

'The magistrate, astonished at what the corporal had told him, knew not how to make sufficient reparation for his mistake. He was on the point of sending the driver to jail. 'Never mind that fellow (said the corporal), but go immediately and see and get horses, and a convenient vehicle for his excellency. Be sure you do not say a word to any one of a stranger's passing this way.'

'The horses and chaise were soon at the door, and Ripperda continued his journey to Oporto under the name of Don Antonio, receiving every where the most prompt obedience and obsequious attention. At Oporto he embarked for England, accompanied by his paramour and the corporal. The vessel was forced by contrary winds into Cork, but, in the beginning of October, he landed at Comb-Martin, in Devonshire, and passed a few days at Exeter.'

Having encountered various adventures, the duke, pressed by his own ambition, and the encouragement of his paramour, listened to overtures made him from the Court of Morocco. 'Join,' said this embassy to him, 'the Moors, the Algerines, the Funissians, and the Tripolitans....direct their forces with one combined plan of operation, and make ungrateful Spain tremble.' The duke accepted, therefore, the assurances of his being elevated to the highest dignities of the empire, and to be entrusted with the command of all its forces.

What a court was this for an European! Muley Abdallah, the reigning emperor, was of a ferocity not to be believed. He frequently inflicted death, with his own hand, on the persons who confidentially approached his presence. He would discharge a loaded pistol at a courtier, or plunge his dagger into the bosom of a favourite, without any other motive than amusement. The duke's first plan was to assume the Mahometan belief; and he once more enjoyed the triumphs of authority.

In this situation, however, the conduct of the duke, both as an unsuccessful general, and a fraudulent minister of finance, excited discontents among the people. His character as a

renegado more particularly rivetted the public detestation; but the emperor's mother was of an amorous constitution, and this veteran adventurer inspired her with a singular passion. Her overtures were received; and, in return, our adventurer was created a bashaw.

But, Muley Abdallah was, not long after, driven by an insurrection from his capital; and Muley Ali was proclaimed emperor. The duke did not accompany the fallen monarch, but fled to Tetuan, where he received protection from the bashaw.

Finally, he died at Tetuan, in 1737, religiously mad.

Of the Marquis de Pombal.—

These Memoirs are, also, romantic; but they detail a tragedy so well known, that we forbear to enter on the affecting recital. We allude to the martyrdom of the Duke d'Aveiro, the Marchioness of Tavora, the Marquis of Tavora, the Count of Atouguia, and others, who were burned alive by the inquisition, on an alleged attempt against the life of their sovereign. The whole process of inquisitorial trial is contained in an Appendix.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### THEOLOGY.

**ART. 12.—*The Messiah.*** By Klopstock. A new translation from the German. The five last books prepared for the press, by the Rev. Thomas Raffles. 3 vols. Pp. 256, 277, 345. Underwood. 1814.

THIS new translation is addressed to the queen; and as German talent, as well as German suffering, are, notoriously, objects of her majesty's most august and liberal patronage, we venture to presume, that this poem, universally allowed to be the brightest ornament in German literature, may be graciously received at court, in its English costume. All who delight in the sublimity of sacred history, must be enthusiastic admirers of Klopstock, the Milton of Germany.

This translation is well written; and the English idiom is preserved without injury to the German text.

**ART. 13.—*The progress of Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Improvement,*** during the present reign; represented in a Discourse,

delivered before the Unitarian society for promoting christian knowledge, at Essex-street Chapel, on Thursday, March 31, 1814, in commemoration of the repeal of the penal laws, against the impugnors of the doctrine of the Trinity. To which is added, an appendix, containing a summary review of a publication of the Lord Bishop of St. David's, entitled 'a Brief Memorial of the repeal of 9 and 10 William III, &c. By Thos. Belsham, minister of the chapel. Octavo. Pp. 150. Johnson and Co. 1814.

WE do not propose to enter into a discussion of the religious claims of 'UNITY,' and those of 'TRINITY.' The sermon before us, was preached at the annual meeting of the Unitarian society, in commemoration of a most important era in the progress of religious liberty. Mr. Belsham is well known as a literary character, as well as in his official capacity of minister to the Unitarian society.

The appendix is the result of what is termed 'the extraordinary publication of a learned prelate,' which publication not only expresses its disapprobation of the repeal of the penal laws against the Unitarians, but earnestly recommends the re-enactment of those absurd and cruel statutes, which the legislature has so wisely abolished.

This pamphlet is published, not, as Mr. Belsham avows, 'with an expectation that what he has advanced, will make any impression upon the mind of so determined a believer, and (would to God! he could not add), persecutor.'

We do not interfere with liberty of conscience.

**ART. 14.—*Repentance and Faith inseparable.*** A Sermon, preached at the parish church of St. Dunstan, Stepney, on Sunday, 27th February, 1814. By the Rector of Stepney. Johnson.

THIS Sermon might be considered too short for the pulpit, were it not so delivered that pauses and graces supply the absence of more substantial matter. We must, however, express the pleasure we take in perusing these two lines.

'Be penitent for your sins! and, yet, despair not!

'Be strong in faith! and, yet, presume not!'

**ART. 15.—*The Fruits of Perseverance*;** being three Sermons on recent public occasions. Most respectfully inscribed to his parishioners, by Wm. Mavor, LL.D. Rector of Bladen with Woodstock, Oxon, Vicar of Hurley, Bucks, and chaplain to the Earls of Dumfries and Moira. 3s. Rivington. 1814.

THESE consist in a Fast Sermon, a Thanksgiving Sermon, and a Thanksgiving Sermon on the restoration of peace. Politics mingle

with religion; and assume a character very creditable to Mr. Mavor's feelings, opinions, and talents.

**ART. 16.**—*The Downfall of Napoleon*, and the deliverance of Europe unimproved. A Sermon preached in Cliff-lane chapel, Whithy, on Thursday, July 7th, 1814, being the day appointed for the general thanksgiving. By George Young. Baynes and Co. 1814.

WE are much more pleased with this subject from the pulpit, than from the heights of Parnassus. It is susceptible of the most refined moral reasoning, and teaches us all to contemplate, with awe, the just decree of the Omnipotent. Mr. Young is a respectable, sensible, impressive lecturer. His scriptural allusions are clearly drawn, and equally characterize the scholar and the divine.

**ART. 17.**—*The Auspicious Moment and Means!* that alone can render the termination of the French revolution durably availing for its most important purposes, and unite all monarchs together, and their people, in lasting peace, and in real virtue and attachment, while they enable themselves to remove our burdens, and to perfect all our foreign and commercial, and all our private and local interior interests and resources, as well as all nations effectually to advance the universal happiness and prosperity of mankind. By M. Alexander de Ferguson. Sherwood and Co. 1814.

THE reader having waded through the title page, will not, we imagine, be surprised to see us avow, that the publication is too profound for our understanding. We, therefore, recommend it to the puritanical world.

## POLITICS.

**ART. 18.**—*The Rights of War and Peace*, including the law of nature and of nations; translated from the original Latin of Grotius: with notes and illustrations, from the best political and legal writers, both ancient and modern. By the Rev. A. C. Campbell, A. M. translator and editor of Bishop Jewel's 'Apologia,' with Smith's Greek version. Octavo. 3 vol. pp. 367, 352, 420. 1l. 11s. 6d. Cadell and Co. 1814.

THIS treatise will preserve the name of Grotius to after ages, as a monument of human wisdom. It comprehends the most important

interests of mankind—**THE LAW OF NATURE AND OF NATIONS!** It is a vast science, developing the political basis of all treaties—of all negotiations—of all alliances! And this science, as unfolded by the bold and masterly discoveries of Grotius, branches into an arranged system of jurisprudence, which explains the origin of right—the political justice, and lawful necessity of war—the reciprocal duties of monarchs and their people; by describing the several prerogatives of the one, and the relative obedience of the other.

The translation is excellent, and enriched with many descriptive notes, which are peculiarly essential to Grotius; as he is often too brief to be perspicuous. Indeed, as the translator observes, 'a writer of ordinary talents might have placed his subject in a greater variety of lights, to be more intelligible to every reader; but the intuitive mind of Grotius, immediately grasped a truth in all its bearings, and deemed a few words sufficient to express his thoughts.'

The statesman, we are to presume, will read this great work in its original language—those who cannot, will be amply gratified by the perusal of this translation.

**ART. 19.**—*A Letter to Lord Liverpool*, on the political and commercial importance of Africa to Great Britain; stating the fact of a trade in Christian slaves being carried on in that country, and the propriety and efficiency of our interference for putting a stop to the same. pp. 38. 3s. Asperne. 1814.

This is a collection of speculative reflections, which, probably, my Lord Liverpool may read with as little interest as we do.

## EDUCATION.

**ART. 20.**—*The Expeditious Arithmetician*, or Preceptor's Arithmetical Class Book: containing six separate sets of Original Questions, to exemplify and illustrate an important improvement in the practice of teaching the first five rules of Arithmetic; simple and compound; by peculiar methods not in use, and by which accuracy and expedition are attained with unusual facility in a far greater degree than by any other hitherto invented. By B. Danaley and J. Long. Pp. 28 each, 7s. Crosby and Co. 1814.

THESE little books appear to us to have been originally com-  
CRIT. REV. Vol. 6, August, 1814. P

piled with a view to facilitate the drudgery of the master, whose duty it may be to superintend the tasks of many scholars. The prospectus of the work is as follows :

A very copious variety of elementary questions, peculiarly simplified, regularly methodized, and equally divided in six classes, separately bound, so that pupils may at the same time, work at the same rules, and each have different examples. The teacher is relieved from all perplexity, as at a single glance he discovers the answer and proof in the same line.

The method of obtaining these answers is illustrated by a separate key, but the answers are not inserted.—Example

Simple and compound addition. Add together the two middle lines in each question, which will give the true answer ; and when the sum of the two left-hand figures in the two middle lines is ten, or exceeds ten, the left-hand figure in the answer will be equal to half the number of lines in the question. But when the sum of the two left-hand figures in the two middle lines, is less than ten, the left-hand figure in the answer will be one less than half the number of lines in the question. And as this method will not fail, of giving the true answer, the scholar is immediately detected of adding incorrectly, or of transcribing wrong the task from which the question is taken.

**ART. 21.**—*A First or Mother's Dictionary* for Children ; containing upwards of 3800 words, which occur most frequently in books and conversation, simply and familiarly explained, and interspersed throughout with occasional remarks. The whole adapted to the capacities of younger pupils. By A. B. Murphy. 4s. 6d. Darton. 1814.

THE arrangement of this dictionary is most excellent. The explanations are simple and perspicuous. In short, they are adapted to the comprehension of the infant mind, in a way that, we think, admits of no improvement.

**ART. 22.**—*A Manual of Latin Grammar*, intended to combine the ancient plan of grammatical institution, originally enjoined by royal authority, with the advantages of modern improvement. To which are prefixed some prefatory hints and observations on the methods of commencing and pursuing classical learning, in schools and by private study. By John Pye Smith, D.D. pp. 72. 2s. 6d. 12mo. Gale and Co. 1814.

GRAMMAR is perpetually changing its tone, and assuming new shapes. It is a dry and laborious study ; and the rising generation

must always be obliged to those who aim to remove unnecessary complexity, from an attainment essential to every individual.

The plan of the volume before us, is conciseness with perspicuity; and these are evident in the definitions of the parts of speech, cases, moods, tenses, &c. We think the spirit of the Latin rudiments is carefully preserved, and, certainly under a much less terrifying aspect than that of ordinary grammars. It is best calculated, perhaps, for private, or for self tuition. The routine of our public, and of celebrated schools, is like the law of the Medes and Persians.

We must not, however, omit to notice three synoptic tables, each comprehended within a single page, and admirably constructed. They present a comprehensive view of the rudiments of the Latin tongue; and invite the student to acquire and to retain the Latin elementary principles, by learning these tables by heart. The first exemplifies the declensions and conjugations; the second, the syntax; the third, prosody. The rules of accent are clear, and the words are marked according to their accentuation.

### POETRY.

ART. 23.—*Lara*, a tale—*Jacqueline*, a tale. Fc. 8vo. Pp. 123. 7s. 6d. Murray. 1814.

THIS poetic olio is exquisitely compounded. *Lara*, is by the author of the '*Corsair*.' *Jacqueline*, by the author of the '*Pleasures of Memory*.' These tales are said to have been written, as a friendly trial of skill, between my Lord Byron and Mr. Rogers.

Referring to the whole of his lordship's poetic effusions, we do not hesitate to pronounce him a chaste, tender, lofty, and enthusiastic poet. Mr. Rogers's muse, on the contrary, is the personification of youthful grace, adorned with the sweetest touches of native simplicity.

ART. 24.—*Napoleon*; or the Vanity of Human Wishes. Part. II. By Eyles Irwin, Esq. M.R.I.A. Pp. 22. 2s. Hatchard. 1814.

THIS subject is worn quite thread-bare.

ART. 25.—*Glances at Character*. f. 8vo. Pp. 158. 7s. 6d. Carr. 1814.

LIKE the razors of Peter Pindar—this satire is made to sell, and not to shave.

ART. 26.—*The Pillory.* La Croix de St. Pillory. Pp. 18. 1s. Jones. 1814.

THERE is a material distinction between the privileges, and the abuses, of the press. This pamphlet is disgraceful to all parties concerned in giving it publicity.

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ART. 27.—*Laura*, an Authology of Sonnets (on the Petrarchan model), and Elegiac Quatuorzains, English, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and German ; original and translated : great part never before published. With a preface, critical and biographic ; notes, and index. 5 Vols. £1. 10s. Crosby and Co, 1814.

THE preface, which occupies upwards of two hundred pages, contains a learned classification of poets, generally, from Petrarca to the present day. This compilation has been the work of twelve years ; and as collections are, usually, the labour of an enthusiast, it is probable, that Mr. Lofft may expect his publication to be hailed with admiration.

The sonnet is, certainly, a legitimate style of composition, susceptible of infinite variety, melody, and expression. It is a species of poetry, that harmonizes beauty, sentiment, and taste, within a limited scale of graceful imagery.

Love is, perhaps, the object to which it most frequently applies ; but it will equally celebrate all subjects of interest, of excellence, or of sublimity.

The loves of Petrarca and Laura are memorable and dear to the recollection of all amateurs in poetry ; but those who can trace the varied emotions of the heart, softened by the impressive, melting, cadences peculiar to the Italian language, will be greatly disappointed in an English translation.

The following is a specimen of Mr. Lofft's translation of a beautiful plaint from the enamoured Petrarca.

‘ Never thy veil, in sun or in shade,  
 LADY, a moment I have seen  
 Quitted, since of my heart the queen,  
 Mine eyes confessing thee, my heart betray'd.  
 ‘ While my enamoured thoughts I kept conceal'd,  
 Those fond vain hopes by which I die,  
 In thy sweet features kindness beam'd :  
 Chang'd was the gentle language of thine eye,  
 Soon as my foolish heart itself reveal'd ;



And all that mildness which I changeless deem'd,  
All, all, withdrawn, which most my soul esteem'd.  
' Yet, still, the veil I must obey,  
Which, whatsoe'er the aspect of the day,  
Thine eyes' fair radiance hides, my life to overshadow.'

**ART. 28.**—*Modern Parnassus* ; or, the New Art of Poetry, a poem ; designed to supersede the rules of Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, Vida, Boileau, and Pope. Pp. 62. Johnson. 1814.

THIS little work is an intended satire on modern poetasters, as well as upon the manner in which every new production is applauded or condemned, at the nod of caprice.

The author divides his work into five parts ;—the Reformation—the New Charter—Poetic Licence—the Contrast—the Apology.

The poem opens with a satirical compliment to the fertility of modern poets, who disdain the nine years labor of a Homer, and, in the hotbed of modern courtesy, force their ephemeral works into a feeble maturity.

Specimen.

' Bound by no rules, the courteous reader now  
Is pleased, he knows not why, and cares not how.  
Called to partake the plain but plenteous feast,  
He loves his host, a cheerful, grateful guest ;  
Nor asks a richer sauce, a choicer bowl,  
To lure the taste, or raise th'exhausted soul.  
With easy change, he breathes the tender sigh,  
Or melts to tears, or wakes to extacy,  
At every author's bidding ; and repays,  
With loud acclaim, e'en Bloomfield's lowly lays  
Too just to wish, that all who boast a lyre,  
Thunder'd with Milton's voice, or flash'd with Shakspear's fire.'

**ART. 29.**—*The Works of Claudian*, complete ; translated into English verse. In numbers. Part I. Pp. 160. 7s. 6d. Becket and Co. 1814.

HAVING given such copious extracts from the works of Claudian, in the body of our Review, we might be excused from noticing this work, were we not anxious to offer our readers the opportunity of drawing a parallel between the two translators.

This is, unfortunately, in rhyme ; and, although a fine translation from the Latin text which accompanies it, is, comparatively, a very tame translation of an author, who, according to Gibbon, 'was endowed with the rare and precious talent of raising the meanest, of adorning the most barren, and of diversifying the most similar topics.'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 30.—*Remarks on the Case of Lord Cochrane.* By a near observer. Octavo. Pp. 52. Stockdale. 1814.

We do not consider, that any person could sit down to write upon this subject, without being, in *some degree*, influenced by party feeling; but this appears, to us, to be a hireling pamphlet.

It begins, with stating that, in this case, the protestations of innocence have been loud, and unsparingly uttered by the parties respectively; by Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, in the house of commons; by Mr. Butt, in a pamphlet intended to expose the calumnies of the Stock Exchange; by the baron, the lineal descendant of Desiderius Berengarius, last king of Lombardy; by Lord Cochrane, in his celebrated voluntary affidavit.

That, the flight of Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, does not very honourably confirm his sacred pledge of innocence to parliament; that the heir of Berengarius and Mr. Butt, *cum sociis*, have quietly submitted to the law; but that Lord Cochrane assumes a peculiar tone, in which he asserts his own innocence, and the guilt of all others concerned in his ruin.

‘If Lord Cochrane is to be believed,’ says this pamphleteer, ‘he is the most unfortunate man that ever lived. Instead of being a conspirator himself, all the world must have conspired against him: not only the counsel for the prosecution, but his own counsel; not only his prosecutors, but his co-defendants; not only the public officers by whom the jury was nominated, but the jury by which he was tried; not only the judges before whom he was tried, but the other judges of the court of king’s bench, by whom he was condemned.’

‘All this has been expressed, by Lord Cochrane, in the coarsest and grossest terms which language can supply.’

‘But no man’s character is now so low, as to require protection against the intemperance of Lord Cochrane’s tongue; they who rightly consider his degraded state, will attend, not to what he shall say, but to what he shall prove; and, in the formation of that proof, his word, or even his oath, cannot be an ingredient. Let him, therefore, talk of a conspiracy between government and the Stock Exchange committee; of his being obnoxious on account of his exertions about prize courts and pension lists; let him abuse judges, juries, witnesses, and counsel, at his will—his assertion of their guilt, and of his own innocence, his attempts to clear himself or to asperse them, must be equally contemptible, as they rest on his own assertions; and a publication of his grossest of thoughts, in the words selected by himself could not have injured those, against whom his malice directed them; but would have been useful to show, that his mind is not above the level of his state, and that the conspirator and the stock jobber cannot, even within the walls of parliament, suffer himself to be mistaken for a gentleman.’

These, really, are tolerably strong expressions, and certainly such as could not be dictated by candour, or impartiality. By whom, and against whom, are they, thus, malignantly uttered? By a man in disguise, who stabs a naval hero in the dark. And a naval hero is not a popinjay. To be distinguished in a profession, individually renowned, is to be pre-eminently distinguished; and, notwithstanding a majority of voices expelled Lord Cochrane from the commons;—still, AFTER HIS CONVICTION, the voices of Westminster, freely, re-elected him, and, probably, such electors have been thus guided.

The law, say they, PRESUMES all men to be INNOCENT, until they shall, ON EVIDENCE, be found GUILTY; and the conviction of guilt (except in cases of murder), is a conviction founded, ALONE, on positive, not on presumed, evidence. We, therefore, come to this point; either Lord Cochrane has been proved guilty by law, or the law has presumed him innocent. But the expounders of the law pronounced him guilty, and that is an authority that never errs.

So be it!

In cases of life and death, the attorney-general best fulfils his duty, when he tells the jury, that mercy is the noblest attribute of justice, and that, if they doubt, they must acquit.

We, therefore, conclude, that Lord Cochrane was found guilty on positive, unequivocal, proof of conspiracy—that the charge to his jury was candid, impartial, unimpassioned, and free from every species of influence, that could, possibly, interweave the feelings of the cabinet with the feelings of a court of justice. This presumed (for we may presume, although a court may not), we do contend, that neither the native heroism, the acquired honours, or the exalted station of the culprit, ought to have shielded him from the penalty of the law. If such penalty were, lawfully, the pillory, the sentence of the court ought to have been fulfilled.

Can the pillory disgrace a man who has been deprived of his meritoriously acquired rank in the navy? Can it wound the chaste reputation of a man, whose banners have been ignominiously kicked out of an order of knighthood?

No!

The remission of the pillory was a mockery of grace to him who asked no favour from the crown. Either the sentence ought, wholly, to have been fulfilled, or it ought, wholly, to have been remitted. The law having found him guilty—the law having affixed the punishment due to his crime—the law ought to have enforced its own decrees, to satisfy people they were strictly founded in justice. It ought not to have acknowledged any temporising medium.

In France, smuggling, by the old laws, was punished with the galleys; and the present laws, we believe, will send a smuggler, and all his associates, to a fortress for life. But should we not deplore to hear, that a lady of rank had been detected in contraband practices, and that her husband and children had all been found guilty as accomplices, *because* they all lived in the same family, and were in constant

familiar intercourse? That persons who had, previously, been exemplary through life, should be sentenced to exchange their robes of office for the livery of a convict, and this without otherwise substantiating their guilt, than by proving, they were the familiar domestic associates of the smuggling lady?

All these envenomed pamphlets remind us of the fable of the ass, that, in the dastardly malignity of his heart, kicked at the noble lion, when, enfeebled by suffering, his greatness lay at the last gasp of life.

**ART. 31.**—*Secret Memoirs* of the Hon. Andrew Cochrane Johnstone, of the Hon. Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Forrester Cochrane, K.B., and of Sir Thomas John Cochrane, a captain in the royal navy; with an account of the circumstances which led to the discovery of the conspiracy of Lord Cochrane, and others, for defrauding the Stock Exchange. By A. Mackenrot. Pp. 122. Chapple. 1814.

THE author of this inflammatory Pamphlet sets out with declaring that having the fear of God, and the fear of the attorney general before his eyes, he confines himself to a narrative of facts, from his own immediate knowledge, he having been an eye witness to most of the events detailed, and having repeatedly endeavored to bring all the parties to public trial and to court martial—but in vain—he therefore, appeals to the press, as the guardian of the liberty of the subject, and the avenger of injuries, when reparation has been refused.

And this narrative (of FACTS) is most assuredly the plainest, as well as the vilest tale, that ever was unfolded to the public, by a disappointed, or a malignant man. We will not enter into any discussion on a subject, so hardy in the accuser, so important to the accused. The question is, by far, too personal; the parties, themselves, must decide upon its merits.

**ART. 32.**—*The Watchlight*; illustrative of many new and curious facts relative to Lord Cochrane's commission of the fraud upon the Stock Exchange, and his connection with De Berenger, also a full consideration of that palladium of British Justice, the Court of King's Bench. Together with a view of the character and conduct of the judges &c. the whole forming a full and complete history of Lord Cochrane's Proceedings in this extraordinary transactions. By a student of Lincoln's Inn. Pp. 83. Chapple, 1814.

More proofs against Lord Cochrane!

But why more proofs? Has he not been convicted and sentenced; and is he not, at this moment, suffering the **LAWFUL** penalty of his delinquency?

But—these provers are anonymous. Possibly needy; and as hunger will break through stone walls, what may not a hungry scribbler be bribed to prove. For our own parts, we are little moved by such a species of conviction. Let it be shewn, from the authorities of our constitution, that *implied* guilt is tantamount to *positive* guilt; that *circumstantial* evidence is as decisive, in our courts, as *point-blank* evidence—and, then, all parties will be satisfied, and the question will go, quietly, to rest.

We have little curiosity to pry into the *secrets* of this affair; but if we, really, inherited a small portion of *EVEISH* curiosity, we might be induced to show some restlessness in our longings, and to exclaim:

Would we could find some modern Beelzebub—the sage expounder of political conundrums—from whose black art, we might derive this important solution.

If delicacy were permitted to influence Law and Equity in not *prosecuting* a right Honourable Smuggler, would it not be something worse than indelicacy, in Law and Equity, to *PERSECUTE* a right Honourable Jobber!

Is not cheating the Revenue equally offensive to the law, with cheating the Stock Exchange?

And, might not, in the chapter of accidents, furred robes chance to tumble down stairs, as unceremoniously as degraded Banners of Knighthood?

**ART. 33.—*Stock Exchange laid open.*** The cause of the rise and fall of the public funds explained; with observations on the mischievous tendency of time bargains, and the absolute necessity of abolishing the present Stock Exchange, and establishing an open public market: proving the Stock Exchange, as a body, to be a deception on the public; and the stock jobbers, as individuals, to be honest and harmless men. With curious annotations, and a glossary. By a Gentleman of the Exchange. Octavo. pp. 34. C. Chappe. 1814

Here are secrets worth knowing!

To make the stock exchange a fair and equitable market, it must be open to the public. It is estimated that 600 or 800 persons draw their splendid livelihood from this traffic. Many of them are worth thousands; others, tens of thousands; and some, hundreds of thousands; and their fortunes have mostly been accumulated since the public have been debarred the privilege of entering the Exchange.

The stock exchange is a species of masonry: the members confine, within their own lodge, the secrets of their institution. No person, we are assured, subject to the bankrupt laws, can be admitted a member.

Is this to prevent an exposure of their arts and mysteries before the commissioners?

The object of the present pamphlet is, 'to develop the dark, secret, subtle, malign influence, which confounds all fair reasoning and common calculation—inverts the order of things, and, by being in concealment, like a traitor in your bosom secrets, pierces deepest when you most confide.'

Read, and learn!

**ART. 34.—*Mitigation of Slavery*;** in two parts. Part I. Letters and Papers of the late Hon. Joshua Steele, Vice-President of the London Society of Arts, &c. and Member of his Majesty's Council in Barbadoes. Part II. Letters to Thomas Clarkson, Esq. M. A. proving, that *bought* slaves, who keep not up their numbers by the births, do not *nearly* refund their purchase-money; and that the planter's true resource, is to rear his slaves. The great success of the plough, in raising the sugar-cane, &c. By William Dickson, L. L. D. formerly Secretary to his excellency the late Hon. Edward Hay, Governor, &c of the above ancient and important colony. Octavo. pp. 528. 14s. Longman and Co. 1814.

THE author of this work has a decided superiority over most other writers on slavery, because he has had some personal knowledge of the subject he thus introduces to the public. He quotes from Burke—'What, if in our colonies, we should go so far as to find out some medium between *liberty* and *absolute slavery*?' and, on this opinion, he appears to have founded his work. He says, the abolition of what is called the African Slave Trade, was, *in itself*, an object every way worthy of the long and arduous struggle which effected it; but its relative value, as a corrective of West-Indian abuses, has been greatly over-rated—that many of the worst evils of the West-Indian slavery were owing to other causes than the African slave trade, and they could not possibly be remedied by the abolition of that trade.

'Every rational and temperate view of this great subject is bounded by two most dangerous extremes—immediate emancipation, and perpetual, *unlimited*, unmitigated slavery. For immediate emancipation, neither the slaves nor their superiors are, in any respect, prepared. The former have been debased by suffering; the latter spoiled, by exercising an unbounded private despotism. Many of the slaves, like cage-birds, fed, however indifferently, by their owners, have lost the power of providing for themselves. The slaves are too little qualified for the government of law, and their owners and managers to govern *by* law. The persons of the slaves, and both the persons and property of their owners, would want more protection from mutual violence,

than the British government could afford to such distant and unhealthy provinces, if the chains of slavery could be suddenly removed. But we need not dwell on this head; since it is, on all hands agreed, that the immediate emancipation of the West-Indian Slaves would be the essence of madness. Neither would it be wise or safe, in the present state of the West Indies, to continue, without some considerable modifications, a system which despoils the great body of the people of *all* their natural rights, and exposes them to every kind of wrong, without a possibility of redress,' &c. &c.

'If, then, the extremes of immediate emancipation, and perpetual, unlimited, absolute slavery, are both allowed to be awfully dangerous, the safe and advisable measure must lie between them; and may be comprised in this fundamental question—

*'How may the acknowledged evils of the West-Indian slavery be MITIGATED, without injury to the white colonists, the negro slaves, or any other party concerned?'*

This is, indeed, as Mr. Dickson calls it—'A GREAT MORAL PROBLEM;' and one that can alone be solved by oracular wisdom. For, if the friends to liberty will continue to deny, that the interest of an owner is a protection to his slave; if it be always asserted, that slaves are as subject to the caprices of white persons, as is their dog, or their cat; if it be contended, that the laws should give them equal rights—and these positions be laid down as incontrovertible arguments, what can be said on the subject?

Mr. Steele's first principles, as here laid down, are those of treating the slaves as human beings; of inciting them to labour, with the hope of reward, rather than the fear of punishment; of giving them, from out of their own labours, wages and land sufficient to afford them the plainest necessities; of protecting them against capricious oppression. With these privileges—he adds—the slaves would soon become generally trustworthy.

We think so too; and, when this reform is effected, the promoters of it will, certainly, have much cause to rejoice.

**ART. 35.**—*Letter from a Lady to her Sister, during a Tour to Paris, in the months of April and May, 1814. Pp. 120. Longman and Co.*

THIS is the chit chat information of a very rapid tour, to and from Paris, at a very momentous period. The letters, however, contain nothing more than common place observations on the amusements of that gay city, which the fair scribe appears to have pursued with Russian-like curiosity and expedition.

12      *Monthly Catalogue.—Miscellaneous.*

**ART. 36.—***Apparitions; or the Mystery of Ghosts, Hobgoblins, and haunted houses developed.* Being a collection of entertaining stories founded on fact; and selected for the purpose of eradicating those ridiculous fears which the ignorant, the weak, and the superstitious, are but too apt to encourage, for want of properly examining into the causes of such absurd impositions. By Joseph Taylor. Pp. 222. Lackington and Co. 1814.

WE do not want a ghost to instruct us, in the evil tendency of those tales of terror, with which old nurses and old maiden aunts, too frequently impress the infant mind.

Our author tells us that he was a martyr to supernatural apprehensions until the 23d year of his age, when an accidental Ghost-like arrangement of a new flannel dressing-gown, which he had the hardihood to attack, restored him to his senses, by convincing him how necessary it was to investigate appearances on all extraordinary occasions.

In illustration of his views, this gentleman recounts a number of terrific tales, which, at their beginning, strongly portend the existence of ghosts and hobgoblins; but, eventually, turn out to be the most accidental misconceptions in nature.

The inimitable romance of Don Quixote, was written in ridicule of the then prevailing Spanish taste for works of chivalry. As Mr. Taylor's motives appear to have been quite as good as those of Mr. Cervantes, we heartily wish he had been as well armed for the field.

**ART. 37.—***An Essay on Military Law; and the practice of courts martial.* By the late Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.R.S. (Lord Woodhouselle, one of the lords of sessions in Scotland) 3d ed. rendered conformable, in its references, to the last Mutiny Act, and containing such additional matter, as may serve to point out the present practice of the horse guards. By Charles James, late Major, Royal Artillery drivers; member of the honourable society of Lincoln's Inn, and author of the *Military Dictionary*, *Regimental Companion*, &c. &c. 8vo. Pp. 421. Egerton. 1814.

TYTLER on Courts Martial, has ever, we believe, been considered a military authority of the first respectability; and Mr. James is a meritorious and indefatigable compiler of military precedents. This work will be found very useful by the profession, for whose use it has been published.



## LIST OF BOOKS.

NOTE.—bd. signifies *bound*—h. bd. *half-bound*—ad. *sewed*. The rest are, with few exceptions, in *boards*. ed. signifies *edition* n. ed. *new edition*.

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THE  
**CRITICAL REVIEW:**

**SERIES THE FOURTH.**

**VOL. VI.**

**SEPTEMBER, 1814.**

**No. III.**

**ART. I.—***Canada; or a View of the Importance of the British American Colonies; shewing their extensive and improveable resources: and pointing out the great and unprecedented advantages which have been allowed to the Americans over our own colonists, together with the great Sacrifices which have been made by our late Commercial Regulations of the Commerce, and carrying trade of Great Britain to the United States: also exhibiting the points necessary to be kept in view, for the future encouragement of British Shipping, and for the protection and support of the Commercial Interests of Great Britain and her North American Colonies.* Addressed to the Right Hon. George Rose, &c. &c. &c. By David Anderson. Octavo, Pp. 365, 10s. 6d. Richardson, 1814.

UNLIKE the modern knight errant, who harlequined in and out of a country with pantomimic agility, and, then published his mummeries under the mask of 'TRAVELLED RESEARCHES,' our author, unfashionably skilled in foolery, has contented himself with exploring, by successive years of persevering study, the useful objects of this work.

The Canadas are not only the seat of our deplored warfare with America, but they are the object of contention, on which James Madison has fondly rivetted his gloating eyes; and he vainly dreams to pick his *tid-bit* in the *otium cum dignitate* of a retired conqueror.

The importance of the Canadas to the British govern-  
**CRIT. REV. Vol. 6, September, 1814.** Q

ment is abounding; and when that peace, to which we all look forward with unceasing anxiety, shall be, hereafter, ratified; we await, from the wisdom of our ministers, a mutual confirmation of the interests of the North American colonists and the British ship owners.

From a country, rich in its internal resources, and improveable as rich, we have much to hope; indeed much to expect. A comprehension; therefore, of these resources, so essential to our commercial interests, and so critically important at a moment of almost pending negotiation, cannot fail to enlighten and to gratify our national views.

Independently, however, of the positive value which attaches to our North American colonies, by far the most valuable of our colonial possessions, we have to consider and to appreciate the patriotic claims of our loyal brethren, who scarcely partake from the mother country, any portion of that fostering protection, which has been lavished by our liberality and our magnanimity, throughout suffering Europe.

And, that we may be the more independently prepared at the hour of pacific negotiation, to estimate and to confirm these rights, let ministers no longer doubt, but act. Let our North American brethren assert their claims at the head of a memorable army; and no longer be exposed to their own confined but heroic efforts, in opposing a crafty and an inveterate foe.

We will consider our North American possessions in a political point of view. *First*, as they rank foremost in our colonial establishments. *Secondly*, as to their positive value. *Thirdly*, as to their growing importance; and as they affect our commercial prosperity, and augment our maritime power.

*Ist.* Why they rank foremost in our colonial establishments.

On this head, we will take a slight sketch from our author, on the quality of their soil—of their climate—of their inhabitants—and of their agriculture,

‘*SOIL.*—From the river Little Metis, which is about two hundred miles below, upwards to St. Ann’s which is about sixty-five miles above Quebec, the country, although not mountainous, (except upon the north side of St. Laurence below Quebec,) nevertheless forms a very uneven and irregular surface.

'The kinds, of which the soil consist, are of great variety; being in some parts a very light sandy soil upon a sandy or gravelly bottom; and in other parts a strong clay, with almost all the variety of gradations which are to be found between these two extremes. There is, however, a much larger proportion of the very heavy sort than of the very light: indeed, throughout this tract of country, which is an extent of about *two hundred and sixty-five miles* upon the banks of the St. Laurence, the soil, with respect to kind, consists generally of a strong loam upon a sub-soil of red clay or till.

'With regard to quality; supposing the soil arranged into four distinct rates, there is not much of the best or first rate; neither is there much of the worst or fourth rate; the average may be considered to be about *a medium between the second and third rate qualities.*

'From St. Ann's, upwards, to the border of Upper Canada, which is about sixty miles above Montreal, being a length of about one hundred and seventy-five miles upon both sides of the St. Laurence; and from the border of Lower Canada, upwards, to the extremity of the settlements of the upper province at Detroit, being an extent of about five hundred and fifty miles upon the north banks of the St. Laurence and the lakes, makes, from St. Ann's upwards, a length of about *seven hundred and twenty-five miles* of a beautiful and level country. The general characteristics of the face of the country, throughout this vast extent, afford but little diversity in point of appearance. The kinds of soil, however, consist of considerable variety: but that which mostly prevails is a strong deep loam, which in many parts consists of a mixture of rich blue clay and friable earth: this is a kind of soil, which, in whatever country it is found, generally constitutes that of the best quality.

'A large proportion of this vast extent of country is of the *first rate quality*, and the average of the whole may be said to be *excellent.*'....

'CLIMATE.—The climate of any particular country ought to be estimated in proportion to the healthy, agreeable, and fertilizing properties, which it possesses: the climate of Upper and Lower Canada enjoys these advantages in an eminent degree.

'The summer, indeed, is extremely hot; but, as the atmosphere is remarkably clear and pure, the heat is therefore not so oppressive as in climates where the air is more close and sultry.

'The winter is intensely cold: but, as the frost continues without intermission during winter, and generally with a clear sky and a fine dry air, it is hereby rendered both healthy and pleasant; the cold being infinitely less penetrating than in moist climates.

'Foggy weather is very little experienced so far up the country as Montreal; or, indeed, much farther up than Quebec, and there

only occasionally in spring. But down the river, particularly towards its mouth, easterly winds are invariably attended with thick fogs.

'The spring sets in with a clear sky, and the air generally continues frosty until the snow is quite gone. The snow is, therefore, principally carried off by the rays of the sun; for it is but seldom that natural thaws are much experienced, until the snow is completely carried off. Rain seldom continues long at a time, in the spring; except in the mountainous districts. The spring in Lower Canada sets in earlier or later, in any particular place, as it is higher or lower upon the River St. Laurence; and this, even in the same parallel of latitude, being earlier as the country extends to the westward.....

'Hoar frost but seldom occurs in spring, which is a circumstance very favourable to every species of the earlier green crops, such as hemp, flax, peas, early potatoes, and a variety of others.

'During the summer season, and also the fall, rain or thick weather seldom continues more than two or three days together; not often, indeed, more than one day at a time: a most material circumstance in favour of making clean summer-fallow; raising fallow-crops; making hay; and performing the necessary operations in the management of hemp; as well as other agricultural avocations'.....

'**INHABITANTS.**—The population of the Canadas is composed of the descendants of the French colonists, who inhabited Canada at the conquest, and emigrants from the mother-country and the United States; perhaps the descendants of the French colonists constitute three-fourths or four-fifths of the whole population.

'As no census has been taken since the year 1783, it becomes impossible to state accurately what the population at present is.

'Mr. Harriot, in his history of Canada, computes the population of the lower province at 250,000, and that of the upper province at 80,000, in 1808; this computation I am inclined to think, from the opinions which I have heard upon the subject, is rather under than over-rated.

'However, taking this statement of Mr. Harriot's as a true estimate of the population in 1808, and with the ordinary increase amongst the inhabitants, and also taking into account the extraordinary influx of settlers from the United States, occasioned by Mr. Jefferson's embargo and other measures of the American government, between the year 1808 and the breaking out of hostilities between the two countries, I think we may now reasonably compute the population of Upper and Lower Canada at 375,000, of which the lower province may contain about 275,000.

'With regard to the respective characters of each of the three divisions or classes of people, composing the population of these provinces, and in the first place respecting the descendants of the French colonists, it may be observed, that they are honest and



upright in their reciprocal dealings to a degree scarcely any where to be met with where so much ignorance prevails, or indeed perhaps any where;—sociable and polite in their manners; and as far as regards economy, they are sensible, ingenious, and industrious.

‘It is very uncommon and extraordinary that these characteristics, and an almost total want of education, should exist together; and this circumstance shews what the people might be if they enjoyed the benefit of education.

‘The British and Americans may rank together in point of industry and economy; and, from the advantages which they enjoy from education are superior to the descendants of the French colonists in point of enterprise.’

We cannot speak of the inhabitants of this country, without some remark on their political situation.

It is notorious, that during the late American War, the descendants of the French colonists (inhabitants at the time of the conquest) manifested their loyalty and attachment to the mother-country with an honorably persevering zeal; and these sentiments, so far from being weakened by time and circumstances, have acquired increase of firmness; nor has religion forbidden their loyalty: as, on many occasions, the Roman Catholics have flocked round the standard of patriotism, erected by their priests, and have bled—died!—in defence of our rights and interests. Indeed, the actually passing events of those provinces confirm the fidelity of the Canadians, and entitle their energies to our warmest and best support.

Secondly. Their positive value.

To establish this point we refer to their population.... the extent of their cleared lands....their produce....and their exports.

‘In 1783, according to the census then taken, by order of government, the population was stated to have been 118,015; the quantity of land under cultivation 1,569,818 acres, and the quantity of seed sown 383,349 bushels. Allowing two bushels and a half of seed, per acre, there must have, therefore, been at that time 153,339 acres under grain.

‘Notwithstanding the amount of the population is computed at 375,000, in estimating the quantity of land under cultivation I shall take it at only 360,000. According to the above statement, the relative proportions of cleared land, of seed sown, and of acres under grain, to 360,000 inhabitants, is 5,062,428 acres of cleared land, 1,221,159 bushels of seed sown, and 488,463 acres under grain.’

Our author treats on the cultivation of wheat, barley, flax, hemp, &c. and, generally, upon all objects, and process, of agriculture. The exports will appear in the appendix.

Thirdly. Their growing importance.

These capabilities we shall exhibit in a two-fold view. That of our maritime and of our commercial interests. We will shew their importance in the produce of timber, flour, bread, grain, provisions, &c.

Regarding the important resources of the British North American provinces, it may not be improper to make a few observations concerning the qualities of the lumber exported from these colonies, the carriage of that article being, of all others, of the greatest importance to our shipping.

**OAK TIMBER.**—This article is only exported from the Canadas; there being none produced in the lower provinces fit for exportation.

Quebec oak consists of two kinds, which are WHITE and RED; the white is only exported, the red not being considered merchantable.

The merchantable size is 12 inches and upwards on the side; and 20 feet long, and upwards. There is not much brought to market under 12 inches; the general size is from 13 to 16 inches square, and from 30 to 40 feet long. In some few instances, however, a few pieces may be found to square even from 16 to 30 inches; and some sticks, perhaps, to run the length of 60 feet.

The quality of Quebec white oak is considered superior to any which we import from any other part of America, or even from Europe. This may be proved by inspecting the prices current at those ports, wherein all the variety of qualities we import are to be found.

Before oak can be exported from Canada, it must be inspected by a person, appointed by government, for that purpose, and stamped as merchantable. That which is rejected as unmerchantable is not allowed to be exported.

The faults for which it is considered unmerchantable are, its being red oak, under 20 feet long,—under 12 inches upon the side,—having unsound knots,—being crooked or ill-squared,—and its being ringed, which last is the most general and the greatest of all faults.

Ringed timber is that which has begun to rot or decay in the heat. When this disease has but just commenced, it requires a good judge to discover the defect, which, in a circular manner, appears, by shewing a small shade of difference in the colour.

From this variety of the quality of oak in the Quebec market, a proportionate variety of prices are produced; the unsound, perhaps,

selling at 6d. per foot, and the best at 2s. 6d. Hence is the difference of the quality and character of Quebec-built ships most satisfactorily accounted for; being built of timber which differs 400 per cent. in price; their quality must of necessity differ materially, and, therefore, no wonder that opinions the most opposite, concerning their durability, may be formed by those unacquainted with this circumstance.

'The quality of Quebec oak, compared with English and the American oak, may be judged of by the price it bears in the London and Liverpool markets. In London its price is generally a medium between that of the best and that of the worst quality of English oak,—maintaining a price about 20 to 30 per cent. higher than the worst, and about the like proportion under the best; and, in Liverpool, it will be found to have commanded for a number of years past, a price about 20 per cent. higher than that imported from America.

'The quantity of oak timber exported from Quebec.

In 1804 was 2,626 loads

In 1806 --- 5,452

In 1810 --- 22,532

'**PINE-TIMBER**—There are two kinds of pine or fir timber exported from British North-America, viz. **RED** and **YELLOW**. There is none of what is properly termed white pine exported from these provinces.

'At the port of Quebec, as well as in the other ports of the St. Laurence, pine-timber, as well as oak, must be inspected, and found merchantable before it can be exported.

'Neither red nor yellow pine is merchantable under 12 inches on the side, nor under 20 feet long.

'Yellow pine runs from 14 to 22 inches on the side, and, in some instances, even to 30, and from 30 to 45 feet in length: it may be had, however, 50 to 60 feet long, and upwards. It is generally perfectly straight, and remarkably free from knots. Indeed, many sticks, and even whole lots, are to be found without even a single knot; this is to be accounted for by the extraordinary length of the timber of the Canadian forests in general. When the trees are felled, they must be greatly reduced in length, that they may be the more conveniently hauled to the rivers which are to float them to market; a large proportion of the top part, with all the knots, is consequently cut off.

'**RED PINE** was little known in Canada before the year 1808, when there was a small quantity exported. In 1809, the quantity shipped was very considerable; indeed, as soon as it was particularly inquired after, it was furnished in abundance. Quebec and other American red pine for strength and durability, is equal to any which we import from any other country whatever.

## 224 Anderson's Importance of British America.

‘ The quantity of pine-timber exported from Quebec.

In 1804 was 1,012 loads.

In 1806 ---- 2,761

In 1810 ---- 69,271

‘ **MASTS.**—Government have been for some years past principally supplied with masts from our American provinces. These colonies furnish masts of the largest dimensions, even to 35 inches. The proportionate dimensions of masts are three feet in length to every inch in diameter, at the partners, with the addition of nine feet. A thirty 35-inch mast is, therefore, 114 feet long, which is about the greatest length wanted in the Royal Navy. Yellow-pine-masts, of the largest dimensions, are to be had in the greatest abundance ; but of red pine there are few to be found above 20 or 21 inches.

‘ The number of masts and bowsprits exported from Quebec,

In 1804 was 115 pieces.

In 1806 ---- 354

In 1810 -- 7,655

‘ **DEALS.**—The deals (or pine plank, as they are technically termed in Canada) which are exported from that country, run generally from 2 to 3½ inches thick, 7 to 11 broad, and 12 feet long. They are not reckoned by any particular standard, but are sold by the thousand superficial feet, of their respective thicknesses, reckoning 1200 to the thousand.’

Pursuing the subject with luminous skill, our author proceeds to shew,

‘ that these colonies are capable of supplying the most extensive demand which the mother country, and all the other colonies, which she possesses, can afford for timber. That, if their resources are encouraged to flow in their proper channel, they are adequate to supply our West Indian settlements with flour, provisions, &c. And, that it only requires, a little well directed attention to render them capable of supplying the mother country with hemp and flax.’

These are grand considerations of national import, and call aloud for a calm, yet spirited review, of the enormous sacrifice of our shipping and commerce to the United States, occasioned by the great and unjust advantage allowed them over our American colonists. As well as all the minor causes of discouragement which the interests of our loyal brethren have suffered, and still continue to experience. These points : being fully understood, it remains with us to draw general conclusions on these national advantages. We have seen the capabilities of our North American colo-

nies to supply our West India colonies with provisions, and the mother country with timber, hemp, flax, &c. Let us, now, see how far such important benefits entitle the inhabitants to share, at least, in the general protection we afford to our other colonies

Need we recal attention to our original war with America? If we do, how painfully will memory record the invited disasters of that epoch! And how invited? by our contempt of the energies of our own race. By slighting the powers of a people naturally gifted with ourselves: and by the tardy, and inadequate resources we gave to our arms

Let the fatality of this lesson, therefore, now serve us as an awful monitor. Instead of a handful of troops, let a respectable force proclaim our rights, and silence our opponents. Let us not send our men to slaughter, but to victory: and instead of sustaining, a second time, humiliation from a contemned enemy, let us emulate the *veni, vidi, vici* of Cæsar, or, not to go so far back in history, let us remember the promptitude and decision with which Bonaparte achieved his conquests.

‘The danger of the Canadas consists chiefly in their small population being disposed along an immense extent of the frontier of a populous hostile country.—Their safety consists, in the first place, in the combined circumstances of the river St. Laurence, and the strong garrison of Quebec being the key to the country, and of our fleets being able to command the navigation of the St. Laurence; in the second place, in the loyalty of their inhabitants, and the firm attachment of the Indians to the British interest; and in the third place, in the aid of a British army.

‘With respect to the first of these defensive properties, viz. the strength of the garrison of Quebec, and the power which we possess of commanding the navigation of the river St. Laurence, it may be observed, that, although these are certainly valuable properties, yet, unattended by the other two, they would be found comparatively of little avail. For, were the Americans in possession of the country, and the Canadians indifferent to our interests, and we in possession of the river St. Laurence, notwithstanding that that river is, and necessarily must be, the channel of commerce to the extensive country upon its waters; yet we should, in that case, be only so far in possession of the Canadas, by merely holding the St. Laurence, as we should be in possession of the Russian empire, by having the command of the mouths of the Baltic and Black Sea.

‘The command which the possession of the garrison of Quebec and the river St. Laurence has over the Canadas are valuable advantages, and certainly of vast importance: but they are only to the pos-

session of the Canadas, as the capital is to the kingdom, or as the citadel to the city. In the defence of the country, they are strong and important positions ; but to rest the safety of our possession of the country, in any considerable degree, upon them, would be little better than voluntarily resigning it to the enemy.

‘ Our government, however, must have trusted the safety of those provinces principally to these circumstances, otherwise they would have been more prompt in furnishing the means of defending them at the commencement of hostilities, and, at this moment, would have had a much greater force in that country.’

This discussion is followed by a view of our alliance with the Indian States....the firm attachment of those people....and the advantages to result therefrom.

Respecting the impolicy of suffering the Americans to take possession of Louisiana, much might be said ; but it is far better said by that modern Machiavel, the subtle Talleyrand, in a pamphlet he wrote, during the consulship of Bonaparte. His opinion is decided. He calls this fertile tract of country, ‘ the banks of the Nile of America.’

Interesting extracts are given in this volume. But our government does not boast the prophetic vision of a Talleyrand. And that territory which the political Frenchman viewed not only as a valuable acquisition in point of produce, but, in point of tactics, our liberal government, half asleep and half awake, permitted, in their lethargy, to be possessed by the United States, in trust for Bonaparte ; thereby tacitly authorising a confederated force to wring the Canadas from our possession.

And what would such an acquisition prove to the United States ? Nothing less than this...it would invest them with permanent facilities to become a fearful maritime power !

In proportion, therefore, independently of all other reasoning, as the Canadas would become valuable to the United States, the Canadas become invaluable to Great Britain. We must not continue to risk these almost unprotected treasures to the grasp of our enemy. We must not sow disaffection and distrust in the minds of our almost deserted brethren. We must not metamorphose, by neglect, their patriotic enthusiasm, into a disloyal indifference for our interests ; nor must we repay with ingratitude their staunch efforts of persevering attachment.

According to our author, the United States, in the short period of twenty years, has doubled its population ; which, at this moment, amounts to nearly 8,000,000 of

souls. They have increased their exports from 16,000,000 to 118,000,000 of dollars ; their shipping from 939,000 to 1,911,250 tons ; and, before they had either embodied an army, or fitted out a navy, they, by the superior artifices of negotiation, nearly doubled their territory, and trebled their maritime resources.

And all these evils are manifest in our granting them permission to fish upon our American coast....their possession of Louisiana....and the general sacrifice of our maritime laws from the date of American independence to subsequent hostilities with this country. Of Louisiana, our author says,

‘ The inhabitants of this extensive, populous, and fertile country, hated the Americans, and would have been glad to have been placed under our protection. Our government, however, tamely looked on, whilst the United States took possession of this fine country in trust for Bonaparte ; being the first step of a project concerted between the American government and this Corsican tyrant, for wresting the Canadas from us.

‘ Passing over, however, all former transactions, now is the time to rectify at once all former mistakes, by taking immediate possession of this desirable country. Its own intrinsic value renders it infinitely more than equal to balance every expence of such an undertaking, even were the cost more than ten times the amount which probability may indicate.

‘ Its value to us is greatly enhanced by its contiguity to our West Indian possessions,—by the favourable disposition of the people towards us,—by its being the key to the rich and fertile plains upon the rivers Mississippi and Ohio,—by the door which it would open to the introduction of our manufactures into one of the most populous and richest of all the Spanish colonies, (Mexico,)—and by the command it would give us over the United States.

‘ The possession of this territory would be, to use Talleyrand’s expression, ‘ a rein by which the fury of the States, may be held at ‘ pleasure.’ The Indians to the northward, being already devoted to our interest, the possession of this country would place the Indian force of almost the whole continent of North America at our disposal.—Thus should we be enabled, at all times, to keep the United States in check, almost without the aid of British troops.

‘ In a commercial point of view, the acquisition of this territory would be of immense importance. It would, at all times, secure to us an opportunity of supplying the southern and western parts of the United States with our manufactures. And the Canadas, also, affording us the like privilege upon her northern frontier, we should thereby have at all times, secured to us a door of ready access to one of the most valuable fields of British commerce.

'The possession of all these colonies would render the whole border of the United States a permanent channel, which the American government never could prevent from being the means of vending our manufactures throughout the interior of her country, even whatever her disposition might be in this respect.

'The produce of Louisiana is lumber, wheat, rice, Indian corn, provisions, cotton, indigo, tobacco, &c.

'These articles are of great importance, both to our West-India islands, and the mother-country. The savings of the produce of that country would also be of great importance to our shipping-interest: the additional employment it would afford our ships would be immense.

'In fact, such an acquisition would be advantageous to all parties; to the mother-country, by opening a new and extensive market for her manufacture,—by securing to her an immense augmentation to the employ of her shipping, besides insuring her, both in peace and in war, an abundant supply of several articles of the greatest importance.—The possession of this territory would not only secure to our West-Indian possessions an abundant and regular supply of every article of American produce; but, in time of war, would, in many respects, prove a protection and defence to them.

'And, what is most important, the many advantages which the inhabitants of Louisiana would derive from our being in the possession of it, would undoubtedly secure their firm attachment to our interest. The act of our taking possession would be the immediate remission of many heavy duties to which they are now liable, and the immediate opening of a market for their produce; while the produce of the United States would continue blockaded in their ports. There is no doubt but that these advantages, coupled with the hatred which the inhabitants of that country bear to the Americans, would render its possession at once secure.'

The volume closes with an appendix of exports, of produce and manufacture of Upper and Lower Canada.

No. 1. From Quebec 1803—1812.

No. 2. Estimates of tonnage, and value of exports from Quebec in 1806—1810—respectively. This table describes the rapid increase of the Canadian exports.

No. 3. British duties, and countervailing duties; the enormous advantages allowed America in both.

No. 4. American duties, and countervailing duties.—Her countervailing duties exceed ours no less than the enormous amount of 3,300 per cent.

No. 5. High price of British ships, &c.

No. 6. Intercourse between our West India settlements and the United States.

No. 7. Number of merchant ships, with the amount of their tonnage, annually built in Great Britain, for the last



25 years, with an estimate of the quantity of oak timber used in the united kingdom, for maritime purposes.

No. 8. Statement of the rapid increase of the employment which British ships have lately received from our American provinces.

No. 9. Extensive improvable resources of British America, exhibited by a comparative statement of the amount of tonnage cleared out from the ports of these colonies, and the United States respectively.

No. 10. Importance of British America, exhibited by a comparative statement of the imports which Great Britain has received from these provinces, and the United States, respectively.

No. 11. Great and rapidly encreasing demand from British America for British manufactures, exhibited by a comparative statement of the value of our exports to the United States, and to our American colonies respectively.

No. 12. British imports from 1804—1813.

No. 13. British exports from 1804—1813.

No. 14. American shipping.

No. 15. Gross amount of the tonnage of British merchant shipping.

No. 16. Shipping, annually, entered inwards.

No. 17. Shipping, annually, cleared outwards.

No. 18. Amount of fish exported from the British colonies in North America in the years 1805—1808.

Such is the object of our author's patriotic labours, and his reasonings are so plain, his deductions so evident, his information so extensive, that we think he will be always read with pleasure, and, generally with conviction.

Our review, however, has been limited to a political consideration of the Canadas, as they affect our national interests. Let us, before we close, make some remarks upon the picturesque scenery with which this country abounds.

'The river Montmorenci, which empties itself into the Saint Lawrence, at the distance of eight miles to the north-east of Quebec, was called after a mareschal of that name, who was viceroy of New France. Passing through a course from the north-east, of considerable length, the first settlement through which it flows is called La Motte, situated on the northern extremity of a sloping ground, which gradually descends from the mountains, to the coast of the great river. At La Motte, the waters diffuse them-

selves into shallow currents, interrupted by rocks, which break them into foam, accompanied by murmuring sounds, tending to enliven the solitude and solemn stillness, which prevail throughout the surrounding forests, and on the desolate hills. The channel of the river, farther down, is bounded by precipitous rocks, its breadth becomes extremely contracted, and the rapidity of its current is proportionably augmented. At a place called the *natural steps*, there are cascades of the height of ten, or twelve feet. These steps have been gradually formed, by the accession of waters which the river receives in its progress, at the breaking up of winter, and by the melting of snows. From the middle of April to the end of May, its waters roll along with an increasing height and rapidity. The banks, from the natural steps, downwards to the Saint Lawrence, are composed of a lime slate, placed in horizontal strata, from the depth of five to twenty-four inches each, connected by fibrous gypsum of a whitish colour. The waters, at the season already mentioned, powerfully impelled in their course, insinuate themselves between the strata, dissolve the gypsum, and tear the horizontal rock, which gives way, in fragments of various sizes, yielding to the rushing violence of the sweeping torrent. The regularity displayed in the formation of some of those steps, is well deserving of observation.

On the east side, the bank is almost perpendicular, is nearly fifty feet in altitude, and is covered at the summit, with trees. The south-west bank, rises beyond the steps; in looking downwards it appears also wooded, and terminates in a precipice. The bank, on the opposite side, assumes a regularity of shape so singular, as to resemble the ruins of a lofty wall. Somewhat below the banks, on each side, are clothed with trees, which, together with the effect produced by the foaming currents, and the scattered masses of stone, compose a scene wild and picturesque. From hence, taking a south direction, the stream is augmented in velocity, and forms a cascade interrupted by huge rocks; and at a distance farther down, of five hundred yards, a similar effect is produced. After thus exhibiting a grateful variety throughout its course, the river is precipitated in an almost perpendicular direction, over a rock of the height of two hundred and forty-six feet, falling where it touches the rock, in white clouds of rolling foam, and underneath where it is propelled with un-

interrupted gravitation, in numerous flakes, like wool or cotton, which are gradually protracted in their descent, until they are received into the boiling, profound abyss below.

‘ Viewed from the summit of the cliff, from whence they are thrown, the waters, with every concomitant circumstance, produce an effect awfully grand, and wonderfully sublime. The prodigious depth of their descent, the brightness and volubility of their course, the swiftness of their movement through the air, and the loud and hollow noise emitted from the basin, swelling with incessant agitation from the weight of the dashing waters, forcibly combine to attract the attention, and to impress with sentiments of grandeur and elevation, the mind of the spectator. The clouds of vapours, arising, and assuming the prismatic colours, contribute to enliven the scene. They fly off in the form of a revolving sphere, emitting with velocity, pointed flakes of spray, which spread in receding, until intercepted by neighbouring banks, or dissolved in the atmosphere.

‘ The breadth of the fall is one hundred feet. The basin is bounded by steep cliffs, composed of grey lime slate, lying in inclined strata, which on the east and west sides, are subdivided into innumerable thin shivers, forming with the horizon, an angle of forty-five degrees, and containing between them, fibrous gypsum and *pierre à calumet*.\* Mouldering incessantly, by exposure to the air, and to the action of the weather, no surface for vegetation remains upon these substances.

‘ An advantageous view of the fall may be obtained from the beach, when the tide of the great river is low. In this are included, the east bank of the river, the point of Ange Gardien, and Cape Tourment. The south-west point of the basin, becomes the nearest object, beyond which appears the cataract of resplendent beauty, foaming down the gloomy precipice, whose summits are crowned with woods. Its reflection from the bed beneath, forms a contrast to the shades thrown by the neighbouring cliffs. The diffusion of the stream, to a breadth of five hundred yards, with the various small cascades produced by the inequalities in its rocky bed, on its way to the Saint Laurence, display a singular and pleasing combination. It runs for about four hundred yards, through a wide and steep gulph,

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\* Soft stone, of which the heads of pipes, are sometimes formed.

which it is generally supposed that its waters have excavated. One circumstance seems, however, to controvert this conjecture. The bed beneath, over which the river flows, is invariably composed of a solid stratum of rock, over several parts of which, there are fords for the passage of carriages. The general depth of water, does not here exceed eight inches but partial channels have been worn by the stream, few of which are above three or four feet in depth. There appears no vestige of any deep excavation, except in the vicinity of the fall, which, if it had ever receded from the Saint Lawrence, must have formed in the solid bed of rock, basins of considerable depth. The ford being in most places, rugged and unequal, its passage is unpleasant, and not altogether safe.

At the lower extremity of the island, there are situations no less bold than picturesque ; the north shore is interspersed with immense masses of detached limestone-rock ; the south side is clothed with trees to the borders of the great river ; from either are seen cape Tourment, the isles, and the mountains named Les Eboulements, which pierce the clouds with their pointed summits. The soil of the island is, in general, fertile, affording more produce than is necessary for the consumption of its inhabitants. Not many years ago, it was, for two successive seasons, visited by a scourge, which swept away, in its progress, the whole productions of the land. The grasshoppers, which are in a great degree multiplied, by the too long continuance of dry weather, appeared in such redundancy of swarms, as to consume every vegetable substance, and almost totally to cover the surface of the ground ; when, by their destructive ravages, the island became so denuded of verdure, as no longer to afford them the means of sustenance, they assembled on the water in clusters, resembling small rafts, and floated with the tide and wind, along the basin of the Saint Lawrence, to Quebec, where they filled the decks and cordage of the vessels at anchor, and afterwards betook themselves through the town to the ramparts, which, having stript of grass, they proceeded in separate columns, through the country to the southward. A considerable part of their number probably perished in the voyage from the island, and the remainder having a greater extent of territory over which to spread, their depredations became less perceptible.

Although in almost the whole of the cataracts in Lower Canada, a certain similarity of effect is discoverable, the

precipices over which they pour their waters being nearly perpendicular ; and although these sublime objects so frequently occur, that the impression which novelty produces on the mind, is thereby in a great degree weakened, yet each is distinguishable by peculiar features. The accumulated waters in the spring of the year, by abradings, and sweeping down, portions of the solid rock, incessantly produce alterations, and thus enlarge the channel, or render it more deep.

‘ The landscape which environs this fall, is grand and romantic. The banks are rugged, steep, and wild, being covered with a variety of trees. Below, large and irregular masses of limestone rock, are piled upon each other. Not one half of the mountain can be seen by the spectator, when stationed by the side of the river. The whole of the waters of the fall, are not immediately received into the basin beneath, but a hollow rock, about fifteen feet high, receives a part which glides from thence, in the form of a section of a sphere. The river, throughout the remainder of its courses is solitary, wild, and broken, and presents other scenes worthy of observation.’

‘ In vain would the labours of art, endeavour to produce, in the gardens of palaces, beauties, which the hand of nature scatters in the midst of unfrequented wilds. The river, from about one-fourth of the height of the mountain, discloses itself to the contemplation of the spectator, and delights his eye with varied masses of shining foam, which, suddenly issuing from a deep ravine hollowed out by the waters, glide down the almost perpendicular rock, and form a splendid curtain, which loses itself amid the foliage of surrounding woods. Such is the scene which the fall of La Puce exhibits, when viewed from the summit of a bank on the eastern side of the river.’

The whole scenery of the river Saint Laurence abounds in beautiful and stupendous sports of nature. That part, particularly called “ THE NIAGARA,” exhibits the grandeur of the picturesque, in great varieties.’

‘ To descend the perpendicular cliff on the eastern bank is attended with difficulty, and with some degree of peril. Few of the roots and vines which formerly hung downwards from the trees any longer remain. In descending the craggy steep, the adventurer must cling to the rock with his hands and feet, moving onward with great caution. On his arrival at the base of the cliff, he is struck by a development of

scenery, yet more awfully stupendous than that which had before been presented to his contemplation. Here nature, agitated, by the struggles of contending elements, assumes a majestic and tremendous wildness of form. Here terror seems to hold his habitation. Here brilliancy, profundity, motion, sound, and tumultuous fury, mingle throughout the scene. The waters appear to pour from the sky, with such impetuosity that a portion is thrown back in clouds of vapour. The mind, expanded by the immensity and splendour of the surrounding objects, is disposed to give issue to the sensations of awe and wonder by which she is impressed, in the ejaculations similar to that of the Psalmist of Israel, 'Great and marvellous are thy works!'

'The huge fragments of rock which have been thrown from the summit of the precipice, by the irresistible strength of the torrent, and which have fallen upon each other in towering heaps beneath, suggest to the imagination an idea of what may take place previous to the general consummation of this terrestrial scene, when ancient monuments of marble, under which princes of the earth have for ages slept, shall be burst asunder, and torn up from their foundations.

'Can so vast, so rapid, and so continual a waste of water never drain its sources? These are inexhaustible; and the body which throws itself down these cliffs, forms the sole discharge of four immense inland seas.

'The effect produced by the cold of winter on these sheets of water thus rapidly agitated, is at once singular and splendid. Icicles of great thickness and length are formed along the banks, from the springs which flow over them. The sources impregnated with sulphur, which drain from the hollow of the rocks, are congealed into transparent blue columns. Cones are formed by the spray, particularly on the American side, which have in several places large fissures disclosing the interior, composed of clusters of icicles, similar to the pipes of an organ. Some parts of the falls are consolidated into fluted columns, and the river above is seen partially frozen. The boughs of the trees in the surrounding woods are hung with purest icicles formed from the spray, and reflecting in every direction the rays of the sun, produce a variety of prismatic hues, and a lustre almost too refulgent to be long sustained by the powers of vision.'

**ART. II.**—*Tracts, Historical and Statistical on India* ; with journal of several tours through various parts of the Peninsula. Also, an account of Sumatra, in a series of letters. By Benjamin Heyne, M. D. F. L. S. Member of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, and the Learned Societies of Bombay, Berlin, &c. and surgeon and naturalist on the establishment of Fort St. George. Illustrated by maps, and other plates. Quarto. Pp. 462. £2, 2s. Robert Baldwin, 1814.

WE have lately had occasion, in reviewing Mr. Milburn's excellent work on Oriental Commerce, to lay so much general information before our readers, on India affairs, that we must, without disparagement to the merits of the volume before us, direct our remarks to such parts of it, as will afford most novelty of information. That the genius, however, of our present author, may not suffer by this partial arrangement, we hasten to extract his sensible, and well regulated opinions on the British Government of India.

‘It is generally acknowledged, that no nation in Europe, is better acquainted with the art of governing than the British. It has been contended, however, by the French, on mere theoretical principles, that this panegyric does not apply to the management of their colonies. When we take an attentive view of their astonishing success, and of the security with which we find they are established in many parts of the globe, but especially in India, we cannot hesitate to esteem them equally as great legislators in that country as in their own. For my part, I feel myself both unequal and disinclined to enter upon a discussion of such a subject. My object is different. It is an anxious wish that the little knowledge which I have acquired may contribute towards rendering the natives of India as happy under the British government as I feel myself.

‘That happiness is ideal, and not real, is a truth with which I am forcibly impressed. Still this ideal phantom, when wanted, renders a man as miserable as the possession of it would produce the contrary effect. Public happiness may be defined the absence of all grievances either real or imaginary, provided they be felt as grievances. The art of governing well consists in an equal distribution of those burdens and benefits which result from a regular government. In order to render the regal power more agreeable to the people, the greatest and most shining share of the beneficial branch of government is vested in the king or the supreme magistrate. Indeed, he is the nominal source of all good. To impose the taxes, and lay on those burdens which constitute the disagreeable part of government, is wisely left in Great Britain to the people at large, through the medium of their delegates.—Hence the hatred to which the power that imposes hardships must be exposed, is, therefore, only attached to the instrument employed individually in the distribution of them.

'The only reason why the natives of Hindostan might not think themselves as happy as the nature of things will admit, under the British Government, is, in my opinion, owing to the strange division of the forementioned branches of it. The Company has retained to itself the distribution of evil or the executive power, with the collection of the revenues ; but have left the dispensation of the sweets of a good government to native tributary princes, or even to their own native servants, who consequently derive the benefit arising from that situation.

'A ryot in the northern Circars, or any other part of the Company's dominions will candidly acknowledge that the collector takes nothing but the Company's due. This very action, however, is a grievance in the eyes of a Hindoo, who considers possession as a real right of property, which by his religious laws and principles he is allowed to retain by the most flagitious and sacrilegious means. The same revenue is exacted by the Zemindar, and probably in greater proportion to the produce ; but it is done in a very different way from that of the collectors and under a combination of happier circumstances.

'A Zemindar first tries persuasion ; and when he has used compulsion, he endeavours to sooth the poor ryot or sub-renter, by attention and flattery, by an entertainment or a trifling present. He tells him that all hardship inflicted is merely at the instance of the Company who enforce payments of their kists from him with the greatest rigour. The poor plundered man returns home quite proud of the attention, and pleased with the conduct of the Rajah. On his arrival he hears the Rajah praised by the Bramins, who, probably, have returned home with tumbalas for their enams, or with pattas for new ones. Or he hears him extolled by the enam peons, who boast of the distinction with which they have been treated, and of the emoluments they derive from the lands which they cultivate. Or the curnam expatiates with exultation on the allowance made by the Rajah for village expences. In short the praises of the darma Rajah resound from every mouth.

'From the collector the ryot returns with far different sensations. When the kist is paid he is dismissed without farther ceremony ; and comes home brooding over his imaginary losses. The bramins of the village, who enjoy enams, are silent ; those that have none (which constitute the greater part) complain ; for not even a chance of acquiring any is left them. The former obtain their tumbalas from the sub-renter, and bless him for it ; or, as I know is the case in the northern Circars, they consider their lands as real property, insured to them by means of stipulations between the Nizam and the Company.

'From the peons, a very numerous class of the middle and lower ranks of people in India, nothing is heard but complaints. They are not only disregarded, but often deprived of their pikes and daggers, which they consider as the very pride of their existence ; and sometimes also of their enams or privileges, which frequently consist in no



thing more than an equal share of the produce of the land which they cultivate, but which are considered by themselves as matters of great importance.

‘ Here I must advert to the position respecting happiness, with which I began this Tract. The Hindoo thinks himself happy, if he, as well as the other classes of his nation, especially the Bramins, whom he is taught to consider as belonging to a race of beings superior to himself, and to regard as protecting angels, be permitted to remain in the undisturbed exercise and enjoyment of their ancient customs and privileges. The Bramin thinks himself just as much entitled to receive enams and other charitable gifts, as the ryot to a share of the produce of the land which he cultivates. Hence, when he does not receive them he considers himself as injured. Those who enjoy these donations are never reminded that they are charitable gifts, and of course they are unthankful. Those whose ancestors did not transmit to them these privileges are convinced that they will never obtain them from government. Hence their loud complaints, and the readiness with which they would be disposed to support those from whom they might expect a different treatment. They would unite with pleasure in supporting any upstart rebel, whether he were a Hindoo or a Moorman. The lower classes, ever influenced and led by the ministers of their religion, consider the grievances of the Bramins as their own; and as their vanity is never flattered by the Company’s government, which alone could induce them to forget their fellow-subjects, readily join them in lamentations, and would do so likewise in case of a rebellion.

‘ The Bramins in the district of the Zemindar look up to him for charitable gifts, and are therefore not only ready to support him, but even to prevent a change of administration; because they know, that if the country should become amany not the least chance of obtaining enams is left them.

‘ It is not uncommon for the lands to be partially resumed by the Zemindar, which enables him to raise his reputation by new gifts, which he fails not to bestow. He takes from one in order to give to another.

‘ I have often heard them declare, that the Company’s amany administration was strictly just; but they thought it comparatively not so good as a Moorish government, and greatly inferior to a Hindoo one. Under the Moorish, say they, a poor man might by chance acquire riches, and experience a turn of good luck, of which, in the same government, the richer are often deprived; whereas, in the Company’s district, none are plundered, and consequently none, by an extraordinary accumulation of favour, rise upon the ruins of others.

‘ If these defects in the British government in India were generally understood, nothing would be more easy than to remedy them. But I have reason to believe that they are not understood by those who have the supreme direction of affairs in India. Thousands of difficul-

'es indeed start up before my eyes, which I do not venture to mention, because they may, perhaps, be greater in appearance than in reality. Something material, however, might be done, I conceive, without any further investigation, and founded on the strictest principles of justice.

' Would it not be advisable that enamdars of all descriptions, and in all districts, whether amany or under Zemindars, should be publicly announced as under the particular protection and exclusive authority of Government? Even those who have lately acquired, or may hereafter acquire, enams from the Zemindar, should be placed in the same predicament. This would put an effectual stop to the squandering away of lands, and at once detach the greatest interest in the country from the Rajahs. The Curnums would become more independent of the Zemindars, and all accounts would be more open to investigation. Registers might be opened of all enamdars and enam lands, and those persons who neglect to have them enrolled should be invariably deprived of them, in favour of the informers, or others; for, provided they be given away, it signifies not to whom.

' To impress the minds of the people with the good intention of Government, printed puttass should be distributed among all registered as enamdars, in which the Company is represented as confirming their enams, so long as they continue dutiful and faithful subjects. At the same time it might be made known, that all those enamdars would invariably be deprived of their enams, who, in the event of a rebellion in any district, do not immediately repair with their families to such countries as continue in a state of quietness and attached to the Company. Tumbalas should also be regularly distributed, expressive of the charity which yearly is renewed to the enam holders.

' A certain proportion of uncultivated lands might be allotted for new enams, or for such Bramins and Chetris as could prove that they had either themselves cleared and cultivated waste lands, or had encouraged others to do so. By such conduct I conceive that the Bramins and Nobles of the Country would feel at once that they depended solely upon Government, and be encouraged to look forward to favours and emoluments for which there was no opening before.

' The consequence of this would be, that another and a formidable class of people (I mean the peons) would be attached to the interests of the Company. They are looked up to, by the rest of the natives, as their natural protectors. They are paid by some trifling enams, or by receiving equal shares of the produce of a certain quantity of their Circar land; and when they are actually employed, they receive daily batta. They are a proud, haughty, warlike race, who wield the spear with intrepidity in the day of battle. If they can be attached to the Company's interest, nothing is to be feared from foreign or internal

enemies. I allude here only to enam Peons, and not to the common rebels, consisting of Moormen and other idlers, whose sole property consists in a sword or a match-lock; who readily attach themselves to every upstart, and as readily forsake him. I allude to those peons who surround the native princes; whose principle it is to fall in the field of battle with their masters, and who are known rather to sacrifice themselves than survive them. I know it is a favourite maxim to disarm these people; but that can never be effected so long as a bamboo grows in India, or a pointed plough-share is to be met with in the fields. Would it not be a wiser policy to conciliate and secure their friendship? They are all fond of distinction. If they were publicly declared Circar Peons, under the particular and exclusive authority of the Company, registered as such, and their enams promised to themselves and their families, so long as they showed themselves faithful servants; if they were to be assured that they would never be removed from the districts in which they reside, excepting when they were actually employed in war—by these, and similar modes, they might be gained in a very short time. Officers might be appointed in every district, not to drill them, but to become personally acquainted with them, and to lead them into the field when their services were wanted.

‘Honorary guards might be furnished, out of their number, to the tributary Rajahs, as they are accustomed to this kind of pageantry. They would serve as an effectual guard over them, as soon as they were accustomed to look up to a superior power as their immediate protector.

‘The great end of all this—the popularity of the present Government with the natives of India—would be secured; and an army, amounting at least to 100,000, would be organized on the coast at little or no expense.

‘It may be said that consanguinity, or relationship, attaches the Peons to the native Princes. I believe I have heard the observation made; but I do not think it well founded. A slight review of the casts, or tribes, among whom most of this description of men are found, will readily convince any person that no such consanguinity can exist.

‘To this proposal it may be objected, that all alienations of lands are losses to the revenue, which ought rather to be gradually increased by the resumption of enams to which no ancient title can be produced. I once thought so myself, and was most assiduous in hunting after and pointing out all illegal claims; but, upon more mature reflection, I am of opinion that it would tend more to the advantage of a government so great and powerful as that of the British in India, were they to be indulgent in this respect, and thus evince that attention to the real or ideal happiness of their numerous subjects, which, in other respects, they are so anxious to exhibit. The intention of establishing courts of justice, and of conferring the property of the lands

upon the native princes, may be adduced as striking instances. But, I am sorry to say, that they are not such as will contribute, by their effects, to the happiness of the middle or lower classes of the natives of India.'

- To pursue the author :—

' We encamped near a very remarkable pagoda, for which it is said the gods collected water from no less than three millions of rivers. Every bramin who visits the place, for the first time, must perform his ablutions in this tank, and spend some money in charity, or rather in furnishing food to a number of bramins of the place, in honour of the manes of his forefathers.

' The real age of this large pagoda is lost in obscurity; but the Hindoos affirm that it was built by Weswakarmadu, the chief architect of the Dewatas. He lived in the golden age, and the gates were constructed by him of gold, which, in that happy æra, constituted the common material. The Annagunda Krishnarailu, it is said, built the very extensive porticos erected on no fewer than a thousand pillars; and I think it probable that, under the reign of that prince, the pagoda acquired much of its celebrity. It is now a noble building, and well worth seeing; but as the Bramins would not allow me to view the interior, I disdained to take any notice of the exterior. The arrogance and contumely with which the Bramins in the Carnatic are allowed to treat Europeans, is almost proverbial; and as it proceeds entirely from the motives which the Madras Dubashes are inculcating and spreading, it is becoming more and more intolerable. Something is due to inveterate prejudices, but to countenance them, and to suffer them to be encouraged, is acting with too much liberality.'

The following extracts are extremely curious.

' The palaces built by Hyder and his son Tippoo Sultan are all upon one plan, but I do not consider myself as adequate to give a description of them: the brilliancy of the colours with which they are painted have attracted the notice of all who have had an opportunity of seeing them. On that account I conceive it will be interesting to give an account of the way in which these colours are prepared and laid on.

' The gold colour, so lavishly applied, is one of the best counterfeits that can well be conceived. To make this colour, the following articles must be got ready:—linseed oil, two sirs; chandrasam (yellow resin), one sir; dickamalie (aloe socotrina), six drams; musambram (a yellowish-green gum resin, mixed with small bits of wood: when burnt it smells like benzoin, but when fresh from the bazar like asa foetida), six drams; kasturi passpu (the bulb either of the *curcuma rotunda*, or of the *amomum zedarea*), three drams.

‘ To prepare the *gunna*, as it is called, take a mud pot, coat the bottom of it with red earth, and after it is heated over a fire, put the resin into it and melt it; then mix with it the linseed oil, which must have been previously made boiling hot in another vessel. Now add the remaining articles, previously reduced to a fine powder, and boil the mixture over a slow fire for about two hours, or till a drop of it, taken out with a stick and put upon a plank, may be drawn out when cool into long, thin threads. In this state the matter is called *gunna*.

‘ For gilding, take a sir of tin, and beat it out into very fine leaves, mix it with one quarter of a sir of liquified glue, and beat them together into a homogeneous mass; wash it with water, and keep it for use.

‘ When a silver colour is wanted, this mixture of tin and glue, moistened with water, is to be laid upon the plank or wall to be painted; it is then rubbed with a serpentine stone till the silver colour appear.

‘ When a gold colour is wanted, the *gunna* is on three successive days laid thinly over the silver coloured spot with a brush.

‘ To make a white colour, take four parts of white lead and one part of gum arabic; mix them with water, and when the paint is to be used add as much water as is sufficient to bring it to the requisite consistency.

‘ For a green colour, take two seers of linseed oil and one seer of *chandrasam*; mix them in the same manner as described for the *gunna*. Lay it with a brush over the white paint, and powder verdigris over it through a fine cloth.

‘ A red colour is made of four parts of cinnabar and one of gum, rubbed together, and mixed with water when wanted for use.

‘ For a pink colour, white lead, *poti* (cotton impregnated with a red water colour sold in the Bazars), gum, and water are mixed together.

‘ For yellow, four parts of orpiment and one of gum arabic are mixed up with water.

‘ To make the ground for any colour, take *senku sudda* (the finest levigated pipe clay), mix it with a little gum and water, and lay it on the walls or plank which is to be coloured: it is afterwards to be rubbed with a stone till it becomes quite smooth. On this ground the various colours above described are to be laid.’

We lament, that our limits confine us to so brief a view of a work well calculated to afford equal information and amusement to the reader.

**ART. III.—***A Voyage to Terra Australis*; undertaken for the purpose of completing the discovery of that vast country, and prosecuted in the years 1801-2-3, in his majesty's ship Investigator; and, subsequently, in the armed vessel Porpoise, and Cumberland schooner. With an account of the shipwreck of the Porpoise, arrival of the Cumberland at Mauritius, and imprisonment of the commander during six years and a half, in that island. By Matthew Flinders, commander of the Investigator. 2 Vols. and an atlas. Quarto. Pp. 269, 613. £8. 8s. Nicol. 1814.

Few persons, we imagine, will peruse these valuable volumes, without great interest. Our author, the navigator, at the especial recommendation of Sir Joseph Banks, and by command of his majesty, embarked in the Investigator, of 334 tons, to retrace the discoveries of the lamented Captain Cooke, in New South Wales—to complete, in New Holland, whatever might have been left unfinished by the Dutch navigator—and, finally, to perfect the discovery of the southern hemisphere.

With zeal, activity, and talent, to pursue the intricacies of nautical research, our author sailed in the year 1801, in pursuance of his mission. To facilitate the progress of a voyage promising important results to the whole maritime world, a passport was granted to our author, by the first consul of France, to render his progress sacred on board the Investigator. Unfortunately, no calculation had been made, on the dangers and casualties of the seas, and of this remissness, the most dishonourable advantage was, afterwards, taken by the French.

The Investigator decayed on her voyage, when the senior naval officer at Port Jackson, in New South Wales, duly appreciating the importance of the object, and amply satisfied with the zeal of the navigator, gave him a colonial ship of war to transport himself, his officers, charts, &c. to England, that he might obtain another ship, for the re-prosecution of his discoveries.

In this second vessel our author suffered shipwreck, with the additional misfortune of losing many valuable charts, which had cost him much labour and many risks to perfect. With unabated fervor, however, he returned to Port Jackson, distant from the wreck 734 miles, in an open boat, where he procured a passage for himself and officers on board a merchant vessel, bound to England, by the circuitous route of China. But our author, being desirous of reaching

England with more expedition, he, in his ardour to re-commence the fulfilment of his mission, procured the Cumberland, a small schooner of 29 tons, in which he embarked ; thereby sacrificing all personal conveniency to the promotion of his important service.

In this situation, unaware of the intermediate changes of politics, in December, 1803, he put into Port Louis, in the Mauritius, from circumstances of incidental necessity, and produced his commission and passport. Here, his person was imprisoned, the faith of nations was violated, and the Cumberland, with the charts and journals of our author's voyage, were seized by captain-general de Caen, the governor of the Mauritius. This was his plea.

The French and English were, then, at war, and the passport of the first consul was limited to the protection of the Investigator. Moreover it was alleged, from the perusal of our author's journals, that they contained notes explanatory of his intention to become acquainted with the periodical winds, the port, and the present state of the French colony.

Let us peep into the private history of this daring violation of public faith.

'After the peace of Amiens general De Caen went out to Pondicherry as captain-general of all the French possessions to the east of the Cape of Good Hope ; he had a few troops and a number of extra officers, some of whom appear to have been intended for seapoy regiments proposed to be raised, and others for the service of the Mahrattas. The plan of operations in India was probably extensive, but the early declaration of war by England put a stop to them, and obliged his Excellency to abandon the brilliant prospect of making a figure in the annals of the east ; he then came to Mauritius, exclaiming against the perfidy of the British government, and with a strong dislike, if not hatred to the whole nation. I arrived about three months subsequent to this period, and the day after M. Barrois had been sent on board *Le Geographe* with dispatches for France ; which transaction being contrary to the English passport, and subjecting the ship to capture, if known, it was resolved to detain me a short time, and an embargo was laid upon all neutral ships for ten days. It would appear that the report of the commandant of *La Savanne* gave some suspicion of my identity, which was eagerly adopted as a cause of detention ; I was therefore accused at once of imposture, closely confined, and my books, papers, and vessel seized. Next day another report arrived from *La Savanne*, that of major Dunienville ; from which, and the examination I had just undergone, it appeared that the accusation of imposture was untenable ; an invitation to go to the general's table was

then sent me, no suspicion being entertained that this condescension to an Englishman, and to an officer of inferior rank might not be thought an equivalent for what had passed. My refusal of the intended honour until set at liberty, so much exasperated the captain-general that he determined to make me repent it; and a wish to be acquainted with the present state of the Mauritius being found in my journal, it was fixed upon as a pretext for detaining me until orders should arrive from France, by which an imprisonment of at least twelve months was insured. The first motive of my detention therefore arose from the infraction previously made of the *English* passport, by sending dispatches in *Le Geographe*; and the probable cause of its being prolonged beyond what seems to have been originally intended, was to punish me for refusing the invitation to dinner.

The marine minister's letter admits little doubt that general De Caen knew, on the return of his brother-in-law in January, 1805, that the council of state at Paris, though approving of his conduct, proposed granting me liberty and the restitution of the *Cumberland*; and he must have expected by every vessel to have received orders to that effect; but punishment had not yet produced a sufficient degree of humiliation to make him execute such an order willingly. When the exchange was made with the commodore Osborn in the following August, it became convenient to let me quit the Garden Prison, in order to take away the centinels; captain Bergeret also, who as a prisoner in India had been treated with distinction, strongly pressed my going into the country; these circumstances alone might possibly have induced the captain-general to take the patrol of one who had been detained as a spy; but his subsequent conduct leaves a strong suspicion that he proposed to make the portion of liberty, thus granted as a favour, subservient to evading the expected order from France, should such a measure be then desirable. At length the order arrived, and three years and a half of detention had not produced any very sensible effect on his prisoner; the execution of it was therefore suspended, until another reference should be made to the government and an answer returned. What was the subject of this reference could not be known, but there existed in the island only one conjecture; that from having had such a degree of liberty during near two years, I had acquired a knowledge of the colony which made it unsafe to permit my departure.

Extensive wars were at this time carrying on in Europe, the French arms were victorious, and general De Caen saw his former companions becoming counts, dukes, and marshals of the empire, whilst he remained an untitled general of division; he and his officers, as one of them told me, then felt themselves little better circumstanced than myself,—than prisoners in an almost forgotten speck of the globe, with their promotion suspended. Rumours of a premeditated attack at length reached the island, which it was said the captain-general heard with pleasure; and it was attributed to the prospect of making military levies on the inhabitants, and increasing his authority by the procla-



imation of martial law ; but if I mistake not, the general's pleasure arose from more extended views and a more permanent source. If the island were attacked and he could repulse the English forces, distinction would follow ; if unsuccessful, a capitulation would restore him to France and the career of advancement. An attack was therefore desirable ; and as the captain-general probably imagined that an officer who had been six years a prisoner, and whose liberty had been so often requested by the different authorities in India, would not only be anxious to forward it with all his might, but that his representations would be attended to, the pretexts before alleged for my imprisonment and the answer from France were waved ; and after passing six weeks in the town of Port Louis and five on board a ship in the harbour from which I had before been debarred, he suffered me to depart in a cartel bound to the place where the attack was publicly said to be in meditation. This is the sole motive which, upon a review of the general's conduct, I can assign for being set at liberty so unexpectedly, and without any restriction upon my communications ; and if such a result to an attack upon Mauritius were foreseen by the present count De Caen, captain-general of Catalonia, events have proved that he was no mean calculator. But perhaps this, as well as the preceding conjectures on his motives may be erroneous ; if so, possibly the count himself, or some one on the part of the French government may give a more correct statement,—one which may not reconcile the facts here brought together, but explain many lesser incidents which have been omitted from fear of tiring the patience of the reader.'

Such appears to have been the subtle policy of a man reared in the Buonaparte school of perfidy !

The reader will, certainly, partake our feelings of astonishment, at the prolongation of our author's insidious captivity. It is true, several spirited applications were made in his behalf, by the Marquis Wellesley, then governor-general of India ; but, we do not find, that our admiralty sought to release him from an imprisonment contrary to every principle of justice and humanity ; nor did it seem meet to their wisdom, to reclaim his charts, journals, and papers. On the contrary, he was permitted to languish for upwards of six years, in an ignominious imprisonment, at the caprice of a ferocious despot. The captain general's *feelings* for our author's situation, and his desire to receive orders from the French marine minister, had been more than once *expressed*. At the end of three years and a half, he was officially informed, that the French government had permitted the restitution of the Cumberland ; and this communication was accompanied by a promise that, 'so soon as circumstances would allow, he should fully enjoy the favour which had been granted to

him, by his majesty the emperor and king.' Notwithstanding these assurances, fifteen further tedious months elapsed without his promised release, and his earnest application to the captain-general was thus answered—'that having communicated to his excellency the marine minister, the motives which induced the captain-general to suspend our author's departure, he could not authorize his return to Europe, until he had received an official answer.'

In twenty months more, however, the captain-general permitted this departure voluntarily, and not in consequence of any orders from France. Our author very judiciously accounts for the policy of this *seeming* grace.

'When first imprisoned in 1803, for having expressed a wish to learn the present state of the colony, there was no suspicion of any projected attack upon it; in 1810, preparations of defence were making against an attack almost immediately expected, and there were few circumstances relating to the island in which I was not as well informed as the generality of the inhabitants; then it was, after giving me the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the town and harbour of Port Louis, that general De Caen suffered me to go away in a ship bound to the place whence the attack was expected, and without laying any restriction upon my communications.'

Having, thus, explained the extraordinary suffering of our author, we refer to his work.

The 'TERRA AUSTRALIS' is a generally descriptive designation, given to the discoveries made in the southern hemisphere, by the bold and enterprizing genius of experienced seamen, from different nations, and at different periods. And the object of the voyage before us, was that of clearing up the existing doubts of former navigators.

The early discoveries of the Dutch, in this vast, but undefined region, are known to us under the name of 'NEW HOLLAND.' They relate to the western coasts, and the discoveries made by British navigators, are on the eastern coasts, and named 'NEW SOUTH WALES.'

To these discoveries, the geographer has been disposed to give the name of continent; but as this fact is by no means established by the Dutch or English navigators of the two last centuries; and as the British government takes a more especial interest in this inquiry, from our establishment in New South Wales, a spirit of investigation has been aroused by the solicitude of a mother country, as well as by the interests of our national commerce.'

We learn from the introduction, that New Holland and New South Wales, are designated by foreign writers, under the general term of Terra Australis. The Dutch, originally, named their discovery Terra Australis, or Great South Land, until after the second voyage of their celebrated navigator, Tasman, in 1644, at which time it was named New Holland.

When it was, therefore, known that New Holland and New South Wales formed one land, it became necessary to geographical precision, to give this region one general term of designation, and our author refers to our original, because comprehensive, adoption of 'Terra Australis.'

'And of this term I shall hereafter make use, when speaking of New Holland and New South Wales, in a collective sense; and when using it in the most extensive signification, the adjacent isles including that of Van Diemen, must be understood to be comprehended.

'There is no probability, that any other detached body of land, of nearly equal extent, will ever be found in a more southern latitude; the name of Terra Australis will, therefore, remain descriptive of the geographical importance of this country, and of its situation on the globe: it has antiquity to recommend it; and having no reference to either of the two claiming nations, appears to be less objectionable than any other which could have been selected.

'In dividing New South Wales from New Holland, I have been guided by the British patent to the first governor of the new colony, at Port Jackson. In this patent, a meridian nearly corresponding to the ancient line of separation between New Holland and Terra Australis, has been made the western limit of New South Wales; and is fixed in the longitude of 135 minutes east, from the meridian of Greenwich.—From hence the British territory extends eastward, to the islands of the *Pacific* or *Great Ocean*: its northern limit is at *Cape York*; and the extremity of the southern *Van Diemen's Land*, is its opposite boundary.

'The various discoveries which had been made upon the coasts of Terra Australis, antecedently to the present voyage, are of dates as widely distant, as are the decrees of confidence to which they are respectively entitled; the accounts also lie scattered through various books in different languages; and many are still in manuscript. It has, therefore been judged, that a succinct history of these discoveries would be acceptable to the public; and would form an appropriate introduction to a voyage, whose principal object was to complete what they had left unfinished. Such a history will not only, it is hoped, be found interesting, but, from the occasions it will furnish to point out what remained to be done at the beginning of the nineteenth century, will satisfy a question which may be asked: Why it should have been thought necessary to send another expedition to explore the coasts of

a country, concerning which, it has been said, near thirty years ago,—It is no longer, a doubt, that we have now a full knowledge of the whole circumference of this vast body of land, this fifth part of the world.' An expression, which the learned writer could have intended to apply only to the general extent of the new continent, and not to the particular formation of every part of the coasts; since, the chart which accompanies the voyage of which he was writing the introduction, represents much of the south coast, as being totally unknown.

'In tracing a historical sketch of the previous discoveries, I shall not dwell upon such as depend upon conjecture and probability, but come speedily to those, for which there are authentic documents. In this latter and solely important class, the articles extracted from voyages, which are in the hands of the public, will be abridged to their leading heads; and the reader referred for the details, to the original works; but in such articles as either have not appeared before, or but very imperfectly in an English dress, as also in those extracted from unpublished manuscripts, a wider range will be taken: in these, so far as the documents go, on the one hand, and the limits of an introduction can allow, on the other, no interesting fact will be omitted.

'Conformably to this plan, no attempt will be made to investigate the claims of the Chinese to the earliest knowledge of Terra Australis, which some, from the chart of *Marco Polo* have thought they possessed. Nor yet will much be said upon the plea advanced by the Abbé PRÉVOST, and after him by the President DEBROSSES in favour of *Paulmier de Gonneville* a French captain; for whom they claim the honour of having discovered Terra Australis, in 1504. It is evident, from the proofs they adduce, that it was not to any part of this country, but to Madagascar that Gonneville was driven; and from whence he brought his prince Esomerie, to Normandy.'

It is, however, a circumstance highly curious, that the British Museum is, actually, in possession of two charts, which describe the Terra Australis, long antecedent to historical discovery. Referring to these maps, our author says, the one is in French, without any date, and, from its almost exact similitude, is, probably, either the original, or a copy of the other, which is in English. The latter bears date 1542; and is dedicated to the king of England; and Captain Burney in his *History of Discoveries in the South Seas*, enlarges on the early discovery of these regions, as exemplified by these maps. Both these opinions appear to us entitled to attention. The Portuguese were early navigators: their voyages, about the 13th century, were frequent to and from India, and the discovery might have originated with them, notwithstanding our want of positive record to substantiate the fact.

As this, however, is a subject of conjecture, our author attaches himself to discoveries, authenticated by undeniable documents; and classes his discoveries under the heads of the different coasts on which they were made. He divides the discoveries made in the Terra Australis, previously to the voyage of the Investigator, into four sections: the north coast, the western coast, the south coast, the east coast, with Van Diemen's land. The latter section being more numerous and extensive, contains two parts: the one relating to discoveries independent of the British colony in New South Wales; and, the other, to those which were made in visits from that colony; which latter may be considered a consequence of its establishment.

SECTION I....In speaking of the north coast, our author ascribes the early discoveries of the Dutch in the East to be best authenticated by Dalrymple, late hydrographer to the admiralty, in his curious collection concerning Papua, published with a translation.

This interesting document was procured by Sir Joseph Banks, and contains a copy of the instructions to commodore Abel Jansz Tasman, in his second voyage of discoveries.

'It is dated January 29, 1644, from the Castle of Batavia, and signed by the governor-general ANTONIO VAN DIEMEN, and by Vander Lyn, Mautsuyker, Schouten, and Sweers, members of the council. The instructions are prefaced with a recital, in chronological order, of the previous discoveries of the Dutch, whether made from accident or design, in NEVA GUINEA, and the Great SOUTH LAND; and, from this account, combined, with a passage from Saris, it appears, that—

'On the 18th of November 1605, the Dutch yacht the *Duyfhen* was dispatched from Bantam to explore the islands of New Guinea, and that she sailed along, what was thought to be, the west side of that country, to  $13\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$  of south latitude. 'This extensive country was found for the greatest part, desert; but in some places, inhabited by wild, cruel, black, savages; by whom some of the crew were murdered. For which reason they could not learn any thing of the land, or waters, as had been desired of them; and from want of provisions and other necessaries, they were obliged to leave the discovery unfinished: The farthest point of the land, in their map, was called Cape KANA-WEER, or Turn-again.

'The course of the *Duyfhen* from New Guinea was southward, along the islands on the west side of Torres' Strait to that part of Terra Australis, a little to the west and south of Cape York; but all these lands were thought to be connected, and to form the west coast of New Guinea. Thus, without being conscious of it, the commander of the

Duyfhen made the first authenticated discovery of any part of the great South Land, about the month of March 1606 ; for it appears that he had returned to Banda in or before the beginning of June, of that year.'

In 1606, Lewis Vas de Torres, a Spanish navigator, was the second adventurer in the Terra Australis. His researches are commented upon.

In 1618, Zeachen is noted as the supposed discoverer of the land of Arnhem, and the northern Van Diemen's Land. But as Van Diemen, in honour of whom this name may be supposed to have been given, was not governor-general of India, until the beginning of 1636 ; and as Tasman does not make any mention of Zeachen, little credit attaches to this assertion.

'The second expedition mentioned in the Dutch recital, for the discovery of the Great South Land, was undertaken in a yacht, in the year 1617, 'with little success ;' and the journals and remarks were not to be found. In January 1623, the yachts *Pera* and *Arnhem*, under the command of JAN CARSTENS, were dispatched from *Amboina*, by order of his Excellency Jan Pieterz Coen. Carstens, with eight of the *Arnhem's* crew, was treacherously murdered by the natives of New Guinea ; but the vessels prosecuted the voyage, and discovered 'the great islands of ARNHEM and the SPULT.' 'They were then untimely separated,' and the *Arnhem* returned to *Amboina*. The *Pera* persisted ; and 'sailed along the south coast of New Guinea to a flat cove, situate in 10° south latitude, and ran along the west coast of this land to cape Keer-Weer ; from thence discovered the coast further southward, as far as 17°, to STATEN RIVER. From this place, what more of the land could be discerned, seemed to stretch westward : 'the *Pera* then returned to *Amboina*. 'In this discovery were found, every where, shallow water and barren coasts ; islands altogether thinly peopled by divers cruel, poor, and brutal nations ; and of very little use to the (Dutch East-India) Company.'

The expedition of Carstens was followed by that of Gerrit Pool, in 1636. He discovered Van Diemen's Land in 11° south latitude, and sailed along the shore for 120 miles, without seeing any people, but many signs of smoke.

'This is all that appears to have been known of the North Coast, when ABEL JANSZ TASMAN, sailed upon his second voyage, in 1644 ; for the instructions to him say, that after quitting the 'Point Ture, or False Cape, situate in 8° on the south coast of New Guinea, you are to continue eastward, along the coast to 9° south latitude ; crossing prudently the *Core* at that place. Looking about the *high islands*, or *Speult's River*, with the yachts, for a harbour ; dispatching

the tender *De Braak* for two or three days into the *Cove*, in order to discover whether within the GREAT INLET, there be not to be found an entrance into the South Sea. From this place you are to coast along the west coast of New Guinea, (Carpentaria,) to the furthest discoveries in  $17^{\circ}$  south latitude ; following the coast further, as it may run, west or southward.

But it is to be feared you will meet, in these parts, with the south-east trade winds ; from which it will be difficult to keep the coast on board, if stretching to the south-east ; but, notwithstanding this, endeavour by all means to proceed ; that we may be sure whether this land is divided from the *Great Known South Continent*, or not.

The Dutch had, by this time, acquired some knowledge of a part of the south coast of *Terra Australis* ; of the west coast ; and of a part of the north-west, and these are the lands meant by ' the Great Known South Continent.' Arnhem's, and the northern Van Diemen's Lands, on the North Coast are not included in the expression ; for Tasman was directed ' from *De Witt's Land*, (on the North-west Coast,) to run across, very near eastward, to complete the discovery, of *Arnhem's* and *Van Diemen's Lands* ; and to ascertain perfectly whether these lands are not one and the same island.'

But, unfortunately, no account of this voyage has been published. The following, however, extracted from miscellaneous tracts by Nicolas Struyck, published at Amsterdam in 1758, contains an important account of the last voyage made by the Dutch, for the discovery of the north coast.

' March 1, 1705, three Dutch vessels were sent from *Timor*, with order to explore the north coast of *New Holland*, better than it had before been done. They carefully examined the coasts, sand banks, and reefs. In their route to it, they did not meet with any land, but only some rocks, above water, in 11 degrees 52 minutes south latitude : ' (probably the south part of the great *Sahul Bank* ; which, according to captain Peter Heywood, who saw it in 1801, lies in 11 degrees, 40 minutes.) ' They saw the west coast of *New Holland* 4 degrees to the eastward of the east point of *Timor*. From thence they continued their route towards the north ; and passed a point, off which lies a bank of sand above water, in length *more than five German miles* of fifteen to a degree. After which they made sail to the east along the coast of *New Holland* ; observing every thing with care, until they came to a gulph, the head of which they did not quite reach. I (Struyck) have seen a chart made of these parts.'

The unfortunate captain James Cook, in 1770, appears to have been the next navigator who adventured to the *Terra Australis*, and from his discoveries we may date the accuracy with which geographers have been enabled to

describe this vast region. The succeeding voyages of lieutenant M'Cluer in 1791—of lieutenant Bligh, in 1789—of captain Edwards in 1791—of Bligh and Portlock in 1792—and Bampton and Alt in 1793—particularly the two latter, are described from the ship's journals, and close with these remarks.

'The sole remaining information relative to the North Coast of Terra Australis, was contained in a note, transcribed by Mr. Dalrymple, from a work of burgomaster WITSEN, upon the *Migration of Mankind*. The place of which the burgomaster speaks, is evidently on the coast of Carpentaria, near the head of the Gulph; but it is called *New Guinea*; and he wrote in 1705. The note is as follows: but upon whose authority it was given does not appear:

'In 16 degrees 10 minutes south longitude 150 degrees 17 minutes,' (east of Teneriffe, or between 142 degrees and 143 degrees east of Greenwich,) 'the people swam on board of a Dutch ship; and when they received a present of a piece of linen, they laid it upon their head in token of gratitude: Every where thereabout, all the people are malicious. They use arrows and bows of such a length, that one end rests on the ground when shooting. They have also *hazy-gaey*s and *kalawaeys*, and attacked the Dutch; but did not know the execution of the guns.'

'On summing up the whole of the knowledge which had been acquired of the North Coast, it will appear, that natural history, geography, and navigation had still much to learn of this part of the world; and more particularly, that they required the accomplishment of the following objects:

'1st. *A general survey of TORRES' STRAIT*. The navigation from the Pacific, or Great Ocean to all parts of India, and to the Cape of Good Hope, would be greatly facilitated, if a passage through the Strait, moderately free from danger, could be discovered; since *five or six weeks* of the usual route, by the north of New Guinea or the more eastern islands, would thereby be saved. Notwithstanding the great obstacles which navigators had encountered in some parts of the Strait, there was still room to hope, that an examination of the whole, made with care and perseverance, would bring such a passage to light. A survey of it was, therefore, an object much to be desired; not only for the merchants and seamen trading to these parts, but also from the benefits which would certainly accrue therefrom to general navigation and geography.

'2d. *An examination of the shores of the GULPH OF CARPENTARIA*. The real form of this gulph remained in as great doubt with geographers, as were the manner how, and time when it acquired its name. The east side of the Gulph had been explored to the latitude of 17 degrees, and many rivers were there marked and named; but how far the representation given of it by the Dutch was faithful,—



what were the productions, and what its inhabitants,—were, in a great measure uncertain. Or rather it was certain, that those early navigators did not possess the means of fixing the positions and forms of lands, with any thing like the accuracy of modern science; and that they could have known very little of the productions, or inhabitants.—Of the rest of the Gulph no one could say, with any confidence, upon what authority its form had been given in the charts; so that conjecture, being at liberty to appropriate the Gulph of Carpentaria to itself, had made it the entrance to a vast arm of the sea, dividing Terra Australis into two or more islands.

‘3d. *A more exact investigation of the bays, shoals, islands, and coasts, of ARNHEM'S, and the northern VAN DIEMEN'S, Lands.*—The information upon these was attended with uncertainty; first, because the state of navigation was very low at the time of their discovery; and second, from want of the details and authorities upon which they had been laid down. The old charts contained large islands lying off the coast, under the names of *T' Hoog Llandt*, or *Wessel's Eylandt*, and *Crocodils Eylanden*; but of which little more was known than that, if they existed, they must lie to the eastward of 135 degrees from Greenwich. Of the R. Spult, and other large streams represented to intersect the coast, the existence even was doubtful. That the coast was dangerous and shores sandy, seemed to be confirmed by Mr. M'Cluer's chart; and that they were peopled by ‘divers cruel, poor, and brutal nations,’ was certainly not improbable, but it rested upon very suspicious authority. The instructions to Tasman said, in 1644, ‘Nova Guinea has been found to be inhabited by cruel, wild savages; and as it is uncertain what sort of people the inhabitants of the South Lands are, it may be presumed that they are also wild and barbarous savages, rather than a civilized people.’ This uncertainty with respect to the natives of Arnhem's and the northern Van Diemen's Lands, remained, in a great degree, at the end of the eighteenth century.

‘Thus, whatever could bear the name of *exact*, whether in natural history, geography, or navigation, was yet to be learned of a country possessing five hundred leagues of sea coast; and placed in a climate and neighbourhood, where the richest productions of both the vegetable and mineral kingdoms were known to exist. A voyage which should have had no other view, than the survey of the Torres' Strait, and the thorough investigation of the North Coast of Terra Australis, could not have been accused of wanting an object worthy of national consideration.’

SECTION II....Treats of the western coasts, after the manner described in the preceding section. It includes the discoveries of Hartog....Edel....of the ship *Leeuwin*....the *Vianen*....of *Pelsert*....*Tasman*....*Dampier*....*Vlaming*....*Dampier*, &c.

SECTION III.....Describes the south east....the discovery of Nuytes....the examination of Vancouver....of D'Entrecasteaux, &c.

SECTION IV....Comprehends the east coast, with Van Diemen's Land....the discoveries of Tasman....of Cook....Marion....Furneaux. Observations of Cook, Bligh, and Cox. Discovery of D'Entrecasteaux....Hayes, &c.

From all which correctly deduced information, we are led to contemplate the coast of Terra Australis as one of the most interesting objects to which research could be directed.

This investigation formed a prominent part in the instructions of the unfortunate La Perouse.

The author, in Part II. of the foregoing section, comes to the year 1788, memorable for the origin of our establishment at Botany Bay. Port Jackson is described as one of the first harbours in the world, the history....he continues....of this establishment, at the extremity of the globe, is a country where the astonished settler sees nothing, not even the grass under his feet, which is not different to whatever had before met his eye, could not fail to present objects of great interest to the European. And the public curiosity has been gratified by various respectable publications, wherein the colonists, the country, round Port Jackson, its productions, and native inhabitants, are fully delineated.

But our author's object is the progress of maritime geographical discovery, resulting from this establishment ; and, on this subject, he treats at large, illustrating his remarks with progressive extracts from his log book.

'Of the persons, manners, and customs of the inhabitants, little new information could be expected. The skirts of their country had been examined in the southern parts, and extensive collections in natural history made there ; but to the north of *Endeavour River*, the country had been seen only at a distance. The vast interior of this new continent was wrapped in total obscurity ; and excited, perhaps on that very account, full as much curiosity as did the forms of the shores. This part of the subject, however, will scarcely be thought to belong to a naval expedition ; except in so much as rivers and other inlets might conduce to obtaining the desired information.

'On a general review of the various objects in Terra Australis, to which investigation might be usefully directed at the commencement of the nineteenth century, and in which natural history, geography, navigation, and commerce were so much interested, the question,

Why it should have been thought necessary to send out another expedition ? will no longer be asked. But rather it will be allowed that, instead of one, there was ample room for two or three ships ; each to be employed for years, and to be conducted with a zeal and perseverance not inferior to the examples given by the best navigators.

‘ On the arrival of his Majesty’s ship *Reliance* in England, at the latter end of 1800, the charts of the new discoveries were published, and a plan was proposed to the Right Hon. Sir JOSEPH BANKS for completing the investigation of the coasts of Terra Australis. The plan was approved of by that distinguished patron of science and useful enterprize ; it was laid before Earl SPENCER, then first Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty ; and finally received the sanction of his Majesty, who was graciously pleased to direct that the voyage should be undertaken ; and I had the honour of being appointed to the command.’

We now come to the voyage to Terra Australis. The first volume contains transactions from the beginning of the voyage to the departure from Port Jackson, under various descriptive chapters as follows :

Book I. to chapter I. to chapter XI. with appendix.  
SECOND VOLUME. Book II. Relates to the transactions, during the circumnavigation of Terra Australis, from the time of leaving Port Jackson to the return to that port.

Chapter I. to chapter XI. Book III. describes the occurrences from the time of quitting Port Jackson in 1803, to returning to England in 1810.

Chapter I. to chapter IX. a valuable appendix follows, containing an account of the observations, by which the longitudes of places on the east and north coasts of the Terra Australis have been settled. On the error of the compass arising from attractions within the ship, and others from the magnetism of land, with precautions for obviating their effects in marine surveying....General remarks, geographical, and systematical, on the botany of Terra Australis, by Robert Brown, F. R. S. naturalist to the voyage.

Under this latter head will be found a very curious classification, and botanical history of various remarkable plants discovered in New Holland. The collection of Australian plants, as made by Mr. Brown, amounts to nearly 3900 species. Some selected few are finely exemplified by plates.

These volumes are, otherwise, enriched with a view from the south side of King George’s Sound....The entrance of Port Lincoln taken from behind Memory Cove....The

north side of Kangaroo's Island....Port Jackson, taken from the South Head....Port Bowen, from behind the watering Gully....Murray's Islands, with the natives offering to barter....Sir Edward Pellew's group; Gulph of Carpentaria....Malay road, from Pobassoo's Island....Wreck Reef Bank, taken at low water.

These are also accompanied by an atlas, on a grand scale, comprehending a general chart of Terra Australis and the neighbouring lands, from lat.  $7^{\circ}$  to  $44\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  south, and long.  $102^{\circ}$  to  $165^{\circ}$  east....Particular chart of the South Coast, from Captain Leeuwin to the Archipelago of the Recherche....From the Archipelago of the Recherche to past the head of the great Australian Bight....From the head of the great Australian Bight to past Encounter Bay....From near Encounter Bay to Cape Otway, at the west entrance of Bass' Strait....From Cape Otway, past Cape Howe, to Barmouth Creek....Of Van Diemen's Land....Of the East Coast, from Barmouth Creek to past Cape Hawke....From near Cape Hawke to past Glass-house Bay....From Glass-house Bay to Broad Sound....From Broad Sound to Cape Grafton....From Cape Grafton to the Isle of Direction....Of the East Coast, from the Isle of Direction to Cape York, and of the North Coast, from thence to Pera Head, including Torres' Strait, and parts of New Guinea....Of the North Coast, from Torres' Strait to Point Dale and the Wessel's Islands, including the whole of the Gulph of Carpentaria....The north west side of the Gulph of Carpentaria, on a large scale....Of Timor, and some neighbouring islands....Fourteen views of headlands, &c. on the south coast of Terra Australis....Thirteen views on east and north coasts; and, one of Sumner Strait.

Upon the whole we consider the maritime world, in general, greatly indebted to the indefatigable zeal of this gentleman; who, under circumstances of unprecented oppression, on the one side; and of unprecedented neglect, on the other, has still been able to record his own merit, and to enlighten mankind.

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ART. IV.—*A Letter from Paris*, to George Petre, Esq. By the Rev. John Chetwode Eustace. Octavo. pp. 98. 4s. Mawman. 1814.

The public is much obliged to my Lord Carrington, who, in the month of June last, had the good fortune to

prevail with our author to accompany him in a tour to Paris.

By this short publication, we are taught to feel what a traveller ought to be. We find classic taste directing inquiry, and confirmed judgment embellishing description. We trace the scholar, the historian, the politician, and the divine, throughout the whole of this gentleman's reflections, on the actual state of men and things in the infidel city of Paris.

But his talents are well known to the public, as the author of a Classical Tour through Italy; a work which has commanded the applause of every reader, and warmed the chill apathies of the stern reviewer into a glow of spirited admiration. We shall be copious with our extracts.

France, during the space of twenty-four years, has passed through all the gradations of revolution and rebellion, of civil and external war, of anarchy and despotism, of republican and military government. In the progress of revolutionary madness, a plan was formed the most daring and the most sacrilegious ever conceived, of annihilating all the institutions of thirty millions of people; of suppressing all that had previously existed, and replacing the whole religious and civil system, by new and unauthorized whims and theories. Thus an attempt was made to strike out one link in the chain of generations, to separate man from his God and his ancestors, to deprive him of all the lights of history, and all the benefits of experience, and to let him loose upon himself and his fellow creatures, untutored, undisciplined, without any guide but passion, any impulse but interest. In order to realize this project of gigantic atheism, France was first detached from the European republic; the associated firm of Christian and civilized states; its religious institutions, its universities, schools, and academies, its abbeys and hospitals were suppressed; its parliaments and courts of justice, its customs and its laws were abolished; its armies were dissolved, reorganized, new modelled, new named; its banners, which had so often led its legions to victory, and had waved with honor in every quarter of the globe, were trampled upon, and its *oriflamme*, the proud standard of its monarchs, the object of the love and the adoration of every French soldier, announcing by the filices of gold on the argent field; the honor, the gentleness and the gallantry of the monarch and of his knights, the *oriflamme*, was consigned to revolutionary fire, and succeeded by the tawdry tricolor of the republic, and the rapacious eagle of the empire. This system of complete disorganization was carried on through every period and by every party that succeeded each other during the whole revolution; sometimes indeed with less publicity but always with equal art and perseverance. To trace the effects of such a system operating for a considerable time on a country of

such extent and population, is part of the occupation of a traveller, who looks beyond mere amusement, and endeavours to turn the excursion of the season to some permanent advantage.'

After having made these prefatory reflections, our author proceeds to describe the scenery of France, which, like that of the continent in general, he tells us, is upon a larger scale than that of England. The vales spread wider....the hills form more extended swells....and forests will, sometimes, sweep over hills and dales, forming a shade to border the horizon.

The public roads are, principally, lined with fruit-trees, or lofty elms; and often in double or triple rows.

Cultivation, he describes to be carried on, throughout the interior, with the utmost vigour. Not a spot of earth appears to have escaped the industry and vigilance of the husbandman; but he confesses not so much to describe the real, as the apparent cultivation of the country. An English farmer might discover much bad husbandry.

Roads, wide, straight, generally paved in the middle, and always excellent, intersect this scene of fertility, and conduct the traveller from post to post with ease and rapidity. We must recollect, however, that Mr. Eustace is on the road from Calais to Paris.

The towns are, generally, well built, and far superior to our county towns in stateliness and solidity. Some exhibit magnificent monuments of the grandeur of ancient France.

'So far the picture is pleasing; but its colors will loose much of their brilliancy when I inform you, that the villages and towns are crowded with beggars, and that whenever you stop, your carriage is instantly surrounded with a groupe of objects the most miserable and disgusting. In a country where the poor and the distressed are abandoned to the charity of individuals, the number of mendicants must be greater than in one where public provision is made for the suffering class: *this* is true; yet the number, who in France fall under that denomination, seems to me far beyond the usual proportion, especially as idleness in a country so well cultivated, can scarcely be the cause of such poverty; nor is it a mere pretence employed to extort donations, as the haggard looks, the nakedness, and oftentimes the ulcer and the deformities of the claimants too clearly prove its reality. In truth, there is great poverty in France; and however fertile the soil, a very small portion of its produce seems to fall to the lot of the common people.

'But, besides this poverty, there is also a great appearance of depopulation. The signs of this depopulation, are the ruinous state

of many, or rather most, of the towns. The bustle and activity of life seems confined to the market-place, and its immediate vicinity; the more remote streets, and the skirts of the towns, are scarcely, and the best very thinly, inhabited. Most of the large houses seem abandoned, and in a state of dilapidation; while the convents, the colleges, and other pious establishments, untenanted and in ruin, seem as if abandoned to the shades of their former possessors, and left to reproach the present, and to menace the future generation. The chateaus have in many places shared the fate of their contemporary abbeys; and, like them, have been destroyed, or left to moulder in gradual decay. The villages, formerly enlivened by the presence of their lords, whether laymen or monks, and enriched by their expenditure, now pine in want and silence; the cottages are ill-repaired; the employment of the peasants is irregular, and consequently their maintenance is precarious. The conscription came to fill up the measure of their sufferings, and to complete the depopulation of the country; and when you are informed, that in the space of two years, one million five hundred thousand men were levied in France, or sent from her frontiers, you will not be surprised at her present depopulation.

'You will naturally ask, how the country can be so well cultivated, if the population be so much diminished? The question is natural, but not difficult to answer. The farmers assure you, that the operations of agriculture are carried on by old men, women, and children; and few, indeed, of any other description are to be seen, either in the fields, on the roads, or in public places. These exertions, premature in boys, and misplaced in women, must not only check the growth of the rising generation, but eventually degrade the sex, whose virtues are principally domestic, and whose charms shed their best influence around the fire-side and give to home all its attractions. Add to this evil, another of equal magnitude; employment of children in their infancy, by calling them away from home, withdraws them from the control, and deprives them of the instructions and the example of all others the most important, because to them the infant owes the first ideas of decency, the first emotions of piety, the sentiments and the manners that raise the citizen above the savage, the Christian above the barbarian. To deprive children, therefore, of this early tuition, and to let them loose unrestrained in the fields, is to abandon them to the innate corruption of their own hearts, and to fit them beforehand for guilt and profligacy. Accordingly, vice and ferocity seem imprinted on the countenances of many of the rising generation; and have effaced those features of joy and good humour, and that merry grimace, which was supposed to characterize even the infants of ancient France.

'You are now probably prepared to hear without astonishment, that there are supposed to be at present twelve women to one effective man.'

The view of St. Denis is powerfully descriptive of the horror of a revolution.

'The country by no means improves as you approach Paris. The post next to it is St. Denis, a little town remarkable for two churches, the one a very handsome modern structure, the other the ancient and venerable abbey, which gave its name to the town that gradually rose around it, and flourished under its patronage. It was founded in honor of the martyred bishop Dionysius the apostle of Gaul, by Dagobert, a prince of the Merovingian race; and was thus almost coeval with the monarchy. Its abbots distinguished themselves by their talents and their integrity, during many an eventful year; and so interwoven was its history with that of the country, that the annals of St. Denis became the records of France. It was honored in a particular manner by the royal family, and was from its foundation the mausoleum of the sovereigns of France. It was at an early period burned by the Normans in one of their predatory incursions, but restored with increased magnificence, and sometime after rebuilt in its present form by Suger, the celebrated abbot, who governed France as regent in the absence of St. Lewis. Its decorations, as may easily be supposed, were worthy its antiquity and high destination; and fretted vaults, and storied windows, and rich shrines, and marble altars, combined their influence to heighten its majesty, and to awe and delight the spectator. It was served by a numerous fraternity of learned and holy monks; fumes of incense ascended daily from its altars; and morning, noon, and night, the tones of the organ, and the notes of the choir, echoed from its vaults. Such was St. Denis in its glory and such I beheld it in the year 1790.

'In 1802, I revisited it. The ruins of the abbey strewed the ground. The church stood stript and profaned; the wind roared through the unglazed windows, and mourned round the vaults; the rain dropt from the roof, and deluged the pavement; the royal dead had been torn from the repositories of departed greatness; the bones of heroes had been made the playthings of children, and the dust of monarch had been scattered to the wind. The clock alone remained in the tower, tolling every quarter, as if to measure the time permitted to the *abomination of desolation*, and record each repeated act of sacrilege and impiety.'

Our author passes into the city, through the gate of St. Denis, a triumphal arch erected in honor of Louis XIV. the architecture of which is not remarkable for grace of proportions, or beauty of ornament. This leads to a long narrow street, with lofty houses on either side, a stream of black mire in the middle, and stench and noisomeness all around. Nor does the stranger perceive much improvement as he advances into the capital. All the streets of Paris are nar-



row, dark, and disgusting. Here a most descriptive sketch of the city follows, including the royal palaces, bridges, and public buildings, &c. &c.

' In churches, notwithstanding the devastations of the revolution and the treacherous indifference of Napoleon's government, Paris is still rich ; and though Notre Dame is inferior to Westminster, and Sainte Genevieve, to St. Paul's ; though the portico of St. Martin's, St. George's, Bloomsbury, and St. George's, Hanover Square, are more simple and correct than any similar decoration in the French capital ; yet, not only two churches which I have mentioned, but St. Roch, St. Sulpice, St. Eustache, and that of the Invalids, are most noble edifices, and far superior in magnitude to all the churches in London, with exception of St. Paul's and Westminster. In interior decorations and splendor, even these sink into insignificance compared with the Parisian temples. The superiority of the latter in this respect, is to be ascribed, not only to the majestic character of the predominant religion, and to the more active piety of its votaries, but to the prevalency of a purer state, which proscribes pews and screens, and central pulpits, with every contrivance to encumber the pavement and to obstruct the general view ; and which at the same time requires, that the interior of churches should be embellished with as much care and attention as other public edifices, and that the table of the Lord should be graced with as much decency, as an ordinary sideboard. I have said, notwithstanding the devastations of the revolution ; previous to that explosion of national phrenzy, there were in Paris two hundred and twenty-two churches, of which forty-five were parochial ; of these there remain twelve parochial and twenty-seven *succursals* or minor parish churches, in all thirty-nine churches for public or parochial service. The others have either been demolished, or turned into manufactories, schools, or granaries. The greater part of those which remained, were pillaged, stript of all their marble, brass, statues, paintings, and even altars and pulpits, the painted windows were not often spared, and the lead and copper of the roof not unfrequently carried off. Thus they were all reduced to a lamentable state of degradation, nakedness, and gradual decay ; and in that state, they remained till the religion of the nation once more became that of the state : Christianity resumed its external honors. The attention of government was then directed to the preservation of the churches ; but as Napoleon acted more from political than religious motives, and confined his liberality within the narrowest bounds of strict necessity, the work of restoration proceeded slowly ; and many, or rather most churches still exhibit the traces of revolutionary profanation.'

The stranger's curiosity to contemplate the celebrated statues and paintings that adorn the capital of France, will naturally lead him to visit this magnificent collection ; but

when the first transports of admiration shall subside, with what sentiments of indignation will he not reflect on the rapacious violence, and sacrilegious despotism, that has robbed half Europe of its dearest treasures, and stolen from the sacred altars those splendid appendages, with which piety and wealth had laboured to adorn them.

' You of course expect some observations on the two celebrated collections of statues and of pictures, which are supposed to render Paris the seat of the arts, and to give it a superiority over Rome itself, with all its antiquities and all its glories. The subject is too extensive for a letter; we must therefore confine ourselves to a few observations.

' The collections occupy part of the ground floor of the old *Louvre*, and the whole of the new *Louvre*, or the gallery of communication between the *Thuilleries* and the former palace. The lower halls are consecrated to the statues, and are seven in number, including the vestibule; some are paved with marble, and the ceilings of all are painted: their magnitude is not striking with the exception of the hall, which was opened, and furnished the latest, called the *Salle des Fleuves*.

' These halls contain more than three hundred statues, almost all ancient, most excellent in their kind, and some considered as the masterpieces of the art, and the greatest efforts of Grecian talent. Such an assemblage is, without doubt striking, and must, we should naturally imagine, excite the greatest admiration and delight. Yet, unfortunately, there are circumstances which, if I may judge from my own feelings, and the feelings of many foreign, and even some French spectators, diminish both our pleasure and our astonishment at such an extraordinary exhibition. In the first place, the halls are not embellished in such a style of magnificence as becomes the combination of wonders which they contain; in the next place they are too gloomy; and in the third, the arrangement is extremely defective.

' Sculpture and architecture are sister arts; they ought to be inseparable; the living forms of the former are made to grace and enliven the palaces and the temples of the latter. Besides, the emperors of Rome and the deities of Greece at enthroned under columns, or stood enshrined in the midst of marble porticoes; a flood of light burst upon the domes over their heads, and all the colors of marble gleamed from the pavement and played round their pedestals. Thus encircled with light, and glory, and beauty, they appeared an ancient Athens and in modern Rome, each, according to its dignity, in its niche of honor, or in its separate temple, high above the crowd, and distinguished as much by its site as by its excellence.

' How degraded are the captive gods and emperors, the imprisoned heroes and sages of the *Louvre*! The floors are flagged, the walls are plastered, the ceilings arched, the windows rare; a few scanty beams

fast glare on the lifeless forms, as if to shew the paleness of the marble, and the confusion in which gods and animals, heroes and vases, historical beings and mythological fables crowd around.

‘ The Laocoon and the Apollo of Belvidere, it is true, occupy the most distinguished place, each in its particular hall; but the way to the latter is obstructed by a whole line of minor forms; and in his haste to contemplate the matchless groupe of the former, the spectator stumbles upon the Venus of Medicis!

‘ It would be absurd to say, that France is deficient in artists, or that her artists are all deficient in taste; but it may happen that in France, as well as in many other countries, the best artists are not always the most favoured; and that it is much easier to sovereigns to give employment, than to endow those whom it employs with judgment and abilities.

‘ Statues, like pictures, one would imagine, ought to be arranged so as to form the history of the art; so as to lead the spectator from the first efforts of untutored nature, to the bold outline of the Egyptians, to the full, the breathing perfection of the Greeks.

‘ Vases might precede the forms of animals, animals might lead to men, to heroes, to sages, and to gods. Altars and tripods might be placed before the divinities to which they are sacred; and the few grand master-pieces might stand each in the center of its own temple, and be allowed to engross the admiration of those who entered its sanctuary. If the classics furnish any reference or elucidation, it might be inscribed in marble tablets on the walls; and Virgil and Homer might be employed in developing the design of the sculptor, or the sculptor become the commentator of Virgil and Homer.

‘ From the Halls of Statues a most magnificent flight of stone steps, adorned by marble pillars, leads to the gallery of pictures. The spectator ascends with a pleasure that increases as he passes the noble saloon serving as an antichamber to the museum; but when he stands at its entrance, and beholds a gallery of fourteen hundred feet extending in immeasurable perspective before him, he starts with surprise and admiration. The variety of tints that line the sides, the splendid glow of the gilding above, the blaze that breaks through the lateral windows, and the tempered lights that fall from the roof mingle together in the perspective, and form a most singular and fascinating combination of light and shade, of splendor and obscurity.

‘ The pictures are arranged according to the schools; and the schools are divided by marble pillars. Of these divisions some are lighted from above, while others are exposed to the glare of cross lights from the lateral windows; a defect which I believe is to be remedied. The French school comes first in place, and from it the spectator passes to the Dutch, the German, and the Italian schools. Little can be objected to this arrangement: but the impartial critic may be disposed to complain, when he finds Claude Lorrain, a German by birth, and an Italian by education ranked among French painters; when he sees the composition of modern artists, whose names

are little known, and whose title to fame is not certainly yet established, placed on a line with the acknowledged masters of the art; and when he discovers the glare and contortion of David's figures starting on the very walls that display the calmness and the repose of Poussin's scenery. In truth the former artist, to the national defects of glitter, bustle, and contortion, has superadded the absurdity of degrading Greek and Roman heroes into revolutionary assassins, and converting the sternness of Brutus and of Cato into the infernal grin of Marat and Robespierre.

'To complain of the number of pictures in a gallery would be unreasonable; yet we may be permitted to observe, that many splendid objects when united eclipse each other; and that master-pieces, placed in contact, must necessarily dazzle the eye and divide the attention. Paintings, therefore, which are confessedly the first specimens of the art, ought to be placed separate, each in its own apartment, under the influence of a light peculiarly its own, and with all its appropriate accompaniments.

'Having thus spoken with due admiration of this astonishing collection, I must particularly as a stranger mention with becoming applause and acknowledgment, the very liberal regulations which open it on stated occasions to the French public, and at all times (Sunday only excepted) to foreigners. No apprehension seems to be entertained of mischief, either from design or negligence, or awkwardness, and little or no superintendency is employed to prevent it: these treasures of ancient and modern art are trusted without diffidence to the taste and the honor of the public.'

Our author takes a classical survey of the different orders of architecture prevalent in the public edifices. Speaking of the Thuilleries, he says, there is scarce a spot in the interior furniture of this palace, or in the decorations of the vault of the gallery, or in the edifices newly erected, or in the old ones repaired, where an N, or a bee, or an eagle, or a thunderbolt, or the words, Jena, Austerlitz, Marengo, &c. &c. are not discernible.

What a painful memento must these records of human vanity prove to the Bourbons!

We conclude with the following affecting picture.

'But the military system received its full perfection from the genius of Bonaparte; he interwove it into all the institutions of the country, into all the offices of life, into all the operations of government, and even into all the intercourse of society. Prints and pictures, songs and stories, shews, exhibitions, and amusements, all were employed as vehicles of this spirit; and it would have been wonderful indeed, if accompanied by so many victories abroad, and by so many pageants at home, it had not become the prevailing taste of the nation;

And if France itself had not been converted into a camp, and every child a soldier.

Now what was the spirit of the French army under Napoleon; a spirit of atheism and vice almost incredible. The French soldier was taught to adore his emperor and to obey his officers, and this was his only creed, his only duty: beyond this he was abandoned to his own discretion, that is to his passions and to his ignorance; and encouraged to give every appetite its full play. Hence those scenes of rapine, lust and cruelty, exhibited in Spain and Portugal, and all the accumulated woes of unhappy Germany: I shall be told without doubt by the panegyrists of Napoleon, that soldiers of all nations are disorderly and vicious, and that the British army itself has left some memorials of its lawless spirit at Badajoz and St. Sebastian. But if armies, formed of individuals, whose minds, in general at least, have been seasoned by christian instruction, and whose consciences, however defiled, are yet alive to the distinction between right and wrong, and awake to the pangs of remorse, and the terrors of divine vengeance; if armies acting under officers of principle, honor, and humanity, and kept in constant check, not only by the authority of their superiors, but by the more powerful influence of the opinion and the estimation of their Christian countrymen, are yet so depraved and so mischievous, so apt to indulge foul passions, and to perpetrate deeds of cruelty, what must an army be, when free from all these wholesome restraints, when ignorant and regardless of virtue and of vice, without fear of God, without respect for themselves or their fellow-creatures, without one thought or one wish beyond the moment, and scoffing alike at the hopes and the terrors of immortality.

Such an army is a confederacy of banditti, a legion of demons, let loose upon the creation to disfigure and to destroy its beauties. Now, into this school of wickedness every youth in France was compelled to enter; and it is easy to imagine the deep, the indelible impression which the blasphemies, and the crimes of so many thousand fiends, must make upon the minds of boys of seventeen. The previous instructions, even of pious parents, cannot be supposed to resist, for any time, the deadly influence of such conversation and example; while if the mind be not fortified by holy lessons, but, on the contrary, present a mere blank to its action, rapid indeed will be the work of perdition, and deep and lasting its impression.

When it is considered how often the ranks of the French army have been thinned and filled up again, and how often swept totally away and renewed, it will be easy to form an idea of the prodigious multitudes that must have passed through it, and consequently how far its influence must have extended, and to what degree its spirit and character must have become the spirit and the character of the nation itself. In truth, few among the younger part of the community can possibly have escaped the contagion; and it will not be exaggeration to say, that in no country has atheism, perfect, practical atheism, made such an awful progress as in France, and now here more com-

pletely debased the human mind, and deprived it of every semblance of virtue, every spark of worth and generosity.'

**ART. V.**—*Greece*; a poem; in three parts; with notes, classical illustrations, and sketches of the scenery. By William Haygarth, Esq. A.M. Quarto. Pp. 304. With plates. £2. 12s. 6d. 1814.

THIS work, although unequal in its merits, cannot be otherwise esteemed, than as a spirited display of poetic genius, embellished by classic study, and enriched by profound research. It presents us with a comparative view of ancient and modern Greece, from the animated pencil of a master; and, the grandeur of the subject is, every way, worthy of the accomplished artist.

Throughout the tasteful scenery, thus offered to our admiration, we own our feelings captive. A kind of magic transports us to the objects variously portrayed: we contemplate them with enthusiasm: sympathy awakens in our minds; and we linger, as we pursue, the rich variety that embodies 'the feast of reason with the flow of soul.'

The volume opens with an invocation; in course of which, the reader is invited to the banquet.

\* Ye then endow'd with nature's fairest gifts,  
Children of taste and fancy, in whose hearts  
The flood of life beats quicker, when ye hear  
The song of ancient times, th' immortal tale  
Of bold heroic deeds, and firm resolve  
And dauntless enterprise; whose kindling eyes  
Flash indignation on the servile lays  
Of minions crouching at a tyrant's throne,  
But glow with transport at the deathless hymn  
Raised to the godlike men, who bar'd their breasts,  
And wing'd their bloody falchions in defence  
Of sacred liberty: ye who can find  
In ev'ry mould'ring stone, and moss-grown shaft,  
A voice, whose eloquence can touch the heart  
With more true sympathy than all the pomp  
Of involuted periods; ye who love  
Majestic nature, and delight to trace  
Her solitary steps amidst the wilds  
Of rude magnificence, attend my song,  
And I will lead you by a varied way

O'er riven rocks, that lean upon the breast.  
Of the dark billow, by the yawning gulph  
Of hideous caverns, through the shade of woods,  
And scenes immortalised in Grecian strains.'

What was Greece; and how did it acquire its ancient  
renown....its proud superiority?

By emulation!

' Warm'd into life, and cherish'd by the breath  
Of popular applause, amidst these schools  
The arts put forth their tender shoots, and bloom'd  
With more than mortal beauty. Sculpture's hand  
Rounded the marble to a living form;  
Painting suspended her heroic tales  
In the vast temple for her country's eye;  
The muse of history from fable's rust  
Cleans'd time's dark tablets, and aloud proclaim'd,  
The wond'rous legends to impatient crowds;  
Whilst poesy and song uniting pour'd  
The tide of rapture on the yielding soul.  
Blest country! where each lab'ring hind confess'd,  
The charm of fancy, and, unskill'd himself  
In art, admir'd the artist's magic pow'rs.'

Greece, thus, became the soil of erudition....the habitation of the arts. In Pausanias we have a description of the magnificent aspect it presented in the reign of Antoninus Pius; and, we are lost in admiration, of the number and beauty of the temples, pictures, and statues, which he enumerates.

But, in Greece, if an artist produced a work of talent, he was declared to have ennobled the city of his birth. His performance was recited at the Olympic games, or displayed in the temples, and the successful candidate was presented to the gaze of an applauding multitude. This was the emulative spark, that kindled the glowing flame of genius, and gave it deserved supremacy.

The classic scholar weeps over desolated Athens; and exclaims where are, now, the Grecian gymnasias? where the learned academies? where her seminaries of instruction? where her teachers? where, in short, is the Grecian language?

But the coldly calculating statesman feels not, or will not feel....that the arts are essential to national prosperity. He gives a liberally fostering hand to commerce, to agri-

culture, and to manufactures; but he is supinely ignorant, that the name of Athens has survived the wreck of many ages; not only on account of the high degree of attainments it acquired in the fine arts; but, in consequence of the eloquence of its orators, and the excellence of its civil and political institutions....all of which, denote security, freedom and happiness!

Their areopagus, had attained so sublime a reputation, that the gods were figuratively supposed to assist at its deliberations; while neighbouring and independent princes, voluntarily, submitted their disputes to its august decisions.

In proportion, therefore, as the solitary man of science appreciates the character of the ancient Greeks, he will explore the constitutional coldness of our modern policy, which mechanically sacrifices, to the immediate and transitory advantages of commerce, the stable and permanent honors of our empire, that ought to be, in all things, pre-eminent.

Under the disadvantages of national apathy, and neglected science, our author, confessing himself unknown, has ventured on the expensive publication of a classical work, descriptive of the scenery, manners, and antiquities of the Greeks. This work was designed in the country it so beautifully illustrates, and was partly written, in Athens, during the winter of 1811: it is ornamented by engravings, accurately copied from sketches, taken by the author, who pledges himself for their fidelity.

“Every passage of this poem, clothed in the noble and energetic measure of blank verse, leads to beautiful imagery; let us pause at the following concise description of melancholy....

‘ But where pointed cliffs  
Rise bleak and savage, and the gather’d shade  
Of melancholy cypress veils the day;  
Where not a sound is heard, save the dank drop  
Of water from a cave, or falling leaf.  
Breaking the deathlike silence, there the form  
Of madness rests upon his bed of flint:  
His hand is clenched across his throbbing breast,  
His pale limbs, shrinking to the blast, are bound  
With tattered rags, his matted hair entwined  
With red and wither’d flowers, half shrouds a cheek  
That never smiles, an eye that cannot weep.



This scene is contrasted with the smiling plenty of the Thessalian plains, renowned for its earliest acquirements in the arts and sciences.

• Whilst yet the rest of Greece was sunk in night,  
The earliest dawn of science and of art  
Beamed on these plains; their subtle tenants first  
Moulded the lyre's rude form, and from its strings  
Drew forth to hailing crowds the solemn notes  
Of Harmony; they first with daring hand,  
Rein'd the proud steed, and taught him to obey  
The curb and goad, and from his pastures wild  
Led him the future partner of their toils.  
In chase and battle; not to them unknown  
The potent virtues of each herb and flower;  
They first, with skill sagacious, bruise'd the stem,  
Mingled the juices, and to suffering man  
Held out the draught to cool his feverish lip.  
• Then happy were thy plains, O Thessaly!  
Thy tower'd cities deck'd the wide expanse,  
With opulence and splendour; plenty reared  
Amidst her golden harvests, and her fields  
Smiling with vintage honours; industry  
Bent cheerful to his daily task, and ead  
His labours with a song; at the hoarse blast  
Of war, wide gleam'd thy champaign with the blaze  
Of waving crests and lances, as thy sons  
Arm'd for the battle; and where peace display'd  
Her branch of olive, joyous they return'd  
To clasp a lovely offspring at their gates.  
Such were thy sons, alas! what are they now?

Pursuing his labour, our author, severally, depicts the various cities of Greece. He reproaches Sparta; and gives to Corinth its merited applause; interweaving the dignified records of history, with the sweet simplicities of artless anecdote, much in the style of Thomson.

His vision of the deity of Athens, who passes a splendid pageant before his imagination, will be read with great interest. It variegates the emblems of smiling peace, with the horrors of civil war...

• 'Ill far'd the beauteous city in those days—  
Famine stalk'd raving through her silent streets  
And stern oppression drew the galling chains  
Close round her captive feet: whilst want  
Stretched forth her with'ring hand, and blasted all her fields.

We cannot resist giving the following invocation to Britain, in favour of oppressed....degraded....Greece!

And O my country ! let thy voice be heard  
 Amidst the din of battle, like the cry  
 Of the wild eagle in the tempest's roar ;  
 When Hellas rises to assert her rights,  
 Be not far from her : let thy chieftains sage  
 Direct the onset, and thy hardy sons  
 Be foremost in the fight which Britons love,  
 The fight for liberty. When tortur'd Greece  
 Raises her supplicating eyes to thee,  
 Turn not away, nor let thy virtuous name,  
 Pledg'd to a faithless horde of infidels,  
 Be made the safeguard of her tyrants—No—  
 Rather let your united legions guide  
 The bolt of vengeance, that the cross may shine  
 Once more upon the Hellespont, and prayers  
 Of christian sanctity again be heard  
 Within Istambol's \* domes. To raise thine arm  
 Between th'oppressor and oppress'd, to break  
 The fetters of the captive, and declare  
 That the poor slave who treads thy shores, is free,  
 Has always been thy high prerogative ;  
 Hence thou art happy, and whilst Europe seems  
 One dismal dungeon, circled in with walls  
 Of steel, and watch'd by sleepless sentinels,  
 The natives of thy soil still feel the breath  
 Of freedom fan their cheeks. Thou stand'st alone  
 With thy few warriors in the narrow pass,  
 The world's Thermopylae, and whilst one hand  
 Waves the red sabre of thy righteous cause,  
 The other proffers to a sinful world  
 The gospel, and lets fall the healing dews  
 Of charity upon the fester'd wounds  
 Of suffering mortals, hence my bosom glows  
 With gratitude that I was born thy son ;  
 And these thy deeds of mercy and of peace  
 Shall more avail thee in the dreadful hour  
 Of peril, than that thine unconquer'd fleets  
 Have borne their thunders o'er the distant wave,  
 Where keel ne'er plough'd before ; or that a host  
 Of eastern potentates, with bended knee,  
 Crouch at the footstool of thy gorgeous throne.  
 Yes, wretched Greece ! beneath my country's shield

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\* Constantinople

Thou still may'st vanquish and be free again ;  
 Oppressions hand is faint with tort'ring thee,  
 And droops its palsied strength. Thou hast aton'd,  
 By a long age of agony and grief,  
 For all thy former vices, and the tears  
 Pour'd down thy bosom, in the bitter hour  
 Of thy captivity, have wash'd the stains  
 Of guilt which sullied thy historic page.  
 The storm has spent its rage, an eve of peace  
 Breaks o'er the bosom of thy troubled sea.  
 Thy Moslem tyrants totter on their thrones,  
 And soon would fall, but that the deadly feuds  
 Of christians (shame to Europe and her sons)  
 Have propp'd the crumbling fabric of their pow'r.  
 Yes, wretched Greece ! thy sons may still be free—  
 The manly brow, though daunted, not subdued,  
 The hyacinthan locks that clust'ring hang  
 O'er their broad shoulders, the well moulded limb,  
 The graceful form, the dark eye, flashing fire,  
 Attest the progeny of those who bled  
 At Marathon, and promise future deeds  
 To rival the achievements of their sires.  
 ' I hear the echoes of the rustic pipe  
 Warbling the pleasures of a pastoral life ;  
 I listen to the spirit stirring ode  
 Calling on Sparta's children to be free.  
 O liberty and rural peace—what more  
 Can mortals pray for ? the awak'ning muse,  
 Bursting the leaden slumbers which so long  
 Have quench'd the fire of her divinity,  
 Snatches her shell to sing these joyful themes,  
 And sweeps the chords, bending with heav'nly smile  
 To catch the well-known sounds. A barb'rous jar  
 Of gingling dissonance grates on her ear.  
 At which she starts confused, and from her hand  
 Her lyre drops unsupported to the ground,  
 ' But she shall seize it in some brighter hour,  
 When her long night of tyranny is passed,  
 And the deep moanings which now swell around,  
 Fall faint and fainter on the passing breeze.  
 Then a new race of bards shall rise ; the harps  
 Long silent shall once more with measur'd strain  
 Join in the lofty chorus ; skies as clear  
 As in their happiest age, and scenes as grand  
 As their own Homer once transported view'd,  
 Shall aid their raptures and inspire their song.  
 The Arts shall raise their mournful eye, the tear  
 Of sorrow shall be dried, save when it falls

In silent sympathy of pictur'd woe.  
 Again the voice of freedom shall be heard  
 Amidst her cavern'd fastnesses, and hosts  
 Embattled round her spear shall guard her vales  
 From hostile insult. Greece shall smile again,  
 And the fair wreaths which for her youth she wove  
 Shall twine fresh tendrils round her aged brow.'

This closes the poem.

Among his illustrations will be found a very pleasing and minute description of Ali Pasha's court, to which our author was admitted to the honor of an audience.... The chamber of state to which he was introduced, was very gaudily ornamented with gilding and painting, covered with a mat, and surrounded by low couches. On the walls were suspended sabres, guns, and rich garments,

At his presentation, he found Ali seated cross legged on the divan, at the extreme corner of the room. He did not rise, but made a sign to his visitor to advance and sit near him. Immediately, an attendant approached, and making a low obeisance, presented him with a pipe of an enormous length, the ball of which, another attendant placed on a small silver salver, to relieve the intolerable fatigue of supporting its weight. After a few whiffs, coffee was brought in handsome china cups, enclosing others of silver.

Ali Pasha is about sixty years of age, courteous in his manners, and not betraying in his countenance any marks of the ferocity of his heart. He speaks with a smile, but owes his advancement to a series of successful crimes.... He is a barbarian in his passions, cruel to the last degree; and rapacious, even beyond the common rapacity of a Turkish governor. He is one of the most powerful of the Turkish Pashas, and may be considered an independent Prince.

In his own person, and that of his family, Ali governs nearly the whole of ancient Greece. His alliance has been much courted by the French, who offered to make him King of Epirus. He, however, wisely distrusted their proffered friendship, and maintains a close connection with our court.

The situation of Ioannina, the capital of Ali, is described, together with the customs, manners, and politics

of the inhabitants. Our author gives us a distressing characteristic anecdote of Ali's disposition.

\* The Pasha happening, one morning, to pay a visit to the wife of his son Moachtar, found her bathed in tears. Enquiring the cause, he was informed, by the lady, that she could never be happy whilst Phrosyne, and sixteen other Greek females, who excelled her in beauty, were permitted to live and estrange her husband's affections from her. Upon this malignant representation, by order of the Pasha, the ill-fated Phrosyne and her companions were enclosed in a sack, and thrown into the lake of Joannina.

Pindus, one of the abodes of the muses, is represented as combining some of the grandest scenery of Greece. Rugged and precipitous, it impresses the mind of the traveller with ideas of wildness and solitude, so favourable to the cultivation of poetic genius.

On Helicon, on Parnassus, and on Pindus, the muses are supposed, by the Greeks, to retreat amid the savage grandeur of over hanging cliffs, and the roar of winter torrents. The whole passage of Pindus is finely drawn; giving us a view of the river Peneus, bursting through the barriers of Ossa and Olympus, where those gigantic mountains were severed by the convulsions of an earthquake. We find in Cowper, from Homer,

\* Olympus, by repute, th' eternal seat,  
Of the ethereal pow'rs, which never storm  
Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm  
Th' expanse and cloudless shines with purest day.\*

By the measurement of Mr. Bernouilli, this mountain is in height 1017 toises, or 2167 yards.

This terrific scenery is contrasted with the mild beauties of the Thessalian plains. Here fertility takes place of barrenness, and the eye, instead of being confined in its range, by the close and overhanging masses of cliff and precipice, expatiates, at large, over a vast plain, bounded by gently swelling hills, and fading at a great distance in the horizon. Instead of the hardy mountaineer, wrapped in his rough cloak, and following his herd of goats down the craggy sides of a fearful precipice, we behold the husbandman, in his white linen dress, leaning over his

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\* This anecdote is related, but not precisely the same way, by Lord Byron in his Giaour.—EDITOR.

ploughshare; or returning home, at the fall of eve, in his rustic car.

This car is truly Homeric. Amid the luxuriancy of vegetation, the cheerful prospect is animated with vineyards, corn fields, and mulberry groves. The latter are planted for nourishment of the silk worm. On the former, we may say with the Greek poet,

‘ Mark how the branches of that vine  
Around the wither’d plane tree twine,  
And o’er its old and feeble head  
A young and blooming foliage spread.  
That vine beneath its friendly shade  
Its op’ning beauties first display’d,  
And dar’d with modest grace unfold  
Its verdant leaves and fruits of gold.  
So may my youth’s soft moments share  
Some lovely fair one’s tend’rest care,  
Who, amid death’s e’er shadowing gloom,  
Will hang in sorrow o’er my tomb.’

The Thessalians, as the poem records, were the earliest in the acquirement of the arts and sciences. The harp of Grecian poetry, touched by the hands of Orpheus, was first heard in the Thessalian plains. Nor is Corinth ever celebrated.

‘ For here the graphic art essay’d its pow’rs,  
And on thy walls the love-sick maid first drew  
The human form, the image of the youth  
Torn from her arms.’ . . . . .

We cannot trace the objects of curiosity, alluded to in the poem, as they occur; but we must slightly speak of the cave of Trophonius.

Pausanias tells us, ‘ that this celebrated cave was situated in a grove on the mountain; that the excavation was not natural, but effected by art; that, in form, it resembled an oven; and lastly, that the diameter was four cubits.’ High cliffs rise, perpendicularly, above it, and near the mouth of the cave, are several oblong excavations in the wall, of different sizes....probably, for the reception of statues, or tablets bearing inscriptions. It is, now, entered by ascent, whereas, anciently those who repaired to consult the oracle descended. A fountain gushes out of the rock close below the cave.

Pausanias says, 'there were two streams; one, of Memory; the other of Oblivion.' It was supposed to be one of the entrances to the infernal regions; and those who descended into this cave, never laughed again.

Of the Bœotian capital, our author recites the eloquent description of Theban desolation, from a great Athenian orator. It is thus translated.

' Since ye cannot, in your persons, be present, let your imaginations behold the miseries of Thebes. Think that ye beheld the city taken, the walls destroyed, the houses wrapped in flames, the women and children led into captivity; old men, aged matrons weeping, imploring your protection; and learning, when it is too late, the blessings of that liberty which they must never enjoy again.'

The perusal of the illustrations on Athens will delight every reader. We must refer to the book; reserving, to ourselves, the pleasure of making an extract from the Theatre of Bacchus, and another from the Temple of Jupiter Olympus.

' I shall indulge myself in the belief that this is the ruin of the Theatre of Bacchus; that these are the walls which first heard the harp of Tragedy exciting sorrowful sympathy at the touch of Euripides, or rousing the emotions of terror and sublimity when swept by the master-hand of Aeschylus. It is indeed inferior in appearance to most of the other ancient edifices. It is of little importance, perhaps, in the eye of the architect; but I doubt whether the view of any ruin inspires such pleasing ideas, or awakens so powerfully those interesting associations, which Athens, more than any place, calls up to people her solitudes, as the remains of this theatre. Seated in its silent and deserted area we recall to our imaginations the various scenes which have passed within these walls; we recollect that here genius received its full reward from an admiring audience, when Electra told the sad tale of her woes, or Cassandra chaunted her prophetic raptures; that here patriotism triumphed; lastly we remember that in the theatre was transacted that affecting ceremony, in which the children of those who had fallen in battle were presented in complete armour to the audience by a herald, who proclaimed, 'that these orphans having been educated at the expence of the state, were now, upon arriving at manhood, clothed in their panoply and, with the good wishes of the spectators sent to take their part in the public affairs of the nation.'

' On the N. side of the Ilissus, and to the S. E. of the Aeropolis, appear the columns of Adrian, the majestic ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus. They consist of sixteen pillars and an imperfect angle of the peribolus or outer wall, strengthened with buttresses

to the S. E. and another fragment of the peribolus to the N. W. which is built into the modern walls of the town. The pillars are of the Corinthian order, fluted and about sixty feet in height: thirteen of them stand together in three rows; the other three are at a short distance. The thirteen pillars support their architraves. It is impossible to behold these beautiful columns without the highest admiration. They convey a magnificent idea of what Grecian architecture could effect; and even now in their ruinous state excite an impression that can be felt but not described. They stand about a furlong from the foot of the Acropolis and near the gate of Adrian.

Of the modern sons of Greece, we learn, they are naturally merry and lively; and, their mirth, in spite of their miseries, breaks forth at every favourable opportunity. But the oppression they suffer from the Turks, is unparalleled. A Turk may kill a Greek; without being detained to answer for the crime.

On the day of my visit to Livadia, says our author, a Turk entered the house of a Greek, and attempted, forcibly to take away his wife. The Greek naturally resisted; upon which the Turk shot him dead upon the spot. He was not secured, but suffered to depart.

At Athens, singing and dancing continue to follow the report.

*A Bacchanalian Song:*

‘O breathe that strain again—  
And whilst I quaff the purple bow;  
Sing soft the melting strain;  
Then take the cup and drain it low—  
Man wants but little here below,  
But love and wine to cheer the drooping soul.’

The dress, customs, antiquities, manners, music, &c. of the Greeks, are most pleasingly detailed by copious notes; classically and historically arranged. But we must limit our review. The work closes with a poem entitled *Cassandra*; an inspired maid, alluded to in the course of the poem.

We shall conclude, with offering our political reflections in the language of Sir William Jones, from the Greek.

‘What constitutes a State?  
Not high rais’d battlement or labour’d mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown’d  
Not bays and broad arm’d ports,  
Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starr’d and spangled courts,  
Where low-brow’d baseness wafts perfume to pride—  
No!—Men, high-minded men.’



**ART. IV.—O'Donnell: a National Tale.** By Lady Morgan (née Miss Owenson), author of the *Wild Irish Girl*, *Novice of St. Dominick*, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 290, 331, 330. H. Colburn, 1814.

THE pleasure with which we remember to have read this lady's *Wild Irish Girl*, strongly recommends these volumes to our attention. As a national writer, we cannot too much admire her sentiments; and, as a descriptive writer, we hail her as the legitimate pupil of nature.

But, if we were disposed to criticise style, we might deplore the frequent occasions taken by the fair author to shew us, that her reading is far beyond the usual studies of her sex; and that she prefers the boldness of masculine reasoning to the softer claims of feminine opinions.

In the volumes before us we find a most animated picture of an Irish gentleman, the sport of his country's politics, who, with the stern honour of the rude chieftain of old, possesses the polished attainments of a more refined age.

‘All pride, however diversified its features, is the mere offspring of human weakness. In its best sense, perhaps, it is but the mean which gives to vanity the air of virtue; in its worst, it is a periculous reparation for the accidental circumstances of life, a rigid exaction of respect from others, for things or qualities independent of all will or power inherent in ourselves.

‘The pride of the Irishman was immoderate. Still, however, it might find its apology, if not its justification, in the circumstances of his life, and the history of his family. The one had been an incessant struggle between a lofty spirit, and an untoward fortune; the other was a register of the deeds of chiefs, of the feats of heroes; interwoven in the history of his country, sharing its glory, and participating in its misfortunes. This high and inherent sentiment, mortified rather than weakened by physical sensibility, sharpened rather than obliterated by moral suffering, was now deeply wounded, not in its most vulnerable, but its least laudible point; not where it was felt with most acuteness, but where it was sustained with least dignity. Though one “out of suits with life,” he disdained complaint, he contemned pity, and shrunk from displaying his unhappy fortunes before those from whom he could not hope for sympathy; nor have accepted relief. The chances were now, however, against him: he was *bailed to his den*; and what was still worse, he had exposed a weakness of feeling; he had deprived poverty of that dignity, which could alone have rendered it respectable.

‘Blushing for the involuntary error of mortified pride, and anxious to repair it, he returned to his guests just as Lady Singleton had laid

aside the little historical fragment of his family memoirs ; and with all the sterner feelings of his nature, relaxed into the smooth courtesy of high and polished refinement; he apologized for his absence, and excused it by the arrival of some letters from the continent, in which he was much interested, though they contained no public news. Meantime the ladies discovered that not only his manner, but his appearance, was much improved : he had changed the rude habit of his wanderings, the *thread-bare jacket*, which had shrouded his gentility from Mr. Dexter's eyes and observation, for a suit of deep mourning. With an excusable foppery, natural to the soldier, he had also assumed the order of *Maria Theresa*, and the cross of St. Louis, both the badges of distinguished military merit ; and though in his marked and intelligent countenance a mind was depicted which

‘ O'er informed its tenement of clay,’

yet the enchantment of a noble form absorbed his spectators in the first moment of his return, and left them no leisure to reflect upon the *moral* superiority by which it was evidently accompanied and dignified.

This gentleman, a military recluse, is the lineal descendant of O'Donnel the Red ; and, the following is the portrait of his ancestor.

‘ O'Donnel, covered with glory, retired to the Castle of Donegal to celebrate his union with the fair object of a long-cherished and romantic passion, the Lady Avelina O'Neil, the daughter of the Earl of Tyrone, by a former marriage with an English lady, who had alone shared with his country the feelings of his heart. To years of suffering, disquietude, and hardship, some months of domestic felicity succeeded, when the family compact, formed by double alliance between the chiefs of Tirconnel and Tyrone, obliged him to draw his sword in a cause, which, unlike all the other contests in which he had engaged, brought not its excuse along with it.

His fortunes changed with the cause in which he has led by his ambitious kinsman to embark them. The unexampled rapidity of his marches from the north to the south of Ireland ; his distinguished feats of personal prowess, availed him not : the red cross banner of the O'Donnel was trampled in the dust before the walls of Kinsale : his castle was seized, and garrisoned by the English forces in Donegal : his life was forfeited with his possessions ; but his first and last defeat, though it maddened, did not subdue him. After wandering, with a few faithful friends, through the bogs and mountains of Munster, with nothing left but his life, his honor, and his sword, he escaped an ignominious death by flight from his native land ; and, in the words of the chronicle, sailed, ‘ with his heroes for Spain.’ The little vessel in which he embarked anchored in the port of *Corunna*,

1602, under the mouldering tower of Breogah, named after the hero who was supposed to have raised it, and from whom the first conquerors of Ireland were descended.

The exile chief knelt and kissed the earth consecrated by the memory of his progenitor, and hailed the tower of the son of Milesius, as a happy omen on the arrival of his descendant in a strange land.

The King of Spain received the Irish chief as a sovereign prince, promised him redress, and established him in a royal palace at Corunna. But the King slumbered over his promise, though the spirit of the chief slept not. Ireland the land of his affections, was the goal of his hopes: soon weary of his splendid dependance, he panted to behold his country, his children, his wife; his patience brooked not delay; he had not been used to wait upon fortune, but to command her; though worn out, exhausted by bodily and mental anguish, he pursued the king to his court at Valladolid, and within view of the Moorish palace where the sovereign resided. The Irish chief died in the arms of his attendants: his heart was broken; his gallant spirit fled for ever in its last struggle for independence.

“Peace to the soul of the hero.”

Our author, although describing the romantic descendant of an Irish chieftain, does not enter into the beautifully wild varieties which so prominently mark the manners and scenery of her *Wild Irish Girl*. O'Donnel is characteristic of himself, without the superfluous aid of the ancient costume. He wears neither the braided buskins, nor the fillan, clasped at the throat with a resplendent brooch; but he is presented in the dress of the day, with strength of stature, and dignity of mind, harmoniously modulated.

The history of Ireland, under the semblance of a fable, so commixes the contrarieties of religion, politics, and manners, that the extremes of refinement and barbarism associate in one view, and form a romantic group, to astonish....to agonise....or to delight!

In this novel, the tale is very circumscribed: a strolling party of English fashionables encounter the recluse, O'Donnel, with his wolf dog, on the wild shores of Lough Swilly, where their carriage breaks down; and an acquaintance, forcibly, follows, which leads to little interest, beyond that of developing the hero's character, and of exhibiting a picture of unsophisticated fidelity in his Irish attendant.

O'Donnel was the immediate descendant of O'Donnel the Red, who, as he informs his guests, was a very brave and a very unfortunate man. He lived the lord of Tireonnel, and

died with no other property than his sword, to bequeath to posterity.

Pursuing his history, he relates the life of the Abbe O'Donnel, who distinguished himself in the diplomacy of Spain; and this national trait awakens the most painful sensations in our mind, in the contemplation, that talents the most rare, and bravery the most exemplary, have often been exiled, by state policy, from its native home, to enrich a foreign court.

Cruel policy! alike destructive to the country, and fatal to the individual!

\* But to command the services of genius, it must be *unrestrained*. It is the equal right, the equal hope, shining on all alike, which gives vigor to ability, and a right direction to the vague impulses of ambition. Sink the individual in the scale of social consideration, withdraw from him the *natural* motives which should give strength to resolution, and energy to action, and you, hapish or degrade him; he remains at home, alternating between the torpor of disgraceful indolence, and the wildness of sullen disaffection; or he retires to other countries to offer *those talents, those energies* to foreign states, for which he finds no mart at home. Like the liquid element, the human mind flows cloudy and polluted through narrow and prescribed channels, and derives its brilliancy, its purity, its wholesomeness, and its utility, alone from the freedom of its course, and the agitation of its own natural and unrestrained motions.

To this alternative of idleness or banishment, were the gentlemen of Ireland reduced by religious disqualification, at the period when the original of that picture, accompanied by a younger brother, bid adieu to the land of his fathers. The brothers offered their services in causes with which their feelings held no alliance. The younger O'Donnel entered the Austrian service, where so many of his kinsmen had already distinguished themselves. He rapidly attained the rank of a general officer—lived in honor, and died in glory. The elder brother, with an early imbibed taste for philosophical diplomacy, became an efficient agent in the court of Madrid, and expiated his illusion by his disappointment. He found himself involved in the narrow and illiberal views of a crooked and intricate policy, and discovered, too late, that the labours of an unfortunate alien, received alternately with a necessary confidence and a natural distrust, are viewed with suspicion and rewarded with parsimony. In a moment of this melancholy conviction, his strong passions, ever veering to extremes, he abandoned the world, and threw himself into the Abbey of la Trappe. He was soon, however, again sought for, because his talents were soon missed; and the royal entreaty and papal authority once more dragged him on the scene of life, at the moment he was found *digging his own grave*. Yet when death, after a course of years, robbed him

of the prince he served, he remained unrecompensed, unprovided for, advanced in life, and care-worn in spirits. Then it was that his affections (having completed the circle of objects which in turn possess the bosom, and mark the stages from the cradle to the tomb) returned to the goal from whence they started. His country, his home, awakened his heart's last warm impulsion; and the fond desire, so common among the Irish, that his eyes should be closed by the hands of kindred affection, led him back to that paternal proof, and to those ties, whose images time and absence had rather strengthened than obliterated from his remembrance. He had left an elder brother, the representative of the faded honors and lessened fortunes of his family; and to the sons of this brother he looked forward for the bright reflections of his own ardent youth—for the solace of his declining years. He returned after thirty years of exile; but found no house, nor brother, nor brother's children."

The stranger paused; and then, with some emotion, and great rapidity, he added;

"There was at a period to which I allude a penal statute in force, which struck at once against the law of God and man, and tore asunder the holy bond, which forms the type of every human institution—the tie of *filial* and *parental love*. By this law, it was enacted, that the son of a Catholic parent, by conformity to the established church, could legally possess himself of the property of his family, and for ever alienate it (when so gained) from the rightful heirs. A crime thus sanctioned, did sometimes, not often, find its motive in the sordid selfishness of human depravity. Oh! then many a blessed tie was rent asunder—many a grey head was bowed with shame and sorrow to the grave. The offence was neither solitary nor unproductive. Brother raised his hand against brother." He paused again in emotion, and again continued:—"In a word, such was the event which hailed the Abbé's return to his country.—The youngest of his two nephews had abjured a faith which only entailed misfortune, and reaped the fruit of his apostasy by taking the letter of the law, and leaving his family and its natural heir destitute, who, maddened with the double wrongs of himself and his infant son, gave vent to nature's bitterest indignation. The brothers fought—fratricide was added to apostasy; and the survivor, not able to appear on the scene of his crimes, left his country for ever.

"He who was thus at once bereaved of property and life was—my father!

"The exile, thus welcomed to his native land, sought his last asylum among these mountains; and, with the poor remains of his hard earnings, raised this shed, in a region over which his ancestors had reigned, and at no great distance from the rock, on which, in ruder times, they were inaugurated. Here, too, he watched over the infancy and boyhood of his orphan grand-nephew; and gave up the first sixteen years of his solitude to my education; thus, but for him, I should have remained for ever 'one of the wild shrubs of the

wilderness : ' to his learning and science am I indebted for whatever information I possess : to his taste I owe that cultivation of mind and love of letters which is now almost my only enjoyment.

' Having thus bestowed upon me all that he had to give, he sent me, as he himself had been sent, to earn an honorable subsistence in a foreign land. After many years of absence, the public events which changed the face of Europe once more brought me back to these solitudes. I returned with that sword, which I had taken out with me, my only property, and this ribbon, my only reward. I found my venerable kinsman, with the extraordinary energies of his character still unsubdued, approaching to a patriarchal age, and still devoting his lingering faculties to letters and to science. Permitted at length to serve my king and country, I again left the asylum of my early home, and drew my sword, with a joyful emotion, suited to the cause in which I was allowed to embark ; but on my return from a short and fatal campaign in the West Indies, circumstances of necessity, as well as feelings of attachment, drew me back to these solitudes ; and I arrived but in time to fulfil my aged kinsman's long-formed wish. He died in my arms, and his eyes were closed by the hand of kindred affection.

' The stranger ceased.'

By this hateful policy, how many heroes have devoted their swords to the service of the continental princes ! They proved faithful and loyal to the kings they served, as they would have done, *if so permitted*, to the natural sovereign of their native land.

' The six regiments of Irish brigades were, to a man, true to the cause of royalty ; and, after fighting well, and suffering much, in the allied armies, the officers repaired to their native land, obtained leave to raise regiments, succeeded in the attempt, and were permitted to enrol themselves in the British army, under their old designation of the *Irish Brigades*. I had followed the course of these brave men, and, when sinking under infirm health, from two wounds which had nearly proved fatal, I was ordered to try my native air. Obligated to leave the army in Flanders, where I was serving as a volunteer, I again, on my recovery, joined the new-raised corps of a friend and fellow soldier ; and too happy to be employed in the service of England against *regicide France*, I accepted a majority in the regiment of Irish brigades, and embarked for St. Domingo. There, in a sanguinary and remorseless war, contending with the climate, famine, and the sword, amidst royalists and republicans, negroes, and maroons, I left many a gallant countryman and friend unburied on the burning sands of that pestiferous region ; and have returned once more to these solitudes, perhaps, as their last tenant used to say, with little else to do than to dig my own grave and die."

' This was uttered with a smile, but it was a smile saddened by despondency.

' " You surely do not mean to give up the service?" asked Mr. Glentworth.

' " The service, I fear," he replied, " means to give me up."

' " Have you applied for, or been refused, your military rank?"

' " I have no interest in this country, no kinsman high in the service; and my letters of nobility, which served me abroad, would here be ridiculous."

' " Still you ought to have applied."

' " I *did* apply, for a majority, a company, a lieutenancy: I did not succeed, and went no lower. My relation, General O'Donnel, of the Spanish service, has offered me a majority in his regiment; but, having once fought in the cause of England, I will never draw my sword against her. But," he added cheerfully, " though I state facts, I do not complain of grievances. I know not how I have been induced to enter upon this tale of egotism: it is in truth an ungracious subject to me, as it must be tiresome to you."

Two years passed....season followed season....all was cheerless around the cot of O'Donnel. His natural energies struggled hard with a compelled inactivity: his noble spirit was oppressed, but not subdued. His was a life of hopelessness; yet he combated with fate. He was not, however, permitted to continue in this painful calm....he was eventually aroused at the call of humanity.

Throughout the villages and little towns in Ireland, there are a set of upstart beings, who oppress their less thriving neighbours with a sort of *constitutional* superiority. At the head of such a ruling faction, in the village nearest to O'Donnel's retreat, stood Sir Brian Costello, attorney at law; a man, who had raised himself from the lowest class of society by acts which enable such men to attain to a state of comparative affluence; and he, finally, became agent of the gentleman, in whose kitchen he had often plied as a menial.

' Mr. Costello had, upon speculation, purchased a large tract of mountain, and obtained a considerable portion of commonage attached to it; he had also become master of some small but fertile farms, of which he had obtained perpetual leases of his own employer, and which, as is common in Ireland, he again let out at premiums to tenants-at-will: among these tenants was the late Abbé O'Donnel. The little sum of ready money of which he was master on his arrival in Ireland, he had expended in purchasing the romantic site of his cottage and small garden, and he took of Mr. Costello a little farm

in the neighbourhood, from which he derived the whole means of his subsistence.

As the Abbé led the life of a hermit, and was too much a cynic to interest himself in the concerns of others, he had lived in his retreat more feared than known, and was suffered to remain unmolested. By some he was deemed a saint, by others a wizard, and by many as little better than a maniac. The high-spirited and impetuous boy, whom he had made the companion of his solitude, felt the superiority which nature, birth, and education, had given him over the LITTLE GREAT of his neighbourhood; and as his youth and activity carried him in more frequent contact with the vicinage, he took little care to disguise his opinion of himself and them; but to the natives of the soil, the poor Irish servitors, he was condescending and gentle; for he considered them as the descendants of the brave peasantry who had so often fought the battles of his ancestors: without losing sight of his own dignity, he mingled in their sports, and carried off many a prize of superiority in their athletic exercises.

The impression which he left behind him, when, yet a boy, he quitted the country to enter into a foreign service, were revived when he returned in manhood; and though his paternal lands were situated in another part of the country, the name of O'Donnel was still loved and revered. Since his return, he had more than once been the advocate of the unfortunate, and the champion of the oppressed; and, though a *tenant-at-will* for the spot which afforded him his sole means of subsistence, to Mr. Brien Costello, he had, in a feeling of indignation for violated justice, opposed his power in an instance, which too often occurs, and too often is past over in Ireland unnoticed and unstigmatized. Costello had let some of his mountain land to cotters, at a rent far beyond its value; and, to reconcile them to a bargain, closed under the pressure of necessity, he had allowed them a certain portion of commonage: to the cultivation of these wild spots, the cotter had given the ~~overplus~~ of his time and labour; but, when it began to wear the air of cultivation, to repay his industry, and assist him in paying off a part of his exorbitant rent, the sordid landlord, contrary to all equity, and to his compact, inclosed the ground, and deprived his tenant of the only means which could make his bargain tolerable. An instance of this kind had occurred in the case of a poor man, to whose door it brought ruin.

After the manner of the lower Irish, when they appeal for relief in their necessities, he had thrown himself on his knees at O'Donnel's feet to supplicate his interference with his landlord; that he was the brother-in-law of his own foster-brother, Mc. Rory, was not his faintest claim to the service he demanded. O'Donnel, much against his inclination, condescended to intercede with Mr. Costello, to argue, to entreat, but failed in every attempt; he then informed this equitable landlord, in language no way equivocal, of his opinion of the whole transaction; and it required no very acute powers of



induction on the part of Mr Costello to draw from the pervasion of O'Donnel's speech, that he believed him to be a rascal; so satisfactorily to his own mind had he, indeed, concluded upon this point of the Colonel's creed, that he wanted only the courage to call him out: he did, however, what he thought safer, and quite as much to the purpose—he gave him due notice to quit his farm, unless he chose to continue a tenant at a rent somewhat more than double the possible product of the land: the result was, that O'Donnel was ejected, and left destitute of all means of subsistence beyond the produce of a scanty garden.

While *want*...continues our author...was thus knocking at his door, *charity* still found an altar beneath his roof. This claim was on the part of an aged female, the only sister of his deceased kinsman. With her person he was unacquainted...not so with her story; and, at the mention of her name, his susceptible bosom, cheeringly, acknowledged the once celebrated beauty of her time, who, by an improvident marriage, had for ever forfeited the protection of her family. To this relative, now pining in want, and sinking under the pressure of misery, he resigned the cottage and the garden; leaving himself, literally, a beggar. There now remained but one effort, and that was, to seek, once more, a foreign service. This was an alternative inimical to all his fine feelings. He had once served his king; and had hoped never to be so reduced, as to court the service of another monarch. Austria was then in alliance with Great Britain, and both were opposed to France. His nearest kinsman was a general in the Austrian emperor's service, and to him he wrote, explanatory of his views, desiring to receive an answer to his address in London.

But, how was he to realize his prospects? He shrunk from the privileges of a poor relation, to claim relief from the still opulent branches of his family. His books were few, but valuable: those he sold. Still the produce was unequal to his necessities. He determined to dispense with the attendance of a servant, on his journey to the continent notwithstanding that servant was the faithful, warm-hearted M'Rory. Two only articles of value remained....but, as they occurred to his mind, the blood rushed from his heart to his face; and, then, returned to its source with icy coldness. These articles were, the sword of his ancestor O'Donnel the Red, and a small diamond ring.

This ring was suspended round his neck by a ribbon—he drew it forth and gazed on it: a train of intimate associations arose in quick

succession as he read the date engraven on its "golden round;" for the ring was all that remained to him of the earlier and most brilliant period of his existence, when full of hope and joy, his light and gallant spirit had received no impression from time, but such as love and glory gave, when new to life, and flushed with passion, he feared no change, and suspected no illusion—when alternately bound in the silken cords of pleasure, or braced with the rude harness of war, he sprung from the couch of voluptuousness, to rush into the field of combat, and to carry with him, even into scenes of warfare, that buoyancy of spirit, which once distinguished the gallant leaders of the Gallic armies, and which lent to the rudeness of the camp and gaiety and grace of the drawing-room.

He had won that little ring at a court lottery at Versailles, when the loveliest sovereign that ever received the affections of a devoted and loyal people, distributed the prizes: from the hands of Maria Antoinette he had received the ring the night before he accompanied his regiment to the fields of \*\*\* The ring was his talisman—he confided in its influence as the pledge of his success; and the distinction he obtained in that year's campaign, procured him shortly after the military rank which rendered him the youngest colonel in the French service.

The value of this trinket was inconsiderable; but it was the bequest of a beautiful woman, and an unfortunate queen; and there was still enough of the spirit of a Milesian cavalier in his breast to estimate the gem by the standard of sentiment, and not by the cold calculation of a lapidary. He kissed and replaced it—arose from the table at which he sat—walked towards the chimney-piece, and fixed his eyes on the sword of the hero whose memory he revered, of whose kindred he was so proud, of whose character he was enamoured.

With that sword the chief of O'Donnel had avenged his own wrongs, and redressed those of his country. O'Donnel took down the sacred weapon—sacred at least in his estimation, and examined it with the scrutiny of one who beheld it for the first time, but it was, in fact, with the emotion of one who feared he was looking on it for the last.

The basket of the weapon was of pure Irish gold, such as is frequently found in various forms in the bogs of Ireland; and he supposed from the price obtained by his uncle for a golden corslet, that its value could not be under one hundred pounds; this was a considerable sum to a man who had scarcely a guinea, and he resolved on the sacrifice of a relic dear alike to his pride and his affections; yet as he drew the blade from its scabbard, he stooped his head so close to it that it touched his lips, and a tear dropped upon its rusted steel.

We shall conclude with the following affecting picture of a dignified mind under the grasp of poverty, and the sympathetic virtues of a faithful, affectionate attendant.

O'Donnel paused for a moment, and then with an effort at firmness, yet with a tremulous motion of the under lip, he added:

“ In a word, I must part with you, Mc. Rory.”

The books dropped from Mc. Rory's hold, and still remaining on his knees, he clasped his hands, and with a look of grief, almost amounting to despair, but in a tone at once *supplicating* and *determined*, he replied :

“ Oh ! no, Colonel—Sir, if you please, you will nat—part with me ! For what, Sir ? for why would you part with me ? Sure if I have offended you, Colonel, dear, I ax your pardon now, on my two bended knees—take my life, Sir—isn't it your own ? Who saved it for me in the wars, when I fought cheek by jowl with you, Sir ? —only yourself, Colonel : troth you did, and for why would you part with me, *Phaidrig Mc. Rory*, if it was only in regard of being your own foster-brother, who took the same mother's milk with you, and who was a burler with you, when we were gassoons together, playing among the mountains ? And would'n't I have followed you to foreign parts, when we were grown up fine slips of lads, only the mother that bore me left her dying curse on me, if I deserted my fine ancient ould father, until God had taken him ; which he did'n't till five years ago, come Lamas ; and for all that, did'n't I go into foreign parts to see you, Sir, and brought the present of the finest mare that ever was strode, following you through the world wide, into Germany, without knowing a word of any foreign language, good or bad, but my own, and I never came *ACROSS* you till I saw you go to mass in your elegant regimentals, with the King and Queen, and all the Royal Family, long life to them ; and when you come back here after the *troubles*, Colonel, did'n't I list with you in the brigade, and follow you to the wars, Sir ? and from that blessed moment to this, hav'n't I been your true and faithful servant ; and why should'n't I, Colonel ? what *abler* boy in the Barony could you get to serve you ? ante I your Honor's own age, thirty-four last Holy-eve, and your own Honor's height, six feet ? and if I don't answer you Sir, shew me the lad that will, Colonel, to say nothing of fosterage.”

During this appeal, in which one association had arisen rapidly out of another in the mind of the affectionate and devoted Mc. Rory, his master vainly endeavoured to interrupt him, to rise him from his suppliant posture, and before he had concluded, which he did with tears in his eyes, as vainly endeavoured to recover back his own firmness, the looks, even more than the words, of Mc. Rory, had put wholly to flight.

“ No, your Honor,” said Mc. Rory, when Colonel O'Donnel stretched out his hand to raise him, “ I have made a vow to myself, never to rise off my bended knees, which is as good as being *book-sworn*, until it's what your Honor recalls your words, and says, “ *Phaidrig Mc. Rory, I'll never part with you, as long as you can be of the laste use in life to me, Phaidrig,*” and for why should you, Colonel ?”

“ Because, Mc. Rory,” returned his master, with a mixture of

kindness and irritation in his voice and manner, "because I can no longer either repay your services, or maintain you; for I am a man of desperate fortunes. I am about to seek the means of supporting life in a foreign land, by my sword; nor can I think of rewarding your generous attachment so ill as to take advantage of your disinterestedness, and involve you in my uncertain destiny, my certain difficulties. But should any thing like independence ever again be mine, my friend, believe that you shall share it, ay, to the last farthing, Mc. Rory.

"Shall I, Sir?" said Mc. Rory, starting on his feet with a look of wildness; and then pausing for a moment, he ran out of the room: returning, however, almost immediately, and emptying the contents of an old worsted stocking on the table, he cried:

"There are four of the ten gold pieces your Honor gave me for a keepsake, when I brought you the mare to foreign parts.

"There is the five pound note the fine ancient ould Abbé left me by will, and there is the silver-gilt watch which ould Thady Dogherly, my father's ould cronney, left me with his dying breath; and you know right well, Sir, that when I offered you the same to help to pay the fine for the farm, to that chief of a Costello, you would'nt intirely oblige me by taking it; and now you see, it will maintain and keep me, till we land in foreign parts, and when your Honor will be a great General, and myself a Corporal, I'll be bound, for your sake, Sir, so you see, Colonel, I'll be no trouble in life to you, and never ax you for *bit* or *sup*, only your old coats; and now, Sir, there is no delay in the world, only to pack up the *portmantle*, and quit the place which is to the fore for your Honor, whenever God takes the fine ancient ould gentlewoman, your grand-aunt, Mrs. Honor Kelly, to himself."

As the attachment and resolution of Mc. Rory were now equally and evidently firm and unvanquishable, and as his master was well assured that he would follow him at all risks, if he was not permitted to accompany him, Colonel O'Donnel, unconsciously pleased to shelter his own inclinations under his servant's, replied.

"Well, Mc. Rory, be it so, if you are willing, for my sake, to encounter hardships without the hope of recompence: if you are satisfied to take the wages of kindness and confidence instead of"—He paused in some emotion, and unable to proceed, he smiled benevolently, and held out his hand to his now happy servant; but Mc. Rory, bowing down to the ground, retreated respectfully, deeming himself unworthy the high honor tendered to him, and with a cry, that something resembled the funeral *ullalation* of his own country, he rushed out of the room.

Can we follow O'Donnel to the Austrian camp without feelings of national regret?

Look into the kalendar of heroes who fought and conquered throughout the late war....and find, if you can, the valour or the fidelity of THE IRISHMAN, eclipsed by any contemporaries in arms.

**ART. VII—*The Reduction of the Forces*;** with the Full and Half-Pay, civilly and politically considered. By Capt. Fairman, aid-de-camp and military secretary to his excellency the Governor and Commander in Chief of Curacao, and its dependencies, &c. &c. &c. in which is laid down, a permanent plan for the immediate employment of the disbanded troops. Octavo. pp. 60. 3s. C. Chapple, 1814.

THIS pamphlet is addressed to the secretary at war, in a language so different from the usual adulatory incense of dedications, that we cannot resist giving the manly effusion a record in our pages.

‘ *To the Viscount Palmerston, &c. &c. &c.*

‘ My Lord,—From a conscious pride which, while it challenges inquiry into the fact, defies contradiction as to the result, that through distinguished mediums, I have been the humble instrument of obtaining for the army, at different periods, an increase of subsistence, with an augmentation of allowances, besides bettering in other respects its permanent condition—I am induced to offer a few ideas, for the perusal of the Public, connected with the approaching Reduction of the Forces.

‘ In addressing to your Lordship what I shall feel it incumbent upon me to propound on this interesting and important topic, I am actuated to do so alone from the circumstance of your being placed at the head of an office, whence the arrangements for the purpose in question may be expected to emanate.

‘ Should it appear to your Lordship that I occasionally speak with an air of confidence, it may be necessary to apprise you, that success is insensibly apt to fall into this tone; and that such a feeling proceeds from a conviction, that many of the measures which have been adopted in the different departments of the state, owe their origin to confidential communications of mine.

‘ Whether your Lordship shall do me the honour to peruse what I am about to inscribe to you, is matter of doubt; and whether, in the event of your taking that trouble, you shall be so open to conviction, as to act upon any of the hints which are afforded, will remain to be ascertained.

‘ That overt intimations to official people are not the most acceptable, I am perfectly aware; as also that secret suggestions, however useful and practical, meet with no return beyond that of a complimentary note, full of courtly unmeaning expressions: and although the objects might even be weakened, if not defeated, by being thus ostensibly presented, still, after submitting various plans, during a series of years, for the consideration of government, many of which have been implicitly acted upon, with equal advantage to the empire; and neglect of the projector, it cannot be surprising that he should no longer be inclined to pursue the same profitless obscure course.

‘ Notwithstanding a jealousy and a little-mindedness may often deter public servants from bringing forward the proposals of private individuals ; yet when such proposals teem with intrinsic utility, they will, after a time, obtrude themselves into light in the absence of all obstetric aid ; nay, in defiance of every infanticidal endeavour to strangle them in their parturition !

‘ The reason of this is, that a measure, however judicious and salutary, when *publicly* announced by a *private* individual, must be suppressed, at least until it be forgotten by whom it was proposed ; or till it be so metamorphosed, that the offspring shall be scarcely known to its own parent. If it be policy that an individual should not be rendered popular, by attaching to his plans the importance they deserve, it would be no more than justice, after they are carried into effect, that he should be adequately compensated. But the reverse of this is too often the case.

‘ The grand inducements for persons to become authors, are profit, patronage, or fame. To these may be added, in some men, (at even as much trouble and expence, as responsibility and danger), a spirit of philanthropy, a desire to benefit society, in their efforts to carry a particular point, or to further any laudable design. When, however, at such sacrifices, an individual does advance the prosperity of the commonwealth, or promote the interest of a numerous body, it does not argue much in favour of the gratitude of the one, or the bounty of the other, to suffer such an advocate to remain, IN A PECUNIARY SENSE, UNINDEMNIFIED.

‘ Virtue is said to be its own reward, which is somewhat fortunate, since it seldom meets with any other. The desire of doing good is nevertheless so strongly implanted in some breasts, that the propensity of their nature is not to be checked, by the uniform discouragement they may continue to experience. From the consciousness of having done their duty, they derive a consolation of which nothing can deprive them : and the reward of self-approbation is, after all, not only the highest, but the most durable, that can possibly be enjoyed by a generous and an independent mind.

‘ This it may be inferred, is the language of disgust—of a disappointed man. Granted ! I am a disappointed man. That the Duke of York knows ; neither are some of his Majesty's late and present ministers utter strangers to it :

‘ I could a tale unfold——’

but, I am not passion's slave ; and, discontented as I am—dissatisfied as I have every cause and reason to be—with the power in my hands, I never yet attempted to advance my own interest at the hazard of fomenting discord, *where my efforts have been employed to restore cordiality at the risk of exciting general commotion, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN INVARIABLY EXERTED TO PRESERVE UNIVERSAL TRANQUILLITY* : nor have my means ever been exercised to the

embarrassment of those, who, after profiting by my labours, have withheld from me the merited, the *promised* requital.

‘ Having, my Lord, given vent to my just, honest, but indignant resentment—by dealing thus in generalities, I feel myself bound by that manliness and candour which, I trust in every case will distinguish my conduct, to admit, and most unequivocally to state, that I have no claim whatever, nor ever had, either directly or indirectly, upon the patronage of your Lordship.

‘ For the opinions I have publicly avowed, and for the doctrines I have uniformly delivered, I have not hitherto, most fortunately, had occasion to feel the smallest prattle of shame. And while upon the score of those which I am now about to promulge, I am free from all alarm—I expect little notice, less thanks, and no remuneration.

I have the honor to be my Lord,

your Lordship's most obedient, and very humble servant,

W. BLENNERHASSETT FAIRMAN,  
*Captain 4th Ceylon Regiment.*

May, 1814.

The reduction of our military establishment, after so many years of active service, is an object highly important, either in a civil or political point of view. It is a question that involves the welfare of the kingdom; and, consequently, claims our most grave attention. We are to remember, that disbanding a vast army is, in other words, turning adrift a numerous class of human beings, without any visible means of obtaining a future livelihood—men, who, professionally accustomed to the carnage of war, view bloodshed without horror; and contend that plunder, which, by the laws of war, have repaid their honourable toil, must now, by the law of nature, preserve them from starving.

‘ Just as soon might the raw recruit be expected to beat out the brains of a Frenchman, with the butt end of his firelock, devoid of all emotion, and with a sort of mechanical insensibility, which is, alone, to be attained by practice and service, as that the veteran soldier, who has seen several sanguinary campaigns, should, instantaneously, subdue those propensities, the acquirement of which was incidental to the profession of arms, was characteristic of his progress in the principles of warfare. Unless, then, discretion be observed, in the reduction of our forces, much intestine mischief and alarm, attended with results no less disastrous than fatal, may be rationally anticipated, and fearfully dreaded.’

Captain Fairman, therefore, proposes that cavalry, without subverting the constitution of the civil power, might act on the principal highways, as horse patrol; a precaution that would prove most salutary to general personal safety, and would independently economize parochial assessments. They

might convey letters, from the general twopenny post office, to their various limits of delivery. They might be escorts to mail coaches, &c. &c. These and similar positions are forcibly placed, and strongly argued. The spirit of the pamphlet, certainly, deserves attention; but who can successfully bawl into the ears that will not hear, or expose truth before the eyes that will not see.

In our opinion, however, Captain Fairman is a spirited and patriotic writer, and ought to be heard somewhere.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs and Campaigns of Charles John, Crown Prince of Sweden*, by John Philippart, Esq. with a portrait. Octavo, pp. 529. 16s. Barrington. 1814.

THE *author* of this volume is well known to the public, as the compiler of documents, exemplifying the lives of distinguished characters; and he has, now, at press, a military work, to be published occasionally, and to display the lives of British generals from the conquest to the present period. Fortunately for Mr. Philippart, compilation is not a science.

The prevailing character of the French revolutionary princes, is that of all daring adventurers, who elevate themselves, in the hour of civil discord, by a display of talent every way worthy of the heirs of a tyrant. Their glories are intimately linked with the horrors of war and despotism, and exhibit a career intrepid as unprincipled in design....and brilliant as unmerited in result. We speak, now, of an exception to this general rule.

An amazing career of victory placed Napoleon Buonaparte above the reach of calamity, and far removed, from casual disappointment, until the campaign of 1812-13 suddenly dispelled the magic shade his policy and subtlety had thrown over the observation of mankind, and shewed, that in the hands of an offended and avenging Omnipotent, the power of Napoleon, his armies, and his 'successful destinies,' were but as the dews of the morning, which glitter for a while; and then vanish beneath the sun-beams.

In the reverse of fortune that has at length overtaken this distinguished desolator, it is impossible not to be susceptible of a feeling of indescribable gratitude, awe, and admiration of the Supreme Power which has arrested his sanguinary progress, and retarded the execution of those vast designs that were intended to carry blood and desolation into another hemisphere: and from this feeling the thoughts naturally revert to the condition which the most powerful States of the



the world would have been placed, had not the avenging arm been stretched out to punish his presumption and deliver his fellow-men.

In the ever varying circle of human existence it is observable that the degradation of a State, or of an individual, is but a prologue to the elevation of another: and thus has it appeared with Napoleon Buonaparte and his great contemporary Charles John. However difficult it may be for a man in obscure life to raise himself to power and greatness, yet having once acquired those possessions, he instantly finds the task of retaining them to be by far the most arduous:—then is the hero, or the man of a common mind, discovered, and the world not imposed upon by false greatness and the exterior appearance of superior intellect.

The passion most universal and most remarkable in the human mind, is ambition. However different in their pursuits, their occupations, or their desires, still ambition, to a degree, more or less, is discernable in every man. And whether it is directed to the subjugation of kingdoms, or the culture of a flower, it is still the same passion, under a different semblance. In the breast of a man of virtue it is a most noble and amiable feeling, urging him to actions which reflect lustre on his character; and although it does not at all times bring with it unqualified success, and unalloyed gratification, it is nevertheless always exalted, generous, and magnanimous. With the common herd of men it is a petty and contemptible passion, and in the breast of a misanthropist it is a scourge.

The Prince Royal of Sweden is not unambitious; but with him ambition is a principle, not an instrument: it has been to him a watch-fire, which has led him by an easy gradation from a firelock to a sceptre,—from a camp to a court: and through his strange and romantic course, there are but few, if any, recollections, that are calculated to cast a gloom over his brow, or give a pang to his heart.

Having, thus, prefaced the greatness of the character he is about to celebrate, our *author* informs us, that the prince royal of Sweden, who rose from the ranks to that of high dignity, was born at Pau, the capital of the department of the lower Pyrennees, on the 26th January 1763. His father followed the law, and was a man of moderate fortune. He wished his son to succeed him in his profession; but the young Bernadotte was of a genius too active, to submit to the mechanical drudgery of poring over law authorities. He, therefore, quitted his paternal roof, at fifteen, to enlist in the regiment of royal marines.

With this corps he served under M. de Bussy, during the American war, in the East Indies; and afterwards with the squadron under M. de Suffren.

The young Bernadotte was promoted to the rank of corporal within a year after his enlistment; and in 1783, on

his regiment returning to France, he was further promoted to the rank of serjeant.

From that period to 1789, we have nothing to interest us in the fate of this dormant prince ; but, in the latter year, an event occurred, which not only places corporal Bernadotte in a most respectable point of view ; but strongly evinces the ascendancy his good conduct must have given him over his companions in arms.

‘ The Royal Marines were stationed at Marseilles in the year 1789, a period when the revolutionary springs, which afterwards agitated the whole French empire, were in their birth. The inhabitants of Marseilles were, generally, men of jacobinical principles, and they had succeeded in inciting the soldiers in the town to rise against their officers. When this object was accomplished, the mob determined on the murder of the Marquess D'Ambert, colonel of the Royal Marines, and they instantly proceeded to his hotel for the purpose of carrying their determination into effect.

‘ Bernadotte, who had been absent at the commencement of the disturbance, fortunately arrived at the Marquess's hotel when the infuriated mob were advancing in the greatest tumult, to execute their design. He immediately went forward to address them, and notwithstanding the frenzied state in which they had approached the Marquess's hotel, the cool and determined manner of Bernadotte arrested, in an instant, their design. But when, however, it was perceived that his object was to impress them with the inhumanity and injustice of their wishes, many of the most violent cried out to him, that his addresses were unavailing ; that he must concur in their determination to murder the marquess, and that they had nominated him, Bernadotte, colonel of the Royal Marines, in his place.

‘ Although the soldiers of Bernadotte's corps had mingled with the mob, and the men composing the other corps at that time in Marseilles, Bernadotte readily perceived that the former coincided in the address he had made, and having therefore drawn together a number of them, sufficient to protect the marquess's abode, he immediately exclaimed to the rioters in the most energetic manner :—‘ Marseilles, as you assure me that I possess your confidence, I will prove to you that I deserve it. I then absolutely declare, that I will not allow you to dishonor yourselves by a most base assassination. If the colonel is guilty, the law will render justice : citizens and soldiers are not executioners : I request you then to retire, as before you will obtain the head of the colonel, you must deprive me and the brave men who surround me of ours.’ This manly appeal had the desired effect ; the mob quickly dispersed, and Bernadotte received the grateful thanks of his colonel and all the officers belonging to the corps.

From this period he rapidly succeeded to the rank of colonel, and general ; in which commands, he discovered

great military talent, and great humanity. It was his practice to share all the hardships of the campaign with his troops, and he had the deserved good fortune to conciliate the attachment of the army, and the respect of the several towns and fortresses that submitted to the French arms.

Mr. Philippart presents us with a sketch of the different actions in which the general distinguished himself, and introduces anecdotes very honourable to his hero's character. At length, jealousy began to be busy with the general's high renown, and he was reported to be as an extremely mercenary character, who had enriched himself by levying shameful contributions on the distressed inhabitants of Nuremberg. Understanding these rumours to be insidiously circulated at Paris, the general became indignant at the calumny, and required permission from the directory, to retire on half-pay ; explaining himself as to the motives of his application. The directory replied, on terms most flattering, that the general should disregard the malevolence of those who only envied him, because he was their superior in every moral excellence, and concluded thus.... ' The French government relies on your talents and patriotism *still* to continue to serve your country.'

In February 1797, he effected his passage over the Alps, with 15,000 men, to join the army of Italy. On reaching Milan, his soldiers expressed a general dissatisfaction and refused to proceed. In this exigency, general Bernadotte had recourse to persuasion. He assured his followers, their arrears should be discharged on reaching Mantua ; but as the troops saw as little probability of payment at Mantua, as at Milan, they replied, that although they entertained for him every personal respect due to so distinguished an officer, they would not march, until they had received the whole of their arrears.

This was the moment to display the firmness of his character. Changing his tone, the general said,

' Soldiers !....I am authorised, by the military code, to kill every man who refuses to obey my commands to march against the enemy. Either you shall incur the ignominy of having assassinated your general, who has been so long a father to you ; or, I will run my sabre through the body of every mutineer.'

Having concluded this address, he established the intrepidity of his nature, by marching to the head of the 90th regiment....when, pointing his sword to the breast of

the first grenadier, he commanded him to wheel to the right, unless he preferred to be run through the body. The soldier obeyed and the whole army followed in regular order.

On the 17th March, 1797, at the passage of Tagliamento, the general was posted on the right of Bonaparte's army. The Austrians had thrown up entrenchments on the left bank of the river ; but the French effected their passage to these entrenchments, when they were immediately charged by the Austrian cavalry, and a bloody conflict ensued, in which the French were ultimately victorious.

On the 10th, general Bernadotte commanded the division that, unsuccessfully, attempted to storm the town of Gratz. Finding himself foiled, he sent in a laconic summons, of which the following is the principal feature.

'I must summon you to surrender in ten minutes. If you refuse, I shall put your garrison to the sword.' .....

'The scaling ladders are ready ; the grenadiers and chasseurs are impatient for the assault....Answer.'

This spirited summons was successful ; and, the commander in-chief, Bonaparte, reported the circumstance to the directory, in terms of the highest commendation.

We have said enough of an officer whose heroism, is well known to all the world ; and we are not aware, that any lengthened selection from the public documents before us, would offer novelty to our readers.

General Bernadotte appears to have had all the promptitude of Bonaparte, and much more firmness. He is equally a diplomatic and a military character ; and was a favourite at court when Bonaparte became emperor...possibly, for a two-fold reason. General Bernadotte was one of the first who signed the document ; and general Bernadotte was always feared, if not beloved by the new emperor, for his extensive and brilliant talents.

This volume, however, recites, that the duke D'Enghein came secretly to Paris, in 1799, when Bonaparte was in Egypt. The French government was, at that time without force ; and it appeared to be a moment auspicious to the interests of the Bourbons. The duke D'Enghein communicated to general Bernadotte, through a common friend, the secret of his being in Paris, and offered him the post of constable of France, if he would restore the Bourbons.

'I cannot serve the cause,' replied Bernadotte, 'but as the descendant of a hero, and as a man who has placed confidence in me, no harm shall happen to the Duke.'

Let him depart instantly ; for, within three days, his secret may be no longer mine.'

The duke did so ; and retired to Baden ; whence he was treacherously seized, and assassinated by Bonaparte.

The following curious anecdote is before us, in this volume.

' It has been stated by a French officer, who was in habits of intimacy with General Bernadotte, that three days before the 18th Brumaire, Buonaparte who had settled every thing with the Councils of Ancients and of Five Hundred, still lulled Bernadotte with the hope of taking him as a colleague with Sieyes or with Rogerducon ; he particularly declared his firm resolution to maintain the republican form of government, and to give a marked preference to all those who had given proofs of attachment to the revolution.'

' The same officer asserts that General Bernadotte assured him, the following conversation took place on the 18th Brumaire, with Buonaparte.

' Buonaparte.—' I can flatter myself at last, my dear Bernadotte, with having succeeded in making a part of the Directory, and the leaders of the two councils agree upon the measures to be taken to save the country. The council of ancients have nominated me Commander-in-Chief of the 17th division, comprehending the guard of the Directory, and grenadiers of the Legislative Body. I have been obliged to make some alteration in my first plan, that I might not startle the civil party by the appearance of a government composed of military men. Sieyes will be second consul, and Rogerducos the third. As first consul, I preserve every means of suitably rewarding my fellow labourers, and of ameliorating in every respect, the situation of the army. You may easily guess, that my two colleagues are, properly speaking, only for form-sake, and that I am the real depository of the supreme authority, which, I assure you, I will only use to restore peace and prosperity to France. You may be persuaded of my eagerness to do every thing that may be personally agreeable to yourself, as well as to your friends. We are going to the council of ancients.'

' The reply of General Bernadotte to this address, is reported by the same officer to have been, ' This then, traitor, is the result of all your brilliant promises, you wish to destroy the republic, to establish yourself the tyrant of France. You shall not commit this horrible crime until you have deprived the country of one of its most intrepid defenders—be on your guard.' Buonaparte on this opened the door of his saloon in which were assembled more than fifty general and staff officers.'

' I have the best authority in stating, that General Bernadotte totally disagreed in the proceedings of the 18th Brumaire : he informed Buonaparte that if the Directory should nominate him to fill any public post of importance, he should immediately exercise his power

in opposing the schemes Buonaparte had communicated to him, but that as an individual he perceived it would be fruitless, and he should therefore retire from Paris. The directory actually nominated General Bernadotte military governor and commandant of Paris : but, Buonaparte, sensible that he would carry his promise into effect, made every exertion and finally succeeded in having the appointment cancelled.

‘ Notwithstanding the disapprobation General Bernadotte expressed at the first proceedings of Buonaparte and on the events of the 18th Brumaire, he very shortly afterwards accepted the high office of councillor of state, and in March 1800, the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of La Vendee and of the coast of Bretagne. He was deprived of his offices by the detection of a plot in which his aid-de-camp Marbot was concerned.

‘ A number of proclamations against Buonaparte, were seized by the police in the possession of Marbot, who was imprisoned as well as his accomplices, and the military command and councillorship taken from General Bernadotte.

‘ A reconciliation afterwards took place between the General and Buonaparte, and on the nomination of the latter Emperor of France, General Bernadotte was one of the first who signed the document. He is also reported to have made the following address to Buonaparte on this occasion.

‘ I thought for a long time, Sire, that France would not be happy under any but a republican form of government. To the hearty persuasion of the excellence of his paradox, your majesty must attribute the conduct I have pursued for more than three years. Enlightened by happy experience, feel much satisfaction in assuring you, that my illusions are entirely dissipated. I beg you to be persuaded of my eagerness to execute any measures that your majesty may prescribe for the good of the country. I moreover declare to you, as well as to all my friends here present, that I share the sentiments which General Murat has just delivered you in the name of the army, not politically and by word of mouth, but with heart and soul.’

We firmly believe, that Bonaparte was so fully acquainted with Bernadotte, that fearing the general's influence and talents might upset his ambition, he made every effort to cultivate the general's friendship. The latter's line of conduct however, as above recorded, is very paradoxical..... But it had this result. Bernadotte was rewarded by his elevation to the rank of Marshal of France, with the command of Hanover. And, eventually, to the dignity of Prince Royal of Sweden.

In this last situation, the eyes of all Europe has been upon him. Great expectations were formed of his active military talents. But, for a length of time, public opinion was in-

volved in doubt. Still he has justified expectation, and succeeding events have crowned his efforts with brilliant success.

The various bulletins issued by the Prince Royal of Sweden, are strongly characteristic of a highly gifted mind. They proclaim the spirit of adopted patriotism, in the language of a hero ; and the memorable letter, addressed by the Prince Royal, in 1813, to the Emperor of France, will ever form a distinguished record of the valour and genius of the writer, as well as promising to prove the basis of restored property to Sweden.

In this letter, which will be found in the volume before us, he tells Bonaparte....that in politics, neither friendship nor hatred can weigh with the duties of a monarch. That the laws and privileges of nations should be equally dear to the sovereign and to the subject ; and that, if in order to procure these inestimable interests, an individual is compelled to renounce old connections and family affections, the prince, who wishes to perform his duty, can never hesitate which course to adopt.

Having now, as we believe, given an impartial sketch of the memoirs before us, in obedience to our duty, and to our practice, it will behove to us notice a paragraph in Mr. Philippart's advertisement, at page xxi. which is a wanton and illiberal attack on this work. We shall transcribe the passage ; not in anger, for, with us, scurrility will never produce any other sentiment, than that of contempt.

‘ It should however, be here noticed that one attack (and one only) on the Author's works, and that of the most scurrilous and violent description, appeared in that receptacle of abuse, the *Critical Review*, and to which he thought proper to reply through the medium of the *New Review*, but contrary to the advice of his friends, as the malevolence of the attack was too evident to obtain for it any other from the public than the feeling it merited ; nevertheless, it may, perhaps, be necessary for the Author to state, that the article alluded to was written by a person out of pique to him, for having refused the insertion of some statements sent for a military work, over which he, the Author, has some control, and to which statements he decidedly objected, not from any ill-will to the writer of them, but on account of the malevolence of the papers, and the injury the work in question might sustain from their introduction.’

We have a proverb to say, ‘ that those who live in glass houses, should never throw stones,’ and, we are of

opinion, that Mr. Philippart, should have confined the acrimony of his disposition, to the person with whom he appears to have been on bad terms, and not to have vented them indiscriminately on a work, which neither courts his good will, nor deprecates his ill-will.

GENTLEMEN, at all events, are habitually dignified in resentment.

**ART. LX.—***Journal of a Voyage in 1811-12, to Madras and China returning by the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, in the H. C. S. the Hope, Capt. James Pendergrass. By James Wathen. Quarto. pp. 246. Black and Parry. 1814.*

As this volume is offered to the public in no other point of view, than as the journal of a tourist, it remains with us to say, that the memorandums are those of an observant, intelligent mind; and that the language in which they are written, is sprightly, flowing, and entertaining.

There is, however, peculiar novelty in this publication... for the adventurer, who thus minutes his travels, undertook his long and hazardous voyage without any stimulus from interest, or prospect, beyond that of the indulgence of his curiosity. Disappointed in making a tour of the continent, he solicited, and obtained, permission of the honourable the East India Company, to accompany his friend, Captain Pendergrass, on his voyage to India.

Antiquities and scenery having much occupied his research, and employed his talents, during the hey-day of life, he formed the romantic wish of exploring the architecture of the East; of visiting the temples, pagodas, and other splendid edifices; and of conveying to the public, through the medium of his faithful pencil, the origin, form, structure, decoration, &c. of these costly antiquities.

This volume is illustrated with twenty-four coloured prints, from drawings taken on the spot, and seem to strengthen the opinion we have always entertained, of the early residence of the arts and sciences among the natives of India, who might have enlightened the world, had not the tyranny of priestcraft kept them perpetually in the dark. We find an anecdote in this work, which may be confirmed by many others, from different persons, who have written on the mythology, religion, laws, and history, of the Hindus; describing the voluntary punishment of two young bramins, who had for-



failed their cast. After the preparatory ceremony, our author states,—

‘ At the appointed time the offenders mounted the platforms, attended by two reverend priests and an executioner. The iron hooks were lowered down from the ends of the Bamboos, and the offenders, divested of all clothing, lay on their faces, and voluntarily submitted to the insertion of the hooks into the fleshy muscle of the back, parallel with the vertebrae, a little below the shoulders.

‘ The executioner, then, by means of pulleys, drew the sufferers to a considerable height above the stage, where they continued swinging in a horizontal position for half an hour, during which they never uttered a cry or groan.

‘ When they had been suspended the time prescribed by their institutes, they were released, among the shouts of many thousands, who were witnesses of their heroic suffering. They were congratulated by their friends and relatives and restored to their cast, in the presence of 6000 spectators, fireworks and other rejoicings.’

It requires, notwithstanding, a more than ordinary portion of faith, to believe that torture, such as we have described, should be suffered voluntarily. But all doubt must vanish, when it is understood, that the loss of a cast, among the Hindus, is infinitely worse than the loss of life.

The tribes or casts of the Hindus are four: the Bramin, the Khatry, the Bhyze, and the Zoodera; and they hold distinct ranks in society: the bramim being greatly superior to the others, because created from the head of Brama.

Sir William Jones says—‘ The learned Hindus acknowledge only one supreme being, whom they call Brahm, or the Great One, in the neuter gender. They believe his essence to be infinitely removed from the comprehension of any mind but his own, and they suppose him to manifest his power by the operation of his divine spirit.’

But, although the Hindus acknowledge one supreme being, they worship an endless train of inferior deities, whom they regard as inferior deities, entirely subject to the will of the supreme being, who is equally king of gods and men.

The fixed principle in the mind of a Hindu, is, that he derives his cast from the creation; insomuch, that no political changes, convulsions, or conquests, have hitherto had power to dissolve the chain of adamant with which the prejudice of man, in Hindustan, is fettered to ignorance and to superstition.

‘ These unfortunate persons who are deprived of their cast, as a punishment for certain offences, form a distinct class of the Hindus,

and are called *chandalas* or *pariars*. They are held in such abhorrence by all the other casts, that it is pollution to touch them even by accident. In such a case, the person defiled by such contact must wash himself, and change his raiment. Nay, a Hindu would refrain from the productions of the earth, if he knew they had been cultivated by a *Pariar*.

'A *Pariar*, cannot enter a temple, or be present at any religious ceremony. He is not permitted to serve in any employment; and has, in fact, no rank in society. The loss of cast is, therefore, more terrible than death, as its consequences are supposed to extend to another state of existence.'

When, or how, continues our author, the population of a country so extensive was divided into casts, cannot now be conjectured; the origin is lost in the remoteness of antiquity.

This being the fact, how shall we class the talents of the man who conceived and established the grand machinery by which the minds and faculties of the human race are rendered mechanically subservient to the purposes of priestcraft!

To such a politician, Machiavel was a mere puppet!

This, then, is the baneful institution that has arrested the progress of the arts and sciences, which, otherwise, would have flourished throughout India. To this institution are immediately attributable the want of invention and emulation. Genius is strangled in the cradle; and, aided by the religious doctrine of the metempsychosis, not only the body, but the very soul of the Hindu is enslaved. The following opinions well deserve attention.

'Let those enlightened men direct their political and moral powers towards a gradual but certain annihilation of the system of casts among the Hindus, and they will deserve and have the eternal gratitude of millions yet unborn.

'Giving encouragement and employ to the *pariars*, or outcasts, and treating them with friendship and consideration, might perhaps, in process of time, raise their spirits, and swell their numbers into importance, lessening their dread of disgrace, and induce many to embrace the doctrines of christianity.

'Above all things, educating their children in the christian religion, would sow the seeds of a salutary reform in the mind, and would, in time, enlighten the understanding—destroy ancient prejudices, and effect the change so desirable in the natural and moral condition of the population of Hindostan.'

Another greatly to be deplored evil, is, the still existing ceremony of the funeral pile. On some occasions the British government have prevailed, and saved the victim from self-immolation; but in others, their interference has been altogether unsuccessful. Our author records the following dreadful instance from Berner's Tracts.

‘ I ran, instantly, to the spot, which was on the bank of a large tank. The tank was almost dry; and within it a deep ditch was dug, in which wood was piled; and in the wood a dead body was laid, ready to be consumed. A woman, who appeared to me, handsome and well made, sat on the pile close to the body. Four or five bramins set fire to the wood on all sides. I observed four or five young women, of a very prepossessing appearance, who, holding each other by the hand, sung and danced round the fire. A great number of persons of both sexes, attended as spectators.

‘ The pile was, almost instantly, in a blaze, on account of the oil and tallow which was thrown upon the wood. I perceived the flame lay hold of the dress of the woman, which was also sprinkled with oil, and scented with the powder of sandal wood and saffron. I, at this moment, could see the woman's countenance across the flames, and she did not seem to betray the least fear, or sense of pain. On the contrary, those who were nearest to the pile, said that they heard her pronounce, with much force and emphasis, those two words—*five—two*;—by which she meant to express, according to certain particular opinions, entertained by the believers in the doctrine of the metaphysics, that it was for the *fifth* time she was now burning herself with her husband, and that there remained, but *two* more such sacrifices to arrive at *perfection*—as if she had, at that moment, the remembrance of her former existence, and prophetic now of the future.

‘ But this infernal tragedy did not end here. I had conceived that the singing and dancing of the five females was an usual part of the ceremonies used upon these occasions; but what was my astonishment, when I saw the dress of one of them caught by the flame! She immediately quitted the hand of her companions, and precipitated herself, head foremost into the fire. In a short time, another of them, enveloped in flame and smoke, threw herself into the burning ditch. The three survivors continued dancing and singing without any fear or concern, and to my amazement and horror, underwent, voluntarily, the same fate as their companions.’

The latter five, were slaves, who, in order to cheer their mistress at the unnatural sacrifice, had pledged themselves to burn with her.

Persons are divided in opinion, as to the motives of women who burn themselves with their deceased husband. Some imagine it to be a principle of devotional attach-

ment to the deceased; but the latter reason, is a predisposition in the mind. Mothers, infatuated from their youth, with this superstition, teach their daughters that it is most virtuous....most praiseworthy, and indeed unavoidable to a woman of honor.

We will extract two anecdotes from this agreeable work, to confirm the heroism of the Indian character., We have shewn to what elevation of courage, religion will lead either sex. Let us see the operation of intuitive honor in their untutored mind.

'An Englishman, while on a hunting party, hastily struck a Peon, for improperly letting loose a greyhound. The Peon happened to be a Rajahpoot, which is the highest tribe of Hindu soldiers.

'But, again, composing himself, and looking steadfastly at his master, he said,—'I am your servant, and have long eat your rice.'—Having pronounced these words, he plunged the dagger in his own bosom."

The action spoke volumes....he could not, a moment, survive his dishonour."

The other anecdote relates, that, 'some sepoys, in the British service, being condemned to death, on account of a mutiny, it was ordered, that they should be blown off from a canon in the front of the army.

'Some of the offenders being grenadiers, on seeing others who were not led forth to suffer before them, called out—"As we have generally shewn the way on services of danger, why should we be denied that distinction now?"

'They walked towards the guns with firmness and composure—requested to be spared the indignity of being tied—and placing their breasts to the muzzles of the cannon, were shot away. Several were condemned; but the behaviour of these heroic sufferers, pleaded so strongly with the commanding officer, that the others were pardoned."

To persons about to undertake an Indian voyage, this journal would be a valuable source of entertainment; and to every reader, indeed, it must prove a pleasant companion. All the little adventures of the voyage—those of the author's visits throughout Madras—the familiar scenes of his tour into the interior of that presidency, are, all, pleasingly detailed; as well as the scenery, manners, customs, &c. of the inhabitants of every degree. Our author closes with an interesting picture of the Chinese, the principal features of which are illustrated by beautiful engravings.

Among the peculiarities of Canton, we notice his remarks, on its streets of inhabited boats upon the river Tigris: Some of these aquatic dwellings, he tells us, are inhabited by two or three families, each possessing a cock and a hen, and a dog and a cat. The number of persons thus living afloat, is estimated at fifty thousand.

The Chinese are passionately devoted to theatrical representations, whether of tragedy, comedy, or pantomime. The plot of one of the stock pieces of the Pekin players is related from Mr. Barrow's embassy to China.

'A woman being tempted to murder her husband, performs the act while he is asleep, by striking a small hatchet into his forehead. He appears on the stage, with a large gash just above his eyes, out of which issues a profusion of blood—reels about, for some time, bemoaning his lamentable fate in a song, till, exhausted by loss of blood, he falls and dies. The woman is seized, brought before a magistrate, and condemned to be flayed alive. The sentence is put into execution; and, in the following act, she appears upon the stage not only naked, but completely excoriated.

'To account for this, we must add, that the thin wrapper with which the creature (an eunuch) is covered, who sustains this part, is stretched so tight about the body, and is so well painted, as to represent the disgusting object of a human being deprived of its skin; and, in this condition, the character sings, or whines for nearly half an hour on the stage.'

The knavery of the Chinese is proverbial.

ART. 10.—*The Doctrines of Chances*; or the Theory of Gaming made easy to all Persons acquainted with common Arithmetic, so as to enable them to calculate the probabilities of Events, in Lotteries, Cards, Horse-racing, Dice, &c. With Tables on Chance. Never before published; which, from mere inspection, will solve a great variety of questions. By Wm. Rouse. Octavo. pp. 350. 15s. Lackington and Co. 1814.

WE rarely meet with a book so elegantly printed, and with such fine paper, as the volume before us; but we presume the *fashion* of the subject, rather than the *morality*, will stamp its *importance* with our male and female *haut-ton*; and this the author, as a man of the world, has anticipated by the garb in which he clothes the most deformed of all the vices.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 6, September, 1814. Y

In our opinion, gaming is defined in the following Latin line :—

*' Alitni appetens—tui profusus.'*

as truly and as clearly as language can define a subject; but the preface before us, is more copious and erudite. It says,

' Gaming is said to have been invented by the Lydians, when under the pressure of great famine : to divert themselves from their sufferings, they contrived dice, balls, tables, &c. It is a passion that pervades all ages, and all ranks in society, and seems to originate in avarice, as being an easy and quick road to riches ; for, to use the language of the *Rambler*, ' wealth is the general centre of inclination : whatever is the ultimate design, the immediate care is to be rich. No desire can be formed, which riches do not assist to gratify. They may be considered as the elementary principles of pleasure, which may be combined with endless diversity. There are nearer ways to profit, than up the steep of labour. The prospect of gaining speedily what is ardently desired, has so far prevailed upon the passions of mankind, that the peace of life is destroyed by a general and incessant struggle for riches. It is observed of gold, by an old epigrammatist, that, *to have it is to be in fear, and, to want it, is to be in sorrow*. There is no condition which is not disquieted either with the care of gaining or of keeping money.'

' This universal passion for riches is finely shown, by Ben Jonson, in the *Alchymist*, to be the same motive of action in the puritan, the epicure, the gamester, and the trader. No prospect of speedy wealth could be so tempting to folly, as the discovery of the philosopher's stone : even the most successful gamester was laughed at, as being the tedious drudge and sluggard in the road to riches, compared to him who had the philosopher's stone in view, which

*' Shall rain into thy lap no shower,  
But floods of gold,—whole cataracts,—a deluge.'*

' It is no wonder, that so many persons, in different ages and countries, should have sought with anxious eagerness after such a precious stone. Gibbon, speaking of alchymy, says, ' the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs diffused that vain science over the globe. Congenial to the avarice of the human heart, it was studied in China, as in Europe, with equal eagerness, and equal success.'

' The following remarks on alchymists are from the *Curiosities of Literature*.

' Elias Ashmole writes in his diary, May 13th, 1653, my father, Backhouse (an astrologer, who had adopted him for his son, a common practice with these men), being sick, in Fleet-street, over against St. Dunstan's church, and not knowing whether he should live or die, about eleven of the clock, told me in syllables the true matter of the philosopher's stone, which he bequeathed to me as a legacy.' By this

we learn; that a miserable wretch know the art of making gold, yet always lived a beggar.

Our Henry VI. attempted to recruit his empty coffers by *Alchymy*. The record of this singular proposition contains "the most solemn and serious account of the feasibility and virtues of the *philosopher's stone*; encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and prohibitions to the contrary."

After this patent was published, many promised to answer the king's expectations so effectually, that the next year he published another patent, wherein he tells his subjects, that the *happy hour* was drawing nigh; and by means of THE STONE, which he should soon be master of, he would pay all the debts of the nation in real gold and silver. The persons chosen for his new operators were: Thomas Hervey, an Austin friar; Robert Glasely, a preaching friar, William Atcliffe, the queen's physician; Henry Sharpe, master of St. Laurence Pontigny College, London; Thomas Cook, alderman of London; John Fyld, fishmonger; John Yonghe, grocer; Robert Gayton, grocer; John Sturgeon and John Lambert, merecers, London.

This Patent was likewise granted, *Authentice Parliamenti*.

Prynne, who has given this patent in his *Aurum Regina*, concludes with this sarcastic observation: *A project never so seasonable and necessary as now!*

This remark will be echoed by politicians of the present hour!!

Alchymists were formerly called *Multipliers*, as appears from a statute of Henry IV. repeated in the preceding record. The statute being extremely short, I give it for the reader's satisfaction.

"None, from henceforth, shall use to multiply gold or silver, or use the craft of multiplication; and, if any the same do, he shall incur the pain of felony.

"Although many have been within reach of it, and some have nearly touched it, yet, none have been able to hold it long enough to say,

"I am the Lord of the philosopher's stone."

But as

"All the works

"Are flown in fumo."

There is another inestimable gem, of nearly equal value in the production of riches, which is desired by all, sought after by many, and has been actually found by more persons than there are saints in the Romish, or gods in the heathen calendar; that is LUCK. It is true, a set of needy fellows, called mathematicians, laugh at it; but laughter is not logic; and they are as likely to be actuated by envy, as any other set of beings; and, as the fox did with the grapes, speak ill of what he could not obtain. Ask these mathematicians, how it happens, that one man shall get a £20,000 prize, and his neighbour a blank? They tell you, it is chance, (which is "Direction, that we cannot see," any more than Fortune, who is blind, can distinguish right from wrong)—that there is a necessity for a prize to fall some-

where; and, that he who has the most *chances*, is the most likely to obtain it. But the advocates for luck say, that although *Fortune* be blind, she is guided by *instinct*, and; "in this, 'tis God directs," whilst the dull, slow-moving, poverty-like direction of *reason* is left to *man*, which seems only fit for the mathematicians' *rule*, or the philosophers' *chain*. We should judge of men and things as we find them. Now, look to the lives of these very philosophers and mathematicians, who would direct ours; 'tis true, they have art and cunning enough to avoid the seduction of *mis-take*; but we see them too often with *mis-chance* and *mis-fortune*, to think *their* advice worth following."

Having thus prefaced his subject, our author proceeds to state, that a knowledge of calculations may always prevent, or, at least, lessen the fatal consequences of gaming; and this is his argument....when a man possesses means to convince himself that he is gaming to a disadvantage, he will, most likely, be induced to leave off; or, at all events, to seek his amusement on terms of equality. Hence, a knowledge of the doctrine of chances will be of some advantage to him.

This treatise, therefore, is woven into a science as abstruse as that of Euclid, and defineable by progressive problems as difficult to the novice as the *pons asinorum*, and the calculator shows, with very profound reasoning, that the sciences are not human inventions. Every science, has for its base, a system of principles as fixed and unalterable as those by which the universe is regulated and governed.

Of this doctrine, so speciously arranged, we shall take an enlarged notice in our next number.

[To be continued.]

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### THEOLOGY.

ART. 11.—*A Sermon* preached at the cathedral church of Saint Paul, London, before his Royal Highness the Prince Regent and both houses of Parliament, on Thursday, July 7, 1814, being the day appointed for a general Thanksgiving. By Guy Henry Law, D.D. F.R.S. Lord Bishop of Chester. Published by command. Quarto. pp. 27. 2s. 6d. Rodwell, 1814.

THE object of this sermon is to shew that we have fought—and fought gloriously—not to enlarge our dominions; but to protect and



rescue the territories of others: not to enslave mankind; but to break the fetters of tyranny and injustice.

The desolations of war being succeeded by the triumphs of peace, we are taught, that the Father of all mercies, after accomplishing the moral purposes for which his scourge was sent on earth, is now healing the wound of a bleeding world. With God, alone, are the destinies of man; and unless we supplicate and obtain the Divine protection, vain will be our wrath—our arms. Without the devotion of the heart, a national thanksgiving becomes an insult to the Majesty of heaven.

“And can we reflect on these events, and yet doubt that God interposes and overrules in the affairs of the world? Can we receive such blessings and not exclaim, “This was the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.” With wisdom then, and with piety, has this Day of Thanksgiving been ordained, that we may offer up our united and devoutest praises to the Disposer of all things, that we may laud and magnify his holy name. A spectacle more awful or more gratifying than the present, the mind of man cannot conceive. Our views are raised beyond this sublunary sphere, when we behold the prince, the senators, and people of the land, assembled together in this venerable sanctuary, and recollect, that at this same time every labour and employment is suspended throughout the realm, that all the inhabitants, may with one voice, and at one instant, praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men. And never was there an occasion more worthy of such a solemnity, nor which more imperiously demanded it. Blind indeed must we be, or ungrateful, if we do not acknowledge, that we are, and long have been, favoured among nations. Can any one consider what is, and what might have been our situation, without the most thorough conviction, that the Lord has dealt graciously with us. A gulph was open before us. Our religion, our laws, our liberties, our existence as an independent nation—all were trembling on its brink. The unwearied efforts of a formidable and exasperated enemy were directed against the remaining bulwark of Europe. In our ruin he anticipated his own security—in our debasement, the universal subjugation of mankind. But, praised be God’s holy name, all these evils have been averted from us. Whilst war has inflicted on other countries cruelties and misery which the feeling heart sickens to contemplate—whilst they have seen their fields ravaged, their capitol plundered or overthrown, scarcely has the foot of an enemy polluted the British shore. Whilst they have been suffering from the destruction of their manufactures, or the annihilation of trade, all the commerce of the world has flowed into our ports.”

Such is the outline of this most excellent oration; which, in truth, greatly surpasseth all our expectation.

We were prepared, by the title page, to find a *mere* sermon preached by a bishop to a prince and his parliament. The preacher flattering his auditory; the auditory flattering the preacher—a sort of natural nickerie of court etiquette. But this is a discourse dignified in sentiment—elegant in composition—religious, moral, impressive, in all its scriptural conclusions.

**ART. 12.**—*Evangelical Christianity considered*, and shewn to be synonymous with Unitarianism, in a course of lectures on some of the most controverted points of christian doctrine, addressed to Trinitarians. By John Mundy, one of the ministers of the congregation assembling in the chapel in Cross-street, Manchester. 2 vol. 8vo. Pp. 514, 552. Eaton. 1814.

THESE volumes embrace the following subjects. The unity of God. . . explanation of the trinity. . . existence of the deist. . . distinct existence and personality of the holy spirit. . . the deity of Jesus Christ. . . the humanity of Jesus Christ. These subjects are divided into lectures, argued with great zeal.

The author is very laborious in his scriptural researches, and quotes nine hundred passages to *prove* the unity of God. His labours are extremely prolix, and abstruse almost to incomprehensibility. On the fallacy of the Trinity, he asserts,

- ‘ The Father is a divine person.
- ‘ The Son is a divine person.
- ‘ The Holy Spirit is a divine person.
- ‘ Therefore there must be *three* divine persons.’

Trinitarians do not believe three Gods, but only one God. It is true, they firmly believe, that there are three persons in one divine essence; and yet these three persons are not THREE, but ONE God. This belief transcends the weakness of our faculties, most assuredly, nevertheless it is so revealed to us by scripture. . . and God has enjoined us to believe a trinity of persons in one divine essence, which we call Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Those who love religious controversy must read the work, we cannot enlarge the subject.

**ART. 13.**—*Rural Discourses.* By William Clayton. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 41, 40. Black and Parry, 1814.

OUR author says, his object, in these volumes, is to preach the gospel, not with the wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect.

‘ In reference to the sentiments he has advanced, he has no apology to offer. Convinced of their indubitable truth and essential importance, he has endeavoured to give “a certain sound;” and viewing them as established by scripture and confirmed by experience, he has only to say—“What I have written, I have written”—not so confidently can the writer speak of the motives, which have urged the publication, or the feelings with which he anticipates its reception. These have been so truly mixed and human, that he feels conscious that without shedding of blood, there is no remission; so that he desires to sprinkle the blood of atonement, not only on this book, but on all the vessels of his ministry.’

This short extract will, we presume, speak more clearly as to the spirit of the work and the author, than any opinion from us, however laboured. We prefer the sense, to the fanaticism, of religion.

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ART. 14.—*The Proofs of Christianity.* pp. 48. Mawman, 1814.

THIS little treatise is admirably calculated to promote the general cause of Christianity. It is plain, simple, and comprehensive, under the form of question and answer. It is not merely adapted to enlighten the unlettered, it will materially instruct the polished scholar.

Religion is not among the studies, to be explained and understood by any prevailing system of general education. The church service—a Latin grace after meals—the repetition of the commandments, the belief, and the Lord’s prayer, form a routine of mechanical duties; but we doubt, extremely, whether the most simple questions, in this little book, would not puzzle the best classical scholar at Westminster or Eton—and, whether the most accomplished amateur figurante in the circle of our nobility, or the most scientific right honourable musician, sculptor, or botanist, would understand this question.

‘ What are the advantages of Christianity?’

This is the author’s solution.

‘ In the first place, it furnishes us with the most powerful motive to virtuous exertion, which naturally and generally, lead to reputation, health, and competence. Secondly, it assuages the pangs of sickness and misfortune, by a firm confidence in the merciful dispensation of Providence, and an intimate conviction, that sufferings, in this life, are so many earnest of happiness in the next. Thirdly, it banishes the doubts that perplex the mind of the unbeliever, and the fears and anxiety about futurity. Fourthly, it dispels the horrible gloom which death throws over human life, and represents this earth, not as the grave of its inhabitants, but as the nursery of intellectual beings, where we are to learn the rudiments of existence, and by deeds of virtue, to qualify ourselves for that happiness which the common Father designs for the immortal inheritance of all his rational creatures.

And, finally, that, since on the one side—all is fear and danger; and, on the other, all is hope and security—it would be the utmost infatuation, not to adhere firmly and decidedly to the latter.’

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ART. 15.—*British Pulpit Eloquence*; a selection of Sermons, in chronological order, from the works of the most eminent divines of Great Britain, during the 17th and 18th century, With biographical and critical notes. Octavo. pp 470. Gale and Co. 1814.

THE editor tells us, from Dr. Johnson, that, ‘Our own language has, from the time of the reformation to the present time, been chiefly dignified and adorned by the works of our divines.’

These memoirs begin with the life of Mr. Richard Hooker, born 1553. The biography shews us the policy of the times, and is followed by a discourse, at some length, on pride. Several other subjects are treated in the same way with a view to inspire candidates for the ministry, with the laudable ambition of excelling in their high profession, or of pointing out to them the true road to distinction.

We believe this to be an original publication, and to be compiled with very pure intentions. It may be read with advantage by all religiously disposed people.

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ART. 16.—*A Sermon* preached at Blandford, at the visitation of the Lord Bishop of Bristol, Aug. 20, 1813; and at Knaresborough at the primary visitation of the Lord Bishop of Chester, Aug. 1, 1814. By the Rev. Samuel Clapham, A.M. Rector of Gussage, St. Michael, Dorset; Vicar of Christchurch, Hants; and of Great Ouseborne, Yorkshire. pp. 23. 1s. Longman and Co. 1814.

If this gentleman be not quite so *divine* a preacher as some who attend the neighbourhood of our metropolitan squares, to sanctify the thoughts and purify the wishes of a gay croud of flippant rank, beauty, and fashion, he is not without his claims on the applause of any sober understandings; and these are the exemplary sentiments on which our admiration dwells.

He says,

‘The first thing that occurs, is the effect intended by the divine institution, which is nothing less than the salvation of all committed to our care. A most awful consideration!—To enlighten their uninformed minds; to give them clear and distinct ideas of the system of Christianity; to conduct them between the perilous extremes of enthusiasm and infidelity, into the road that leads to happiness and heaven: this my brethren—this, is the noble, and the principal object we are required to have in view.’

To this we say—AMEN.

## POETRY.

**ART. 17.**—*France*; a heroic poem. By Hamilton Roche, Esq. late a captain of light infantry in the British service, author of the heroic poem on Russia; the poem of Salamanca; the Sudburiad, or poems from the cottage; Letters from North America, &c. Budd. 1814.

We have perfect pleasure in congratulating a retired officer, on the illustrious patronage which fosters his muse. The subject glows with the enthusiasm of a soldier, who, as he says, in his *Salamanca*, is inspired by the theme of glory.

‘ Shall he, whose god-like vict’ries far exceed,  
The boasted glory of the Greek and Swede;  
Who, more than Cæsar, with a brighter ray,  
Ascends, and shines imperial France away:  
Shall he through ages spread his mighty name,  
Without one verse to wait upon his fame?  
Has Britain lost her spirit, soul, and fire,  
Has she no patriot left to touch the lyre?  
Yes! while I live, such deeds shall loud resound,  
And claim just tribute from the world around.  
What though I mingle with the lowly throng,  
The least, the humblest, of the sons of song:  
Thy God-like deeds shall bid my soul to glow,  
My pulse to kindle, and my vein to flow;  
Exalt my spirit, animate my line,  
And aid my numbers with the strength of Nine.’

The poem is descriptive, and complimentary to the continental heroes. We particularly admire the two following lines, part of the author’s panegyric on the illustrious Wellington.

‘ Matchless, alike, in council and in field,  
Napoleon’s fortunes to thy genius yield.’

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**ART. 18.**—*Odes to his royal highness the Prince Regent, his imperial majesty the Emperor of Russia, and his majesty the King of Prussia.* By Robert Southey, Esq. poet Laureat. Quarto. Pp. 32. Longman and Co. 1814.

THIS is precisely the style of poem every one would expect from the sleek muse of a pensioned poet.

ART. 19.—*Terrors of Imagination*, and other poems. By John Williams Smith. 12mo. Pp. 143. Cradock and Co. 1814.

WE have read these poems with great satisfaction. The author, although a young poet, has a pleasing genius. The subjects of his *Terrors of Imagination* are well chosen, and powerfully described. His moral is excellent; and we can compliment him, without flattery, on his apostrophe to a bullet: but we are little disposed to approve his want, either of taste or of candour ('on Drury-lane Addresses'), in ridiculing the opening of that theatre. His flippant lines close thus.

'While rival poets on their own fame counted,  
The lordling squall'd, and all were disappointed.'

There is some humour in the satire which pervades the whole of these lines, but we would not advise the author to aim at building his own fame on so invidious a foundation. My Lord Byron has established his reputation as a poet.

ART. 20.—*The Mēgha Dhūta*; or Cloud Messenger; a poem, in the Sanscrit language. By Cālidāsā. Translated into English verse, with notes and illustrations, by Horace Hayman Wilson, assistant surgeon in the service of the honourable East-India Company, and secretary to the Asiatic society, Octavo. Pp. 175. Black and Co. 1814.

THIS translation is published under the sanction of the college of Fort William, one of the proud memorials of Marquis Wellesley's administration in India. The late Sir William Jones was, we believe, one of the first and most successful in exploring the antiquity of the Sanscrit language, which has since become a general study in India. Not to enter into any history of this language, much less into the sciences of the Hindus, so celebrated by antiquity, we confine ourselves to that portion of heathen mythology, to which this poem owes its birth.

'A Yacsha, or demigod so called, and a servant of the Hindu god of wealth, Cuvēra, had incurred the displeasure of his lord, by neglecting a garden entrusted to his charge, and allowing it to be injured by the entrance of Airāvata, the elephant of Indra, deity of the firmament: as a punishment for his offence, he was condemned to twelve months banishment from Alaca, the city of the Yacshas, and consequent separation from his home and wife. The seat of his exile is the mountain Rāmagiri, and upon the opening of the poem, he is supposed to have passed a period of eight months in solitary seclusion. The poem opens at the commencement of the rainy season, when heavy clouds are gathering in the south, and proceeding in a northerly course, or towards the Himāla mountains, and the fir-

tious position of the residence of the Yacshas. To one of these, the distressed demigod addresses himself, and desires the cloud to waft his sorrows to a beloved and regretted wife. For this purpose, he first describes the rout the messenger is to pursue ; and this gives the poet an opportunity of alluding to the principal mountains, rivers, temples, &c. that are to be met with on the road from Rámagiri to Oujein, and thence, nearly due north, to the Himálaya, or snowy mountains. The fabulous mountain Cailása, and the city of Cuvéra, Alaca, which are supposed to be in the central part of the snowy range, are next described, and we then come to the personal description of the Yacsha's wife. The Cloud is next instructed how to express the feelings and situation of the exile, and he is then dismissed from the presence of the deity, and the poem of Cálidása.

The Sanscrit poets were full of natural feeling, and the fire of genius ; and although the drama of *Sacountala*, and the songs of *Jayadeva*, are only known to the English reader, from the prose translation of Sir William Jones. Still, under all this disadvantage, the European scholar cannot avoid feeling, that they abound in beautiful imagery ; and that their style, in general, is as full as it is sweet, as majestic as it is harmonious.

This translation has been honoured with very high commendation : in a discourse, delivered by my Lord Minto, to the students of the college of Fort William, in 1813, he dwelt on the merits of this work, holding it up to the emulation of the college. We shall offer extracts.

‘ These be thy guides ; and faithfully preserve  
The marks I give thee ; or e'en more, observe  
Where painted emblems holy wealth design,  
Cuvéra's treasures ; that abode is mine.  
Haply its honours are not now to boast,  
Dimm'd by my fate, and in my exile lost ;  
For when the sun withdraws his cheering rays,  
Faint are the charms the *Camala* displays.

‘ To those loved scenes repaired, that awful size,  
Like a young elephant, in haste disguise ;  
Lest terror seize my fair one, as thy form  
Hangs o'er the hillock, and portends the storm.  
Thence to the inner mansion bend thy sight,  
Diffusing round a mild and quivering light ;  
As when through evening shades soft flashes play,  
Where the bright fire-fly wings his glittering way.

‘ There in the fane a beauteous creature stands,  
The first best work of the Creator's hands :  
Whose slender limbs inadequately bear  
A full orb'd bosom, and a weight of care ;

Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips like *Bimbas* show,  
And fawn-like eyes still tremble as they glow.

'Lone as the widowed *Chacraedci* mourns,  
Her faithful memory to her husband turns,  
And sad, and silent, shalt thou find my wife,  
Half of my soul, and partner of my life;  
Nipped by chill sorrow, as the flowers enfold,  
Their shrinking petals from the withering cold.

'I view her now! long weeping swells her eyes,  
And those dear lips are dried by parching sighs:  
Sad on her hand her pallid cheek declines,  
And half unseen, through veiling tresses shines;  
As when a darkling night the moon enshrouds,  
A few faint rays break straggling through the clouds.'

The notes are very humorous; but they are classical; and satisfy us that the talents of the translator are by no means limited.

ART. 21.—*The Ruined Maiden*; a Poem. pp. 42. Mackenzie. Glasgow. 1814.

A beautiful, well educated girl, the very idol of her only parent—a father—yields to the seduction of a silver tongued libertine, who soon deserts her.

The wretched victim loses her senses; and her disconsolate father, during a midnight wandering through a tempest, discovers a lifeless body in the snow, recognizes his child, and dies.

It is a pathetic unoffending ditty, betraying neither poetry in design, nor poetry in execution; but it has many sentimental claims on the female subscribers to circulating libraries.

ART. 22.—*The Exile*; a Poem from the Russian, translated from the Original MS. of the Author, who fell in the battle before Dresden. Illustrated with Geographical Notes. Dedicated to the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh. Octavo. 5s. 6d. Souter. 1814.

This little tale is unfortunately christened; as the interest and beauty of Madame Cottin's *Exile of Siberia*, has influenced the public mind so favourably, on behalf of the fair Elizabeth, that a second *Exile* has little hope of being advanced to patronage.

The story is well told, but it wants incident to give it consequence. A Russian Boyar adopts the son of a deceased peasant, for whom he entertained a friendship. His lordship was at this time childless; but, shortly after, his lady presented him with a daughter. She only lived, however, to embrace her child, and to recommend her future



union with the adopted Alexis. The Boyar promises. The children are brought up with the avowed intention of being united; but, when they have attained an age to be sensible of their mutual and unalterable attachment to each other, the arrival of a noble stranger changes the scene: he induces the Boyar to Exile his favourite, for the purpose of weakening his daughter's hitherto approved affection, and of marrying her according to her rank.

The heroine true to her first love pines for her absent Alexis; till, being at the brink of the grave, her father resolves to restore his child, by recalling the object of her affections, and blessing their union.

But mercy came too late. The youth, more noble of spirit than of birth, seeks glory in the field of battle, and falls at the battle of Dresden, with the name of a hero.

‘But how was the illprepared mind of Katharine to support the shock of this intelligence!—How was her tender frame, as yet but half restored, to bear a relapse of mind, that human nature, in all its powers, must have sunk under!—How was her father, bending beneath the weight of years and an accusing conscience!—How was he to stand, looking upon the lovely ruin of his house—ruined by him? How was he to stand—the last—the only prop of life gone—and gone thus! Reader, if thou hast nature, thou canst not err in drawing the conclusion. To thy hands I commit it.’

The poem is pathetic, but does not soar above the rhyming of an ordinary love sonnet.

We have read a Russian tale, by Karasmins, who wished to be esteemed a sentimental traveller, that recites the loves of the only daughter of a Russian Boyar, and the young Alexis; the similarity between that and this, however, does not go beyond the names.

## EDUCATION.

ART. 23.—*New Orthographical Exercises*, with the correct orthoëpy of every word, according to the most approved usage, for the use of foreigners, and schools in general. By Alexander Power, master of the commercial academy, Ashford, Kent. 12mo. Pp. 113. Law. 1814.

We cannot approve this system.

Foreigners, for whom these lessons are partly intended, will scarcely be enabled to profit by them, unless they can be first taught the correct articulation of the English alphabet. For instance, the exercises before us begin thus:

‘*A gud ed-ju-ka-shun found-ed,*’ &c. which would, we apprehend, be read by a Frenchman in this way—*aw gude ade-jouou-kaw-shoun fouound-ade*, &c.; and with respect to the English scholar, exercises, conveying sound, through the medium of false spelling, cannot fail to perplex the rules of orthography.

ART. 24.—*Three Dramas*, viz. *the Ball Ticket*, *the Mysterious Packet*, and *the Heiress, or False Indulgence*. Pp. 247. Rodwell. 1814.

THESE little dramas are very skilfully managed, and are calculated, pleasingly, to awaken the youthful mind to impressions of the most excellent and moral tendency.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 25.—*A Critical Analysis on several striking and incongruous passages in Madame de Staël's works on Germany, with some historical accounts of that country*. Octavo. Pp. 132. 7s. Leigh, 1814.

THIS is a very gentlemanly censure on the evident incongruities of Madame de Staël's Germany. The writer is a German, desirous to rescue the honour of his country from imputations it does not deserve. A foreign idiom is perceptible throughout his analysis; but it is, nevertheless, well written, and, what is better, his strictures are impartial.

The author boasts the honour of a personal acquaintance with Madame de Staël, whom he describes to have possessed brilliant sallies of vivid fancy. That it was impossible to meet with a more unassuming *bel esprit* than she appeared to be in society. That although distinguished by superior talent, she seemed more desirous of listening to the opinion of others, than of obtruding her own.

With all this prepossession, however, the perusal of the work in question has shewn our author that as an historian, this much to be admired *bel esprit* is peremptory as unwarrantable, in her strictures on the German character.

She asserts, that the nobility have no mental accomplishments—the military no courage—the merchants no good manners—and the learned no taste.

This is boldly throwing the gauntlet, which our author patriotically takes up, with all the polished courtesy of an accomplished knight; and the lady certainly is discomfited in the encounter.

We will convey a general idea of Madame de Staël's inconsistency, by a single comparison.

Vol. 3. p. 244. 'German naturalists describe society with a certain ignorance, which interests at first, but becomes monotonous at last.'

Vol. 1. p. 327. 'The Germans have the admirable talent to transport themselves to ages, countries, and characters, entirely different from their own.'

# LIST OF BOOKS.

**NOTE.**—bd. signifies bound—h. bd. half-bound—ad. sewed. The rest are, with few exceptions, in boards. ed. signifies edition—n. ed. new edition.

**ABRIDGEMENT** (An) of the History of Rome, by Velleius-Paterculus, translated from the Original, by G. Baker, A.M. 8vo. 8s.

**Analysis** (An) arranged to serve also as a compendious digested Index of Mr. Fearn's Essay on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises, and of Mr. Butler's Notes, by Richard Holmes Coote of Lincoln's Inn, roy. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Biographical** (The) Dictionary, vol. VII, 8vo. 12s.

**Broughton's** (Thomas Dour, Esq.) Selections from the Popular Poetry of the Hindoos, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**Bull's** (Rev. J. M. A.) Poems and Translations, crown 8vo. 7s.

**Christian's** (Edward, of Gray's Inn, Esq.) Origin, Progress, and Present Practice of the Bankrupt Laws, vol. 2, 8vo. 11. 2s.

**Classes** (The) and Orders of the Linnæan System of Botany, to be published in monthly parts, 6s. coloured, 4s. plain.

**Clayton's** (W.) Rural Discourses, 2 vols. 12mo. 4s.

**Comparative** (A) View of the Churches of Rome and England, by Herbert Marsh, D.D. F.R.S. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**Corasmin**, or the Minister; a Romance, by the Author of the Swiss Emigrants, 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

**Dartmouth Parsonage**, a Tale for Youth, 7s.

**Duties** (The) of Religion and Morality, as inculcated in the Holy Scriptures; adapted to the Perusal of Persons of every Religious Denomination. In 12mo. 2s. 6d. fine paper 3s. 6d. and in pot 8vo. 2s. 6d. bd. n. ed.

**Duty**, a Novel, by the late Mrs. Roberts, preceded by a Character of the Author, by Mrs. Opie, 3 vols. 12mo. 12s.

**Essay** (An) on Immortality, by the

Author of a Review of the first Principles of Bishop Berkley, Dr. Reid, and Professor Stewart, 8vo. 9s.

**Faith** (The) of the People called Quakers in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; extracted from the Writings of various Authors of that Religious Society, 12mo. 6d. or 5s. a dozen; fine paper 8d. or 6s. 6d. a dozen, n. ed.

**Farr's Elements of Medical Jurisprudence**, 2d. ed. 12mo. 8s.

**Ferguson's Essay on the History of Civil Society**, 7th ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Garwood's short Introduction to History**, suggested by Coghan's System of Mnemonics, 3s.

**Gillie's** (Professor) Confessions of Sir Henry Longueville, a Novel, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

**Greece**, a Poem in three parts with Notes, &c. by W. Haygarth, 1 vol. £2 12s. 6d.

**Historical Treatise of an action or suit at Law**, and of the proceedings used in the Court of K. B. and C. P. from the original Process to Judgment. By R. Boote. The fifth ed. with considerable additions, by W. Ballantine, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

**History and Antiquities of the County of Surry**; compiled from the best and most authentic Historians, valuable Records, and manuscripts in the public offices and libraries, and in Private Hands. Begun with the late Rev. Owen Manning, S.T. &c. Enlarged and continued to the year 1814, by William Bray, of Shire, in that County, Esq. Fellow and Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries of London. 3d vol. £5 5s.

**History** (The) of Essex, from the earliest period to the present time, with Biographical notices of the most distinguished and remarkable Natives by Elizabeth Ogburn, part I.

4to. price 16s.—royal 4to. price £1 1s.

Introduction (an) to the Study of Bibliography, by Thomas Hartwell Horne, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 8s.

Letters from England by Don Manuel Alvarén Espriella translated from the Spanish, 3 vols. 12mo. 3d ed. 18s.

Lyson's *Magna Britannia*, vol. 3. 4to £3. 15s. With views £6. 18s.

Marion of Drynnoch, a tale of Erin, by Matthew Welf Harlstone, 8vo. 7s.

Milford House or Folly as it Flies, by a late officer, of the third guards, 3 vols 12mo. 18s.

Myers' Essay on improving the condition of the poor, including an attempt to answer in the important question, how men of landed property can most effectually contribute toward the general improvement of the lower classes of society on their estates, without diminishing the value of their own property; with Hints on the Means for employing those who are now discharged from his Majesty's Service: most respectfully dedicated to the land owners of the United Kingdom. 3s. 6d.

Osian's Fingal, a Poem in six books rendered into verse, by George Hervey, 8vo. 10s.

Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799-1804, by Alexander de Humboldt and Aimé Bonpland, with maps, plans, &c. vols. 1 and 2. 8vo.

Piquet's common Prayer Book the instrument of conversion exhibited in the case of the late Thomas Royle, 18mo. 6d.

Practical View, (a) of Christian Education, in its early stages 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Researches concerning the institutions and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of America, with descriptions and views of some of the most striking scenes in the Cordilleras, 2 vols. 8vo.

Ruined (the) Maiden a poem 8vo. 2s.

Sermon (a) preached at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, before His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, &c. on July the 28th 1814, being the day appointed for a general Thanksgiving, by the Lord Bp. of Chester 2s. 6d.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

The emulative spirit of two *Oxonians* is highly praise-worthy, and the Editor feels honoured in having the offer of their productions for this work, but he must rely on their liberality, as it will be impossible to insert *two* criticisms on *one* book, and, consequently, he must omit one, however faithful. He would suggest their incorporation, occasionally, and would feel happy in having their acquiescence.

X. P.'s interrogatories cannot be answered; some of them have caused inquiries to be made on our part, which have led to much useful information, that we are not at liberty to disclose.

PIETÓ's remarks on the different Reviews, evince a knowledge of his subject, and we perfectly agree with him, that no Review ought to be the property of a bookseller, as that circumstance alone must be supposed to influence its decision on a work. We had before understood that the *Critical* was the only one exempt; but, till now, we were unacquainted with the names of the parties to whom they belonged. He must excuse our not inserting it.

Our *Paris* friend shall have his works noticed next month. They were not received till the middle of September.

THE  
**CRITICAL REVIEW.**

**SERIES THE FOURTH.**

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**VOL. VI. OCTOBER, 1814. No. IV.**

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**ART. I.—***An Historical View of the Philippine Islands*: exhibiting their discovery, population, language, government, manners, customs, productions, and commerce. From the Spanish of Martinez de Zuniga. Published at Manila, 1803. With a fine and accurate map of the Islands, from the best authorities, public and private. Translated by John Mayer, Esq. 2 vols. Octavo. pp. 308. 208. £1, 1s. Black and Co. 1814.

We learn, that the Spanish original, from which this translation is taken, was published at Manila, in 1803, and that it probably is the only copy which has, as yet, reached this country. It professes to form a correct view, down to a very late period, of the Spanish establishments in the Philippine Islands. We, therefore, take it up with very favourable impressions.

The consideration of this colony, taken either politically or commercially, is highly important to this nation; and, the more so, as our intercourse with these islands, until very lately, has been limited by the political jealousy of the Spanish cabinet, as well as by the religious prejudices of the Spanish people. The Philippines, indeed, are generally important, with respect to their relative position with Europe, India, China, and Spanish America; and the north western coasts of the new, and the north eastern coasts of the old world.

**CRIT. REV. Vol. 6, October, 1814.**

**Z**

These islands, which are numerous, were discovered by Hernando de Magellan, a Portuguese, in 1519. They are situated in the Pacific Ocean, 300 miles to the south of China, and lie from 5 to 19 degrees north latitude ; and from the 114th to the 130th degree of east longitude.

In general, they abound with every delicacy, and the soil is abundantly fertile ; but the excessive heat from their vicinity to the line...the innumerable noxious insects, and venomous reptiles...the dreadful earthquakes, and the frequent eruptions from many of their mountains, which are volcanos...the great numbers of poisonous herbs and flowers, from which the most pernicious vapours exhale...the terrible storms of thunder and lightning and rain, which spread devastation around...contribute greatly to deteriorate the smiling aspect of the country.

Referring to the work before us, we find, that

‘ The productions of these islands are various, and of a value and importance unquestionably high. In the hands of an industrious population, and under a fostering government, these are scarcely any vegetable substance which, by slender exertion, they may not be made to yield, whilst the choicest treasures of the mineral kingdom, lodged beneath their irregular surface, minister largely to the cupidity, and furnish materials for the more enterprising labours of man.

‘ Gold is in abundance ; iron, steel, copper, lead, pitch, and tar, hemp, cotton, indigo, sugar, cocoa, pepper, betel, cowries, tortoiseshell, mother of pearl, and pearls, hides, coyar, tobacco, corn and rice excellent and abundant, with a variety of other productions, contribute to the want of commerce ; while in this enumeration will be found all the articles, which, with the aid of the finest timber building in the world, are requisite for the construction and complete equipment of ships of every description.

‘ The established intercourse of these islands with Japan and China offers a ready transit for manufactures ; and although it is understood that the East India Company furnishes an adequate supply of our woollen staple to the China market, we may yet fairly expect that British enterprise will not overlook the advantages which the opening of the India trade holds out in this quarter ; nor will the introduction of British manufactures into these islands, either with an ultimate view to the above markets, or to those of Spanish America, in any material degree interfere with the staple trade of the Company : there is full scope for adventure in this new vineyard, and labourers will not be wanting.’

Of these Islands, Manila is the most considerable. It is nearly 400 miles in length, and upwards of 180 in breadth,

and it is more healthful than its neighbours. The bay is circular; the port remarkably good, and admirably calculated for the Chinese and East India trade.

The city, which ornaments this bay, is handsomely laid out, in spacious streets, occasionally distinguished with churches, colleges, convents, and other public buildings. It is the seat of government, and hither the Spaniards trade with silver from New Spain, Mexico, and Peru; with diamonds from Goktonda; with silks, teas, Japan and China ware, and gold dust, from China and Japan; and they return with colonial produce.

The Island is enriched with many mountains, which contain gold, and is beautified with fertile plains, fine pastures and springs of the most excellent water in the universe. It produces buffaloes, sheep, hogs, goats, horses, fruits, &c. &c.

In 1762-3 this rich Island was captured by admiral Cornish and Sir William Draper. It was, however, stipulated to be ransomed; but the ransom money has not been wholly discharged.

The other principal Islands according to old authorities are St. John....Mindanao....Bohol....Layta....Paragon....Mindoro.....Tandaya.....Philippina.....Sebu.....Panay....Negros' Island....Xolo, and Masbate. They all produce great quantities of gold, pearls, ambergris, load-stones, ivory, pepper, bees' wax, mangoes, durians, oranges, lemons, palm-trees, tamarinds, plantanes, bananas, cassia, ebony, sugar-canes, tobacco, indigo, odoriferous and medicinal herbs admiralbe flowers, and culinary vegetables.

In speaking of the original work, our translator says—

\* From information which may be fully relied on, it appears that Zuniga may, with more propriety, be deemed the editor than the author, as he was in Manila, and superintended the publication in 1803; with the credit of having only arranged for the press the papers of a deceased collector; a conclusion justified by the circumstance of the work closing with the peace of 1763, for there could not be any very solid reason for his declining an account of the forty years intervening between that event and the period of publication, had he himself been the author. If, however, we are by these means without a detail of the actual events which took place, it is probable we may have less cause for regret on account of the very limited progress which we well know improvement, or even amelioration, have been suffered to make under the Spanish monarchy during the period in question. At any rate, we have grounds for supposing that if any alteration, favour-

able or unfavourable, has taken place, Zuniga has contrived to weave it into the work ; for it is asserted by those whose residence renders them competent judges, that the view he gives of the settlement is correct to the latest period.'

Describing these islands, the Spanish author states, that they have been named Philippine, in compliment to Philip the Second when Prince of Asturias.

They were originally designated by Hernando de Magellan as the Western Isles, or the Archipelago of St. Lazarus. He calls the principal island Luzon, for which he assigns the following reason....' because, at the doorway of each house, stands a large wooden mortar, which, in the language of the country, is called Losong. In this mortar the Indians crush their rice. This Island resembles the arm a little bent, and in the part which corresponds to the elbow, is situated the city of Manila, on the shore of a fine bay, 30 leagues in circumference, which receives some considerable rivers : among others the Pasig, which flowing from a large lake, situated to the east of Manila, at the distance of 3 leagues, washes its walls on the north side. Its water is very soft and salubrious.' Luzon, therefore, is the Island which we have designated as the Island of Manila.

' Before the Spaniards arrived, this district was occupied by the nation Tagala, inhabiting many towns and mud villages, governed by petty chiefs. It is now divided into various provinces, under the government of their respective Alcaldes Mayores, who collect the royal tribute, and administer justice among the Indians. At three leagues distance from Manila, to the south-west, lies the port of Cavite, so called from the word *cavut*, a fish-hook, to which the tongue of land on which it stands bears a strong resemblance. Cavite is defended by an indifferent fort, the governor of which is nominated by the court of Madrid. It is likewise provided with a complete arsenal for the accommodation, as well of the Acapulco ships, and a few small vessels for the defence of the islands from the Moors as for general use.

' To the north from the nation Tagala, we found the nations Pampanga, Zamboales, Pangasinan, Ylocos, and Cagayan. Each of these nations formed a distinct community, with a distinct language, or dialect of the same language, and was distributed in mud villages, having no king or supreme head to govern them ; but in lieu of that, a number of petty chiefs, or rajahs, whose authority scarcely extended over fifty or an hundred families respectively : after the conquest, each of these nations was constituted into a province, governed by a Spanish Alcalde Mayor. To the east from the nation Tagala are the Camarines, whose district has been divided into two provinces, that of Camarines, and



that of Albay, each under an *Alcalde Mayor*. The greater part of the island is mountainous ; it is crossed from the north to the south by an immense chain, from which diverge those ramifications that spread through the whole island, in many cases even forming detached mountains, like insulated cones in the midst of extensive plains. The whole of this elevated part of the country occupying nearly all the interior, is either a desert, or inhabited by a set of wretched people who do not acknowledge the Spanish government. There are in this island several volcanos, as that of Mayon, which is between the provinces of Albay and Camarines. It has a sugar-loaf figure, and is of such altitude that it may be discovered at an immense distance at sea. The de Taal is of a similar form, and stands in the middle of a large lake, called de Bombon : it exhibits sufficient proof that the mountain in whose top the volcano was, while in its active state, has sunk, remaining, however, still pretty much elevated above the water. There are other volcanos, and many warm springs, indicating the fermentation in the bowels of this island, from which, no doubt, arise those earthquakes to which it is subject, and which, one day, may produce new eruptions. — We know that these volcanos at times throw out ashes, stones, sand, water, and lava, inundating and destroying the habitations, and rendering the *fields* a desert.

‘ To the south of Luzon lie the principal islands of Mindoro, Panay, Marinduque, Negros, Masbate, Zebu, Bohol, Leyte, Samar, besides some very small ones, the whole of which we denominate *Bisayas*, or *Islas de Pintados*, Painted Islands, their inhabitants having been accustomed to paint their bodies before our arrival in this quarter. All these islands acknowledge the Spanish government, and pay tribute to the king, which the *corregidores*, or *Alcaldes Mayores* of the provinces into which they are divided, collect. More to the south from these islands are the Mindanao and Jolo. In Mindanao the provinces of Misamis and Cagaya are subject to the Spaniards : the rest of the island has not submitted, and is engaged with Jolo and other islands in constant hostility against them ; and although there have been occasional intervals of peace, they have been of short duration.

‘ For these two centuries past these islanders have been plundering the coasts of our provinces, have taken an immense number of vessels, pillaged many villages, burnt many towns, destroyed many inhabitants, and made slaves of a very great number of the clergy, both Spaniards and Indians.

‘ We have in Mindanao the garrison of Zamboanga, with a Spanish governor to check these depredations ; but as yet we have found little benefit from this establishment.

‘ To the east of these islands, at the distance of three hundred leagues, are found the *Marianas*, the *Carolinas*, and the islands de Palaos, or Pelew. Of these, the *Marianas* alone are under the dominion of the Spaniards. Here there is a governor, with a detachment of troops, to overawe the Indians, and three Franciscan friars to instruct them in the Christian religion.

' These islands have no other communication with the rest of the world than what is afforded by the Acapulco ship, which, in returning to Manila, touches there, with the portion of the revenue appropriated to the support of this presidency. By this opportunity they likewise receive wine for mass, grain, furniture, clothing, and a few other necessities; this obscure corner producing only horned cattle, hogs, fowls, and a few vegetables, such as the bread-fruit and others, which serve the inhabitants instead of bread. These supplies are annually imported by the governor; and as there is no other store in the island than his, the price he fixes is at his own option. From this commerce he draws all his income; and under such oppression it is not to be wondered at that this colony is as poor as the first day it was discovered. Rice, Indian corn, and wheat would grow abundantly in these islands, but every attempt to raise them in any quantity, has been rendered of no avail by the swarms of rats, which pour down from the mountains and sweep all before them. From the combination of these political and natural causes, the situation of the inhabitants of these islands is so miserable, that some of our historians would persuade us, they entertain no wish to propagate the species, that their children may avoid their unhappy lot.'

The Spanish author, however, combats with this latter opinion, on the population of these islands, and argumentatively shews, that the inhabitants have increased two-fold since the invasion of the Spaniards.

' There are, in these islands, some natural curiosities deserving particular notice, such as the paxarillo, a species of small swallow, which forms its nest chiefly of the froth of the sea, and which is held in such estimation by the Chinese, as a principal dish at their table, that they purchase it at any price.

' The *Balute* is a species of sea-worm, which, likewise, is sold in China at a high price. The *Siguey*, is a small shining shell, which forms the current money of the Malaya. The *Tabon*, is a bird, which lays eggs similar to those of the turkey, burying them very deep in the sand on the sea shore, and when hatched by the heat of the sun, it tears away the sand that covers them, and the young come out. The *Caiman*, is a species of crocodile; a large and uncouth animal, the more curious in this respect, that it is produced from an egg, of the same size as that of the duck. The *Chacon*, is a lizard, which takes up its abode in the houses, and repeatedly articulates clearly the word *to-co*. The *Cabo*, is a bird, which has a kind of hollow shell in his head, and crows, at certain hours of the day, the same as the cock. The *Tucfobo*, is a large species of the oyster, the shell of which will hold a pitcher of water; indeed they are used as vessels for holy water in the churches. Our historians mention many curiosities even more rare than these, but I do not enumerate them, as they seem to have been ill informed

on the subject, and I fear with good reason, having been too much under the influence of the marvellous, they have given credit to the Indians, who are always desirous of distinguishing themselves by the relation of something very uncommon.

With their productions, the Indians formed a species of commerce, or barter, among each other, still considering gold as the representative of general value, or medium of exchange; they were likewise in the habit of trading with the Chinese, and with the Moors of Borneo, for flag-stones, copper, articles of furniture, &c. but in very small quantities, their wants being necessarily few, going almost naked, baking their rice in green canes, and eating it with the leaf of the plantain.

The Spaniards, soon after they came into possession of these islands, commenced an extended commerce with India and China, which brought to New Spain, a proportionable increase of profit; and in a little time, Manila became so rich a colony, that it created a jealousy among the merchants of Seville, and, in consequence of their petition, its commerce was restricted. From this period it began to decline, and to the great detriment of these islands, which cannot subsist by the exchange of their own productions alone, these being very limited in their nature, and incapable of much extension, surrounded as they are by other nations, more industrious, and who can work at a cheaper rate.

The luxuriant nature of the soil of these islands, has been much and justly extolled, but, proper allowance has not been made, for the sloth of the Indians, the hurricanes or tempests, which sweep every thing before them, the destructive insects, the rats, and many other things, which diminish greatly the fertility of these beautiful islands.

In M. Sonnerato's voyage to the Indies and China, we find.... The inhabitants of the island of Luçon call themselves *Tagals*, as do likewise all the inhabitants of the Philippines. They appear to derive their origin from the Malays, and exhibit features of their character. Their language, though different from that of the Malays, has its pronunciation and its sweetness. All these islands seem to be inhabited by the same people, among whom their customs alone have been subjected to change. In Manila, such has been the intercourse with the Chinese and other nations, that they have become a mixed race.

The Manilians are of a swarthy complexion, large and well made; their dress is composed of a shirt of a kind of linen made of the filaments of the *abaca*, a species of palm; this shirt is very short, and is worn over a large and wide pair of drawers: but their greatest luxury consists in handkerchiefs, with red borders, of the finest quality; of these they usually wear three, one on the head, one on the neck

and the third is held in the hand. The English manufacture them at Madras expressly for their consumption.

'The women wear a kind of little shift, which scarcely reaches the navel, with a handkerchief loosely covering the neck ; a white linen cloth encircles the body, and is fastened by a button at the waist ; they throw over this a coloured stuff, manufactured by the inhabitants of Panay. Over all is worn a mantle, for the most part black, which covers the body from head to foot. Their hair, which is black, and highly beautiful, sometimes reaches to the ground : they bestow the greatest care on it, anoint it with cocoa-nut oil, plait it in the Chinese fashion, and, towards the crown of the head, form it into a knot, fastened with a gold and silver pin. They wear embroidered slippers, so very small that they only cover the toes.

'The houses of the Indians of Manila are constructed of bamboo, covered with plain leaves. They are erected on pillars of wood, at the height of from eight to ten feet from the ground, and they ascend to them by a small ladder, which is drawn up every night. The custom of thus raising their houses to this elevation, has for its object their protection from the humidity of the soil ; but that of drawing up the ladders, by which they mount to them, has in view their security against ferocious animals, and those of their neighbours who live in a savage state. Their bed is, for the most part, a simple mat, spread on the floor.

'Their food is rice, plain boiled, which they eat either with salted fish, or by putting into the water in which it is dressed, a spice, which takes off its insipid taste.

'There are many lakes in the island of Luçon ; the most considerable is that called by the Spaniards *Laguna de Bay*. The river, which washes the walls of Manila, flows out of this lake, and thus a communication, by means of boats, is open to its surrounding shores. This lake is about 30 leagues in circumference, and about 120 fathoms in depth. In the middle of it is an island, which holds out a refuge to some Indian families. They live by fishing, and preserve their liberty by prohibiting the approach of strangers to their asylum. This lake is bounded on the west by high mountains ; the level country is fertile, and is inhabited by a people of gentle manners : they employ themselves in manufacturing matting, cloth, and different fabrics, from the *abaca*. Perhaps the first monks who

were sent to convert them were attracted there by the mildness of their character.

'The Spaniards, in supplying them with a religion, have left their laws unaltered; in fact, their ancient usages are retained, and they are governed by an Indian of their village, nominated, however, by the Spaniards, whose authority they acknowledge.

'This people, though of a mild character, treat crimes with severity; the greatest, in their opinion, is adultery, which is the only one punished with death.'

But the Spanish author states,

'Our historians, affecting always the marvellous, divide, into different classes, the inhabitants the Spaniards found, on their first arrival in the Philippines. They denominate them satyrs, men with tails, sea monsters, and whatever else of the fabulous, is calculated to raise wonder in the human mind. In reality, however, they found only two classes, that which we know by the appellation of Negroes, and that of the Indians. The Negroes are very small in stature, and more of a copper colour than those of Guinea, with soft hair and flat noses. They lived in the mountains, almost in a state of nature, merely covering the fore part of the body, with a piece of the bark of a tree; and they subsisted upon roots, and such deer, as in hunting, they could kill with the bow and arrow, at which they were very dexterous. They slept where night overtook them, and they possessed no idea of religion or civilized habits, rather, indeed, ranking with beasts than as human beings. The Spaniards, have at length succeeded, in domesticating many of them, and converting them to christianity, to which they gave no opposition, so long as they get subsistence, but if they are obliged to labour, for the maintenance of their family, they return again to the mountains.

'The Negroes, without doubt, were the primitive inhabitants of these islands, and they retired to the mountains on the arrival of the Indians. These latter, settling on the sea shore, continual hostility prevailed between them, but the Indians were never able to establish themselves sufficiently, to be permitted even to cut wood in the mountains, without paying a tribute for it. At present, the influence of the Negroes is very limited, but their antipathy to their first invaders, continues unabated; for, if a Negroe is killed, or dies suddenly, it is customary for another, to bind himself to his countrymen by an oath, that he will disappear from among them, and that he will not return, until he has avenged the death of his friend, by killing three or four Indians, to accomplish which, he watches their villages, and the passes in the mountains, and if any unfortunately stray from their companions, he murders them.

'The origin of these Negroes, some believe to be, from Angola, though they are not so black as their ancestors, which it is pretended,

proceeds from the temperature of these islands being milder, and less scorching than that of Africa. This possibly may be so, for it is well known, that by changing, from a sultry to a temperate climate, the blackness of the Negro may be diminished, in the course of a long series of generations; yet, the flat nose, and using a dialect of the same language, which the Indians of these isles speak, appears to prove satisfactorily enough, that the origin of the one and the other, is nearly the same. The reason assigned, for their not being more numerous, is, the influence of the rain, wind, sun, and all those inclemencies natural to the climate, to which they are exposed; the errors of the government, having reduced them to the condition, almost, of wild beasts, in which we now see them. The Indians whom the Spaniards found here, were of regular stature, and of an olive complexion, with flat noses, large eyes, and long hair. They all possessed some description of government better or worse, and each nation was distinguished by a different name; but, the similarity of their dress and manners, proves that the origin of all of them is the same.

They had chiefs, who held their situations, either on account of personal valour, or by succession to their fathers, where they had abilities to retain it. Their dominion extended over one or two villages, or more, according to the means they possessed, of extending protection. They were continually at war with the neighbouring villages, and continually making each other slaves. Out of these wars, arose three classes of people; the chiefs or masters of the villages, the slaves, and those whom the chiefs had enfranchised, with their descendants, and who, to this day, are called Timaras, properly signifying children of liberty. In some places, were found Indians whiter than others, descended, without doubt, from Chinese or Japanese, who had been shipwrecked on these coasts, and whom the Indians, naturally hospitable, received and allowed to intermarry with them; and it is generally believed that the Ygotes of Yloco, whose eyes resemble the Chinese, must have originated from the companions of Limahon, who fled to those mountains, when Juande Salcedo compelled him to his disgraceful retreat, from the province of Pangasinan.

It is not, however, after all, easy to ascertain the origin of these people, but their idiom throws some degree of light on the subject.—Although the languages these Indians speak, are many and different, they have so much intercourse one with another, that it may clearly be discovered, they are dialects of the same language, as the Spanish, French, and Italian, are derivatives from the Latin. The prepositions, and pronouns are nearly the same in all of them; the numeral characters differ very little, and they have many words in common, and of one and the same structure.

No doubt can be entertained, that the radical language, from which all those dialects spring, prevails from Madagascar to the Philippines, with local shades of difference. It is spoken too in New Guinea, and in all these islands to the southward, in the Marianas, in the islands of

San Duisk, in those of Otaheite, and in almost all the islands in the South Sea. In one collection of voyages, there are given various vocabularies, with such corresponding terminations, as the respective travellers, were able to distinguish among these islands. It is remarkable, that in these, almost all the pronouns, are the same with those of the nation Tagala; the numerals are common to all the dialects, used in these islands, and most of the words are the same, and with the same signification, as in the language Tagala. But, I am the more inclined to believe the identity of the dialects, from a conversation which I had with Don Juan Hovel, an Englishman, who spoke that of San Duisk, and who had a slave, a native of one of those islands. The structure, appeared to be the same, as that of the language spoken in the Philippines; and on the whole, I feel confident, in the opinion, that they are all dialects of the same language, so widely diffused over so large a portion of the earth. It is ascertained, that this language is in common use for many thousand leagues, extending from Madagascar to the isles of San Duisk, Otaheite, and the isle of Pasquas, which latter, is not more than six hundred leagues distant, from the coast of South America. Yet, the Indians of the Philippines, do not understand the people of these last mentioned islands, when they have occasional intercourse with them; nor, even in these islands, do the inhabitants of one province understand those of another. So neither does the Spaniard understand the Frenchman, nor the Frenchman the Italian.

The Spanish author proceeds to detail the customs, laws, religious superstition, and manners of the inhabitants, and then furnishes us with an historical account of the discovery and conquest of the Philippine Islands:

The government of Manila was founded 1570, and the commerce with Acapulco, in 1572. The administrations of the several governors are recorded. They are pregnant with important political events, and are historical to the memorable period of the siege and capture of Manila by the English in 1762, and its restoration in the following year.

We cannot say much as to the style of Zuniga; but are of opinion, with the translator, that it betrays more the whine of a monk, than the energies of a statesman. But, as his work is esteemed for its fidelity, it possesses the most important feature of historical merit.

The translator has added some very descriptive notes, which he was permitted to take from the manuscript translation of Sonnerat, the celebrated navigator; and his map has been constructed with so much care and labour, that we cannot fail to approve its correctness. He concludes his introduction with the following passage.

'The merit of a translator is very limited. He is answerable for little beyond the actual transference of his author's meaning in appropriate language : whatever the present translator has attempted beyond this is contained in the notes, and is added with the hope of rendering the publication as valuable as possible, and as replete with information on the religious, moral, political, and commercial state of these dependencies on the Spanish crown as the existing sources are capable of furnishing. He lays it before the public with diffidence, but with the hope that it will add to the stock of general knowledge ; equally useful to the moralist, the politician, and the merchant.'

ART. II.—*The Doctrine of Chances ; or the Theory of Gaming*, made easy to all Persons acquainted with common Arithmetic, so as to enable them to calculate the probabilities of events, in Lotteries, Cards, Horse-racing, Dice, &c. With Tables on Chance. Never before published ; which, from mere inspection, will solve a great variety of questions. By Wm. Rouse. Octavo. pp. 360. 15s. Lackington and Co. 1814.

[Concluded from page 206.]

We resume this curious production. It profoundly states, 'that man cannot make principles, he can only discover them. That all organized beings have a progress to perfection and to decay, and are resolved into inorganic aggregates, which enter, again, into other substances, forming new combinations, and thus reproduce other bodies. The vegetable kingdom supports the animal ; which, in its decay, becomes elementary principles ; and, in its turn, becomes the food and substance of plants.

With this professed philosophy of causes and effects, which he contends, existed from the beginning, and will remain through time, whether the mind of man discovered them or not, he sits down to prove, that, although the frequent occurrence of certain events may seem to imply chance ; yet all things are reducible to science. That the man who proportions the several parts of a mill, uses the same scientific principles, as if he had the power to construct the universe ; but as he cannot give to matter that invisible agency we call gravity, he supplies the want with cogs and wheels.

This is, certainly, aiming at knowledge by abstract reasoning.

The ratios....he continues....of the happening, or falling of events, existed ages before the mind of man either discovered them, or knew how to apply, what are called the laws of



chance ; still, conclusively, events are not likely to happen more frequently, than as originally designed.

‘ It excites astonishment to be told, there can be so many changes made with 14 bells, that if they were to change 10 times every minute (which would be 143 strokes), yet it would require *sixteen thousand, five hundred and seventy-five years*, to ring them all. This capability of change with 14 things existed long before man discovered the rule to prove it.’

These changes of the bells he further illustrates in his dissertation on cards.

‘ CARDS were always made of paper, and seem to have been invented about the year 1390 to divert Charles VI. of France, who had fallen into a melancholy disposition.

‘ One *Jaquemis Gringonneur*, a painter in Paris, appears to have been the inventor, from the following article in the treasurer’s account : “ Paid 56 shillings of Paris, to *Jaquemis Gringonneur*, the painter, for three packs of cards, gilded with gold, and painted with divers colours and divers devices, to be carried to the king for his amusement, &c.” a great price in those times ; but their gilding and painting required much art.

‘ The four suits were meant to represent the four classes of men in the kingdom. The hearts denoted the ecclesiastics. The nobility of prime military part of the kingdom were represented by points of lances, or the spades. Diamonds designed the order of merchants or tradesmen ; and the trefoil leaf (or clubs) alluded to the husbandmen and peasants. The four kings represented David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles, which names were on the French cards formerly ; these names exhibit the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks. By the queens are represented Argine, (anagram for Regina,) Esther, Judith, and Pallas ; typical of birth, piety, fortitude and wisdom. By the knaves were designed servants to knights, or the knights themselves.

‘ The first certain notice of their having been known in England, occurs in a record in the time of Edward IV. on an application of the card-makers to parliament, A. D. 1463, an act was made against the importation of playing-cards, 3d Edward IV. c. 4. From this statute it appears, that card-playing and card-making were known and practised in England before this period, or about 50 years after the era of their supposed invention.

‘ Mr. Gough observes, the use of cards among the Chinese is evident, not only from a Chinese painting representing their playing with something much like cards, but also from a pack of Chinese cards in his possession, made of the same materials as the European, but the devices are very different. The method of making playing cards seen.

to have given the first hint to the invention of printing, as appears from the first specimens of printing at Haerlem, and those in the Bodleian library.

'To enumerate the changes, or the different ways or orders in which 52 cards can be placed, common multiplication is only necessary; for, by the law of permutations, we must multiply as many terms of the natural series of numbers as there are things proposed, continually together.

'In this case, all the numbers from 52 to 1 inclusive, must be multiplied together, which would produce a sum almost beyond human belief; we need go no further than the changes of every 13 cards in 52 to excite astonishment; for, if the cards were each only one square inch in size, there would be more than sufficient to cover SIXTY-FOUR THOUSAND SUCH WORLDS AS WE INHABIT.

'The number of changes of 13 cards in 52 are found by multiplying 16 terms, or the numbers from 52 to 40 inclusive, together; the product consists of 22 places of figures, and as every position or order requires 13 cards, each supposed a square inch in size, this product must be multiplied by 13, which will give the number of square inches that the cards would cover; this divided by the number of square inches in the area of the earth, which only embrace 16 places of figures, will give the above result.'

At PROBLEM 1. he says....In all games, the skill and judgment of the parties playing are supposed to be equal; if they are not, and the inequalities can be measured, their ratios are as capable of investigation, as those of chance.

With this *data*....that each party has equality of skill and chance in getting the tricks, the first *desideratum* is, to find, at whist, the odds of either side that is named, getting any number of tricks, in any named deal.

'There being 13 tricks, the terms in the 13th power of the binomial table will answer any question of this kind from 1 trick to 13. The players being supposed equal,  $a$  and  $b$  are each equal to 1, and  $(a + b)^{13}$  or 2 raised to the 13th power, equal to 8192, being all the chances concerned, will be the common denominator of the fractions expressing each probability, and as  $a$  and  $b$  are unaltered in value through all the powers (each being only 1) the coefficients alone are to be taken for the numerators of the fractions to express the different probabilities; therefore, 1, which is the coefficient to  $a^{13}$ , is the only chance to get all the 13 tricks, and  $\frac{1}{8192}$  is the probability, being 8191 against it.

'The chances to get 12 tricks or more are the coefficients of the terms wherein  $a$  is concerned in the 12th power and upwards added together, being 14, and the probability is  $\frac{14}{8192}$  or upwards of 584 to 1 against it.

'The chances to get 11 tricks or more are found in the same manner, by adding together the coefficients,  $1 + 13 + 78 = 92$ , and the probability is  $\frac{1}{117}$ , or nearly 88 to 1 against it.

'The chances to get 10 tricks or more, are  $1 + 13 + 78 + 286 = 378$ , and the probability is  $\frac{1}{378}$ , or nearly 21 to 1 against it.

'The chances to get 9 tricks or more are  $1 + 13 + 78 + 286 + 715 = 1093$ , and the probability is  $\frac{1}{1093}$ , or about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 against it.

'The chances to get 8 tricks or more are 1287 added to the above 1093, being 2380, and the probability is  $\frac{1}{2380}$ , or nearly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 against it; but the probability that one side or the other will get 8 tricks or more is  $\frac{1}{1190}$ , being about 58 to 42 in favour of one side or the other getting eight or more tricks.

'The chances to get 7 tricks or more are 1716 added to the above 2380, being 4096, and the probability is  $\frac{1}{4096}$ , or an equal bet, for one side or the other *must* get 7 tricks; which will appear by doubling the chances, to show the probability of one side or the other getting 7 tricks or more, being  $\frac{1}{2048}$ , or certainty (as is explained in the introduction;) therefore, it must be an equal bet, whether the side is named or not that gets the 7 tricks or more.

'If the probability had been required of getting a certain number of tricks *precisely*, neither more nor less, a single term would have been sufficient to solve it; for the coefficient to the term denoting the number of tricks required, will be the numerator of the fraction expressing the probability; thus, the probability of getting 7 tricks *only* is  $\frac{1}{128}$ ; of 10 tricks *only* is  $\frac{1}{378}$ ; and the probability of getting either 7 or 10 tricks *only* is found by adding the above together, being  $\frac{1}{128} + \frac{1}{378}$ , and twice this, or  $\frac{1}{64} + \frac{1}{189}$ , is the probability of one side or the other either getting 7 tricks *precisely*, or 10 tricks *precisely*, being very near an even bet; only about 51 to 49 against it.

**PROBLEM II.** To find the odds of either side that is named, holding the four honours, in any named deal; also the odds of holding honours at all.

**PROBLEM III.** To find the different probabilities of those who are eight, and those who are nine, getting the game.

**PROBLEM IV.** To find the probability of a partner's holding one, two, or three certain cards.

**PROBLEM V.** To find the probability of any named player having a given number of trumps, or of taking in a specified number of particular cards at any game.

These Problems, like the preceding, are worked by figures which, by reference to a binomial table, constitute a general theorem, founded in the laws of combination, and susceptible of elucidating the doctrine of chances. These

Problems extend to twenty-four, comprehending great variety of *Probabilities*, and the odds attaching thereto.

Dice, the author tells us, are said to have been invented by Palamedes, at the siege of Troy, for the amusement of the soldiery.

\* They are generally made of bone, and each of the 6 sides is so dotted, or numbered, that the top and bottom of every die (together) make 7; for if the top or uppermost side of a die is 5, the bottom or opposite side will be 2, and the same holds through every face; therefore, let the number of dice be what it may, their top and bottom faces, added together, must be equal to the number of dice multiplied by 7. In throwing 3 dice, if 2, 3, and 4 are thrown, making 9, their corresponding bottom faces will be 5, 4, and 3, making 12, which together are 21, equal to the 3 dice multiplied by 7.

There being 6 differently marked faces to a die, it must be evident there are 6 chances, and as each chance makes a distinct number, the faces of a die, taken singly, makes 6 numbers, from No. 1 to No. 6, inclusive. If another die is added, while 1 face of the first remains uppermost, each of the 6 faces of the second die may be thrown to it; therefore, any 1 face of the first die may come up 6 ways with the second die, so as to make 6 distinct numbers or chances; for the 1 of the first die, with each of the faces of the second, makes the 6 following numbers, viz. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16; and the 2 of the first die makes 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, and 26; the 3 of the first die makes 31, 32, 33, 34, 35 and 36; the 4 of the first die makes 41, 42, 43, 44, 45 and 46; the 5 of the first die makes 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, and 56; and the 6 of the first die makes 61, 62, 63, 64, 65 and 66; and these 36 numbers or chances, which are equal to 6 multiplied by 6, are all that can be formed of 2 dice. Now, if these dice are supposed to remain, and another is added, each of the six faces of this new die may be thrown to the first chance, or No. 11 creating 6 more chances or numbers of 3 figures each, viz. 111, 211, 311, 411, 511, and 611; and the same number of new chances will arise from every one of the 36 chances on the 2 dice, making together 216 chances or different numbers, which are equal to 3 sixes multiplied together, or 6 raised to the 3d power. If these 3 dice remain, and a fourth is added, the 6 faces of it will create 6 more chances or numbers of 4 figures each, with every one of the 216 chances, making together 1296 chances or different numbers, being equal to 6 raised to the 4th power; and universally, whatever the number of the dice may be, each die having 6 faces, if 6 is raised to the power denoted by the number of dice, it will show all the possible chances that can arise out of such a number of dice; and, as each chance (in figures) forms a distinct number, just so many different numbers may be made: for instance, there are 216 chances on 3 dice (equal to 6 raised to the 3d power) and as many different numbers arise, each consisting of three figures,

answering to the 3 faces thrown in each chance ; if to this are added the distinct chances or numbers on 2 dice, of 2 figures each, and also the distinct chances or numbers on 1 die, of a single figure each, the total chances or numbers that arise from the 1, the 2, and the 3 dice, amount to 258 ; being 216 of 3 figures, 36 of 2 figures, and 6 of 1 figure. As the chances on dice increase in a geometrical progression, the sum of a geometrical series will be equal to all the possible chances or different numbers that can arise out of 1, 2, 3, &c. as the number of dice may be (which was noticed in the remarks on combination under *Cards*). The rule is, *raise 6 to the power denoted by the number of dice, from which subtract 1, divide the difference by 5, and multiply the quotient by the number of faces on a die, or 6 ; for instance, if the total chances were required on 1, 2, 3, and 4 dice, the rule in figures is*

$$\frac{6^4 - 1}{6 - 1} \times 6 = \frac{1296}{5}, \text{ or } 259 \times 6 = 1554, \text{ and which are the total number}$$

of chances or different numbers that can be made, being 1296 chances on 4 dice or numbers of 4 figures each ; 216 chances on 3 dice or numbers of 3 figures each ; 36 chances on 2 dice or numbers of 2 figures each ; and 6 chances on 1 die or numbers of 1 figure each, making together the above total, or 1554.

With a single die, there being six distinct faces, numbered from 1 to 6, the chances against throwing any named face must be 5 to 1, expressed by the fraction  $\frac{5}{6}$ , the numerator being the chance for the named face to come up, and the denominator containing all the possible chances on the die.

With 2 dice not more than 12 (2 sixes) or less than 2 (2 ones) can be thrown ; and there being 36 chances on 2 dice, out of which the above 12 points and 2 points have but one chance each, there must be 34 ways or chances to throw all the intermediate numbers of points, from 2 to 12.

With 3 dice, there are 216 chances, and only 1 way to throw the highest, and the same the lowest number, or 18 and 3 ; therefore, there must be 214 ways to throw all the intermediate numbers of points, from 3 to 18.

With 4 dice, there are 1296 chances, and only 1 chance to throw each of the extremes, or the points 24 and 4 ; therefore, 1294 chances to throw all the intermediate numbers of points from 4 to 24, and so on for any number of dice whatever.

When the chances for throwing each of those intermediate numbers of points are known, by comparing them with the whole number of chances on the dice given, the probability of throwing any assigned number of points will be ascertained ; for instance, there are 6 chances to throw 7 points with 2 dice ; now, comparing this with the whole number of chances on 2 dice, the probability is expressed being  $\frac{6}{36}$ , or 30 chances to 6 against it : and the probability of throwing 24 points with 4 dice is  $\frac{1}{1296}$ , being 1295 to 1 against it.

The chances to throw those intermediate numbers of points with any number of dice whatever, may be found by the laws of combina-

tion : first, considering the number of forms by which they may be thrown ; and secondly, the number of changes in each form ; these, added together, will constitute the whole number of chances.'

This portion of the work embraces the number of chances by which points are to be thrown with given numbers of dice.

'As HAZARD is more generally known and played than any other game with dice, I shall here analyze it, and suggest a mode of playing it on a perfect equality, so that neither the *caster* nor the *setter* will have any advantage.

'Hazard is played with 2 dice. He who throws is called the *caster*, and whoever sets him, or stakes money against him, is called the *setter*. The points called mains are, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 ; either of which he may call before he throws ; and, as there are several points allotted in this game for the *caster* either to win or to lose on the *first throw*, called a *nick* or a *crab*, I have placed these points in the following order, both for and against him, that by taking the chances from the table for the points to win and the points to lose, the probability may be seen of either main being determined the *first throw*.

Mains.	Points to Nick, or Win		Points to Crab, or Loss		Probability of being decided, or	
	First Throw.		First Throw.		Off the First Throw.	
5	....	5	2, 3, 11	or 12	$\frac{1}{12}$	or 13 to 5 against it.
6	6 or 12		2, 3 ..	or 11	$\frac{1}{12}$	or 25 to 11 against it.
7	7 or 11		2, 3 ..	or 12	$\frac{1}{12}$	or 2 to 1 against it.
8	8 or 12		2, 3 ..	or 11	$\frac{1}{12}$	or 25 to 11 against it.
9	....	9	2, 3, 11	or 12	$\frac{1}{12}$	or 13 to 5 against it.

'If the game is not determined the first throw, whatever chance or number of points the *caster* may throw, such becomes his own chance, and the main he called will be the *setter's* chance : he then throws on till one or the other comes up ; if his own comes up first, he wins, but if the *setter's* chance comes up first he loses, and the *setter* wins.'

The further probabilities are considered under 34 distinct Problems.

On LOTTERIES, he says, as games of chance they were invented by the Romans to enliven their festivals. As applicable to the service of the state, they originated at Genoa. And the policy we admit to be good, so far as it attaches to the public service ; but it is ruinous when applied to the public morals. Hope flatters the poor man who wants every thing, and it influences the rich who want more. How delusive are the incitements to this baneful species of gaming ! The mere turning of a wheel may convert indigence into affluence. It is not *certain* ; but it is *possible*. Somebody must have the prizes. If fortune frown to-day ; may she not smile to-morrow ? With these delusions, poverty is frequently betrayed into vice ; and the thoughtless contract

numerous debts, under the hope that a prize in the lottery will eventually pay all off!

'The first English lottery mentioned in history was drawn A. D. 1569. It consisted of 400,000 lots, at 10s. each lot. The prizes were plate, and the profits were to go towards repairing the havens of this kingdom. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral. The drawing began on the 11th of January, 1569, and continued incessantly drawing *day and night*, till the 6th of May, following. There were then only *three* lottery offices in London.

'The frequency of lotteries in this country makes them too well known to need explanation. As a revenue, they are very productive; the *indirect* advantages arising from them, by postages, advertisements, stamps, &c. are more considerable than the *direct* profit to government on the contracts; and being on the part of the public, *voluntary*, it would be no easy task in the present state of taxation, to substitute a *compulsory* tax equally productive, that would be equally pleasing.

'It is the opinion of most persons unacquainted with mathematical calculations, that as every scheme (however formed) must contain prizes equal in amount to £10 per ticket, the variation of the scheme does not vary the disadvantage of the purchaser, if he pays the same price for a ticket; but, such an opinion is *very erroneous*, for if the price of a ticket be 19 guineas, the scheme may be so varied as to cause the purchaser to adventure from the ratio of less than 2 to 1, to 399 to 1 (and even greater than this) against himself as will appear by the following schemes.

'Suppose a lottery of 1000 tickets, of 10*l.* each, the whole value of the prizes is 100,000*l.*; let there be only one prize of 100,000*l.*, and 999 blanks. A gives 19*l.* 19s. for a ticket; if he wins, he gains 9,9980*l.* 1s., but the chances are 999 to 1 against his winning, or  $\frac{1}{1000}$  expresses his probability. Now, according to the rule in the introduction, *the value of every expectation is found, by multiplying the sum expected by the probability of obtaining it*; and, this universally applies, for it is the same as dividing the sum expected into as many parts as there are chances, and giving to A as many of those parts as he possesses chances. Now, as A possesses but 1 chance in 1000, to gain 99,980*l.* 1s., the ten-thousandth part of this sum (which being more than 9*l.* 19s. 11*d.* may be called 10*l.*) is A's value, expressed  $\frac{1}{1000} \times 99980*l.* 1s. = 10*l.*$ ; and the value of his risk is expressed  $\frac{19999}{1000} \times 19*l.* 19s.$ , which so nearly approaches to the whole sum (not being one half-penny less), that in this case, of a lottery with only 1 prize, A plays in the ratio of nearly 19 guineas to 10*l.*, against himself, as he exchanges a value 19 guineas for a value 10*l.* Now, suppose as many prizes as blanks, or 5000 prizes of 20*l.* each, and 5000 blanks; here it will be a toss up whether A gets a prize or a blank; if he gets a prize, he wins one shilling! if a blank,

he loses 399 shillings ! This must be self-evident ; and however the scheme may be varied, so will the ratio of the purchaser's disadvantage of adventure between these two extremes ; indeed, it is possible to form a scheme, by making the prizes only a smaller fraction above the purchase-money, so that the ratio of disadvantage to the purchaser of a ticket will be several thousands to 1.

Many persons have deceived themselves in lottery calculations, by supposing a lottery of only 4 tickets with 1 prize, and that their reasoning on this would apply to a lottery of 20,000 tickets with 5000 prizes. As far as a *single ticket*, the conclusions are the same in both cases ; but, it must be considered, that events in lotteries are *dependent*, that is, the chances for the happening or the falling of a *second* event *depend*, on the happening or the falling of the *first*, the whole stock of chances becoming less each time, like drawing from a pack of cards. In 20000 tickets, 3 or 4 form too insignificant a part to require notice, but in only 4 tickets, one taken away reduces the stock  $\frac{1}{4}$ , leaving only 3 tickets ; therefore, although in cases where the odds to 1 are repeated two or three thousand times, they may be considered as *independent* events (like throwing a die, in which all the chances are preserved for the hundredth throw the same as for the first) ; yet, in a few tickets, the events so much *depend* on each other, that they must be differently considered ; as will evidently appear in the two following simple cases, of 4 tickets with 1 prize, and twice the number, or 8 tickets with 2 prizes ; the ratio of three blanks to 1 prize being the same in each. Now, if the 4 tickets were put into a hat, three of them marked B. and 1 marked P. there would be 3 chances to 1 in favour of drawing a B. the first trial, the probability being  $\frac{3}{4}$  ; this being done, for the second trial there are only 3 tickets remaining, 1 of which is the prize, and the probability of drawing a B is now only  $\frac{2}{3}$ , which 2 probabilities multiplied together, are equal to  $\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{2}{3} = \frac{1}{2}$  ; showing a perfect equality of chances, whether the prize falls to the 2 tickets taken, or to an equal number not taken ; and, let it also be considered in this case, the prize *must* fall either to the 2 tickets taken, or to an equal number ; and only 1 prize can be taken. Now, suppose a lottery of 8 tickets with two prizes ; here the probability of drawing a blank, is  $\frac{6}{8}$ , and the probability of drawing a second is  $\frac{5}{7}$ , making  $\frac{30}{56}$ , or (instead of equality of chances) 30 to 26 against getting a prize with 2 tickets ; and the law of combinations gives the same result for,  $\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{2}{3} = \frac{1}{2}$ , or 26 combinations with 8 things, if taken 2 and 2 (see combinations under Cards) ; but, this is *with and without* the prizes ; the blanks being 6, make  $\frac{6}{8} \times \frac{5}{7} = \frac{15}{28}$ , or 15 combinations, and which are *without* the prizes ; therefore, there can be only the difference, or 11 combinations *with* the prizes, and 15 to 11 is in the same ratio, as the above 30 to 26. In the first case, the prize *must* fall either to the 2 tickets taken, or to an equal number ; but, in this case, a prize may or may not fall either to the 2 tickets taken, or to an equal number ; for, the probability of missing a prize in 4 tickets is  $\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{2}{3} : \frac{1}{4} :: \frac{15}{26} : 1$ , being nearly 4 to 1 in favour of getting a prize with 4 tickets but not an absolute certainty ; and also it is possible in this case, to get 2 prizes



with 2 tickets, the odds being  $1 : 1 \frac{1}{2} \pm \frac{1}{2}$ , or 27 to 1 against it; but, in the first case, this is *impossible*. Sufficient has been shown to prove that the cases are not strictly parallel, and that the reasoning on one will not apply to the other, except in the instance of a single ticket.

As the scheme of lotteries generally consist of varied classes of prizes, in some of which the smallest prizes exceed the price of a ticket, and in others they are less; I have selected one of each, and the method used to analyze these will apply to any other scheme.

FIRST SCHEME.

2	..... of .....	£20,000	..... are .....	£40,000
3	.....	5,000	.....	15,000
4	.....	2,000	.....	8,000
5	.....	1,000	.....	5,000
8	.....	500	.....	4,000
20	.....	100	.....	2,000
40	.....	50	.....	2,000
2,000	.....	22	.....	44,000
<hr/>				
2082	Prizes.			£12,000
9918	Blanks.			

12,000 Tickets.

SECOND SCHEME.

2	..... of .....	£20,000	..... are .....	£40,000
2	.....	5,000	.....	10,000
3	.....	1,000	.....	3,000
7	.....	500	.....	3,500
22	.....	100	.....	2,200
50	.....	50	.....	2,500
3920	.....	15	.....	58,800
<hr/>				
4006	Prizes.			£12,000
7994	Blanks.			

12,000 Tickets.

*Part of the above fixed as under:*

First drawn ticket second day ..... £20000  
1,000 first drawn blanks, 15l. each.

Suppose A to give 20l. for a ticket in each scheme.

In the first, there being 2 prizes of 2000l. his probability of getting one, is  $\frac{2}{11998}$ ; if he does, he wins 19980. Now,  $\frac{2}{11998}$  of 19980l. is 3l. 6s. 7d.,  $\frac{2}{11998}$ , and this is the *first part* of the value of A's expectation; if he gets a 5000l. prize, he wins 4980l.; for this he has 3 chances, therefore,  $\frac{3}{11998}$  of 4980l. = 1l. 4s. 10d.  $\frac{3}{11998}$  is the *second part*; if he gets a 2000 prize he wins 1980l.; for this he has 4 chances, therefore,  $\frac{4}{11998}$  of 1980l. = 18s. 2d.  $\frac{4}{11998}$  is the *third part*; if he gets a 1000l. prize he wins 980l.; for this he has 5

2 A 3

chances, therefore,  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $980l. = 8s. 2d.$  is the *fourth part*; and in the same manner,  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $480l. = 6s. 4d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$  is the *fifth part*;  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $80l. = 2s. 8d.$  the *sixth part*;  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $30l. = 2s.$  the *seventh part*; and  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $2l. = 6s. 8d.$  the *eighth and last part*; these, added together, constitute the *whole value* of A's expectation in the scheme, being  $6l. 10s. 7d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ , whilst the value of his risk is  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $20l. = 16l. 10s. 7d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ ; therefore, in this scheme a purchaser giving  $20l.$  for a ticket, plays in the ratio of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 against himself; that is, the value of his risk is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times more than the value of his expectation; or, he exchanges a value of  $16l. 10s. 7d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$  for a value of  $6l. 10s. 7d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ .

In the second scheme, one of the great prizes is supposed to be fixed, and 1000 of the smallest prizes taken away for the 1000 first-drawn blanks. This makes no difference in the value of a purchaser's expectation, which runs through the whole lottery; for, whether a prize is drawn *perchance* the tenth or the hundredth ticket, or it is *fixed* for the tenth or the hundredth ticket, the probability of obtaining it must be the same to A, whose chance runs through the whole lottery. As the smallest prizes are less than the purchase-money, instead of A having any value in them, the value is on the other side, and will form a part of his risk, which in this scheme consists of two probabilities; the *one* of losing the *whole* purchase-money, in case of a blank, and the *other* of losing the *difference*, in case of a small benefit. The *first part* of A's value or expectation is the same as in the first scheme, being  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $19980l. = 3l. 6s. 7d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ ; the *second* is  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $4980l. = 16s. 7d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ ; the *third* is  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $980l. = 4s. 10d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ ; the *fourth* is  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $480l. = 5s. 7d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ ; the *fifth* is  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $80l. = 2s. 11d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ ; the *sixth* and *last* is  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $30l. = 2s. 6d.$ ; making together  $4l. 19s. 1d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ . The *first part* of his risk is the probability of his getting a blank, by which he loses *all* the purchase-money, being  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $20l. = 13l. 6s. 5d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ ; the *second part* is the probability of his getting a small benefit, by which he would lose the *difference*, or  $5l.$ , being  $\frac{1}{17800}$  of  $5l. = 1l. 12s. 8d.$ , making together  $14l. 19s. 1d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ ; therefore, the value of the risk, to the value of the expectation, is in the ratio of rather above 3 to 1; or, he exchanges a value  $14l. 9s. 1d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$  for a value  $4l. 19s. 1d.$   $\frac{1}{17800}$ , being more against a purchaser in this scheme than in the first; as will clearly appear by the following values of A's expectation on each class of prizes in both schemes, when compared with the value of his respective risk.

These chances, like the preceding, are calculated by Problems.

HORSE-RACING is supposed to have been fashionable so early as the reign of Henry II. In the reign of Elizabeth was carried to a ruinous excess; and in 1599, private tones among gentlemen, who rode their own horses, was very favourite amusement.

As this custom tends to improve our breed of horses, it may be well ; but it can neither be applauded by humanity, nor sanctioned by prudence. The losses on a race-course have frequently been repaid, by the alienation of family estates, and have too often been liquidated with a bullet.

At Newmarket there are two courses ; the Long and the Round. The first is 4 miles and about 380 yards, *i. e.* 7420 yards ; the second is about 6640 yards. CHILDERS, considered the swiftest horse ever known, has run the first course in seven minutes and a half, and the second in six minutes and forty seconds, which is at the rate of more than 49 feet in a second. Some race-horses will cover at a bound about 24 English feet.

The opinion of the different powers and degrees of speed in horses constitute the odds and varied bettings that take place on races. A small knowledge of vulgar fractions, which may be acquired in almost as short a time as it takes a gentleman to ride from London to Newmarket, would not only enable him to calculate the different odds relating to the turf, but be sufficient to solve, with great facility, most of the questions that arise in any other species of play or amusement, and teach him to ascertain his advantage or disadvantage in almost any game of chance.

A fraction is the most natural and simple way to express a probability, in which the numerator contains the chances *either* for the event *to happen or to fail*, and the denominator *all* the chances *both* for it *to happen and to fail*. Thus, in a field of horses, if the odds are 5 to 4 in favour of one particular horse, the probability of his winning will be expressed  $\frac{5}{9}$ , in which 5 are the chances *for him*, and 9 are *all* the chances *both for and against him* ; therefore, the difference between 5 and 9 is against him, being 4 chances in 9 in favour of the field.

Suppose a field of 3 horses A, B, and C, and the odds are 5 to 4 against A, and 6 to 3 against B ; the probability of A winning is  $\frac{5}{9}$ , and the probability of B winning is  $\frac{2}{5}$  ; these together make  $\frac{7}{9}$  ; but as 9 contains *all* the chances for the whole field, the remaining  $\frac{2}{9}$  must be C's probability of winning, or 7 to 2 against it : these fractions are 4-ninths of 1, 3-ninths of 1, and 2-ninths of 1 ; which, added together, constitute 9-ninths, or 1 itself, representing *certainty*, as one of them *must* win.

Suppose a field of 3 horses, A, B, and C, and the odds are 3 to 2 against A, and 3 to 1 against B ; the probability of A winning is  $\frac{3}{5}$ , the probability of B winning is  $\frac{1}{4}$ , and the probability of C winning is the difference between these two probabilities (*when added together*) and unity, or what is required to make up 1 ; as was shown in the last case of  $\frac{5}{9}$  and  $\frac{2}{5}$ . But the above fractions  $\frac{3}{5}$  and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cannot be incorporated with one another until they are reduced to a common denominator, by the following easy rule given in the Introduction, *viz* Multiply all the denominators together for a common denominator and each numerator by all the denominators except its own for

**new numerator.** These new fractions will then become parts of the same thing, and each will retain an equal value in the *whole* or 1, to what it had before; thus, the fractions  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{1}{3}$ , when reduced to a common denominator, become  $\frac{2}{6}$  and  $\frac{2}{6}$ , which are of the same value as  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{1}{3}$ ; these can now be added together very readily, and make  $\frac{4}{6}$ ; therefore, C, or the remainder of the field, will have  $\frac{2}{6}$  for the probability of winning. Now, the great advantage of reducing the odds to a common denominator, or parts of the same thing, is, that the chances (which are the numerators) show at one glance the comparative powers of each horse or event, either in regard to *all* the rest, or to any one or more that may be selected. The probabilities

A.	B.	C.
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of A, B, and C, standing thus,  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{3}$ , and  $\frac{1}{6}$ , show that A has 8 chances in 20 to win, therefore, 12 to 8, or 3 to 2 against him; B has 5 chances in 20, therefore 15 to 5, or 3 to 1 against him; and C has 7 chances in 20, therefore, 13 to 7 against him; and being now parts of the same thing (or 20), their comparative chances are, A 8, B 5, and C 7; therefore, taking any *two*, on the principle of *neither win, no bet* (which is commonly done), a mere inspection shows the odds; for, if A and B are taken, the odds are 8 to 5 in favour of A; if A and C, the odds are 8 to 7 in favour of A; and if B and C, the odds are 7 to 5 in favour of C.

• However large a field may be, it is very seldom there are more than 2 or three favourites, or particular horses; therefore, by designating those few favourite horses, A, B, C, &c. and the rest of the field F, when the odds are reduced to a common denominator (or made part of the same thing,) and placed under their respective letters, as in the last case, a mere inspection will answer every question relating to that race, as will appear by the following examples.

These are the subject of several Problems, tending to prove the distinct probabilities of the varied ways in which any given number of events, with the assigned odds to each, may be determined.

Miscellaneous Problems, and tables of chances, embracing a variety of calculations in given events follow; together with an enlarged table on the chances on dice, and another on the combinations of cards, as elucidated by the work.

The binomial table, at the beginning of the volume, is of very extensive import in the doctrine of chances. It would be tedious, in us, to enlarge on the principles of its formation, as the references can only benefit the student; and the student must make himself master of the science. It is, however, very clearly explained in the introduction, and, is simplified; after the following manner.

‘If the probability was required at whist, of any named partners’ getting 10 tricks out of 13, in any named deal?’

\* The terms in the 13th power of the table will readily solve this question. Let  $a$  represent the partners that are named, and  $b$  the other partners; as they are supposed to be equal players,  $a$  and  $b$  are each equal to 1: now, all those terms in which  $a$  is concerned, 10 times or more (denoted by the index), must be added together; but, as both  $a$  and  $b$  are equal to 1, no power will alter their value; therefore, it will be only necessary to add the coefficients of those terms together for the numerator of the fraction, or the chances to get 10 tricks or more, and which are 578: but, the chances against it are expressed by all the remaining terms in the same power of the table; or, *all* the chances in that power will be the denominator to the above numerator, and which fraction will express the probability required. Now, *all* the chances in the 13th power are  $a + b$ <sup>13</sup>, or 2 raised to the 13th power, equal to 8192; therefore,  $\frac{578}{8192}$  is the probability, being nearly 21 to 1 against getting 10 tricks or more.

\* Had the question been the probability of getting 10 tricks *only*? a single term in the table would have answered it; for  $286 a^{10} b^3$ , exhibits the chances to get neither more nor less than 10 tricks, and  $\frac{286}{8192}$  is the probability, being nearly 28 to 1 against getting 10 tricks *only*.

Having thus given, perhaps, too much of our author, it remains with us to enquire, as to the practical utility, of encouraging a baneful vice by a specious study. The doctrine of chances is already mechanically understood by every right honourable black-leg at the gaming table, or on the race-course; and that, without the aid of his college studies. Neither algebra nor mathematics were known to Eclipse O'Kelly, or to Dick Belson; nor, indeed, did they possess an atom of advantage from education: and, yet, they successfully knew how to take the odds, as well as the more erudite knowing ones.

This work is clever, yet intricate: it is alluring, yet mysterious.

There is, notwithstanding, much ingenuity, and more industry, in the calculations before us; but there is no genius in them. The powers of arithmetic are, confessedly, of the most comprehensive nature; and we have heard of a celebrated pugilistic nobleman, who, depending on probabilities backed by a sort of Fortanatus's purse, can, often, coolly sweep the table from his more honourable competitors; and were member a nobleman, who, on his *entrée* into life, being highly skilled in mathematics, and ornamented with the wrangler's wreath from Cambridge, dashed confidently on the Newmarket course; but his science was beaten by *every day* calculation, and his signature was hurried into the monied market to repay his enormous losses.

**App. III.—A Letter to Lord Liverpool**, on the very eminent importance of Sicily to Great Britain; on the obligation we have incurred, and stand compromised under, to the people of that country, to maintain that constitution and independence which we have instigated and aided them to assert and acquire; and on the necessity of the interposition of the weight and authority of the British name, in the impending Congress at Vienna, for this purpose, and for the maintaining our influence and authority on that island. By Poplicola. Octavo. Pp. 36. Asperne. 1814.

UNDER the impression, that he has already, and successfully, offered political hints to the adoption of our ministers, Poplicola has ventured on this public address to my Lord Liverpool.

We are quite disposed to admit the authority that the British character will sustain at the impending congress: it is an authority achieved by our arms, and acknowledged in our pre-eminence; but we greatly doubt, whether state policy will direct its influence towards the object of the pamphlet in review.

It is true, that Great Britain, has caused the Sicilian people to compromise themselves with their own government; and that, by a free declaration of their rights, under the guarantee of British protection, in the person of my Lord William Bentinck. Hence, these people may justly attribute to us, a dereliction of principles, subversive of all good faith, if we tamely suffer them to fall again into the uncontrolled power, of a government they have incensed; and unfeelingly, expose them to the, now, doubly bitter misfortune of an aggravated fate.

To shun this, Poplicola takes a brief view of our connection with Sicily, in respect to the maintenance of their civil and political rights, and the actual state of their government.

It will be clear, then, in the first place, that we have protected the throne, and the people of the kingdom of Sicily, at very great cost and hazard, when no other power of Europe was able, or at least willing, to do so, from the domination and spoliation of the late French power and government. Whilst we have done this, we have at the same time found it necessary, just, or unavoidable to interfere in the internal government of the country, in pursuance, however, of our usual principles and policy, we have not revolutionized the country; we have not overturned or undermined the throne; nor have we interfered with the established

religion; or its ministers: on the contrary, we have effectually taken measures to strengthen the regal authority; we have more firmly, if possible, inculcated the practice of the essentials of christianity by substantially promoting the real interests of the people; and we have, for the most part, in other respects, only revived their actual and undoubted, though suspended, rights and privileges.

'We have, in short, upheld, strengthened and defended the throne: whilst we have raised and protected the people from too severe, or destructive, an oppression. The voice of the Sicilian nation, the nobility, the clergy and the commons has been appealed to only in its legitimate and antient assemblies; and in that assembly, that nation, so *legitimately* embodied, has thought proper to modify, or remodel, its laws and constitution on those of other nations of Europe, which have been proved, by the test of experience, to be more beneficial than their own antient, or obsolete, ordinances. In the course of this great work it is to be observed, that no injustice has been committed towards the present generation, in the view of future benefits to posterity; no anarchy or civil war has ensued out of the principles acted on; nor has any order of the state, or its religion, been abrogated, or impoverished. The nation, under the substantial shield of British protection, has deliberately uttered its voice, and made its election in respect of it's laws and institutions.'

Having, thus, detailed our political situation with Sicily, which being an island, is the more peculiarly estimable to Great Britain, let us peep into its natural resources and productions.

By a glance over the map of Sicily—says our author—we find that it comprises an extent of territory scarcely less than seven hundred miles in circumference; and, that, from other sources we shall find its actual population to equal two millions of souls. Its former population, indeed, was that of five or six millions.

To this extent of territory, in tracing the scale of its importance, we add—salubrity of climate, fertility of soil, and a long etcetera of natural productions.

We know, that the air of Sicily, is healthful and the soil so fertile, that it has been styled the granary of Italy. It produces abundance of oxen, wine, oil, fruits, sugar, honey, saffron, wax, silk, &c. with some gold, silver, iron, allum, vitriol, saltpetre, and mineral salt. The mountains yield emeralds, jasper, agate, porphyry, lapis-lazuli and a stone called catochite, of a greenish speckled color, which grows soft from the warmth of the hand, sticking like glue, and is

an excellent antidote against the sting of scorpions, and some other poisonous insects. Quantities of coral are found upon the coast, and abundance of excellent fish. Silks in profusion, raw and manufactured are exported from Messina.

Sicily is the most considerable island of the Mediterranean, and is divided from Italy by a narrow strait called the Faro of Messina.

To contrast this picture, we have to speak of mount *Ætna*. The eruptions from this volcano have, frequently, proved fatal to the neighbouring country; and these eruptions are, usually, preceded by earthquakes, still more destructive in their operations.

'The next point, in this general view, which will be worthy of arresting your Lordship's attention, will be the fact that the country in question consists in an ISLAND, and inasmuch it must be evident, that it is a most valuable and considerable portion of territory capable, as it is in many other respects also, of being held immaculate from the hostilities of all the world, while Britain shall retain any command at sea, and have free access to her ports.—In this part of my argument, however, I cannot forbear to call to your notice the fact, that the island of Malta draws the necessaries of life for the supply of its own overteeming population from Sicily; and, consequently, that that celebrated island, Malta, must be considered, at least, a very burdensome, a precarious, or an useless possession whenever Sicily should become hostile to Great Britain in any future foreign war.

'With these capabilities, then, or actual realities, without taking into account the very great natural abilities, and acute ingenuity of the natives of the country in question; its most excellent ports, its strong fortresses, and its most defensible and mountainous territory, what can Sicily be considered less than the *Great Britain* of the Mediterranean? The remarkable geographical position of this island is the next point worthy of your most serious attention; in short from the bare inspection of the map, is it not most evident, that neither Africa, particularly *Egypt*, nor Asia can be effectually invaded whilst Sicily shall remain under British protection, and shall open her ports and resources to the fleets and armies of Great Britain?

'Strong in the intrinsic resources and revenue, in both most eminently, that this island is capable of yielding, this large and valuable territory, not like any possession or kingdom on the continent, is a possession, a power or an alliance which we can maintain, inasmuch as it is an island, I repeat it, in prosperity, and independence, as long as we can maintain any superiority or consequence at sea, and by consequent conclusion, as long as



we may most probably maintain our integral happiness and prosperity.

‘Here, my Lord, in this possession, so near HOME, and so favourable a climate for our own population, we may see the work of our hands, and our best and wisest policy, bring forth the most precious and valuable fruit in every sense; fruits, not transient or evanescent, but substantially excellent and permanent; and we may see the golden spirit of real worth and independence take unperishable root amongst her sublime and impenetrable mountains.’

Nature having, thus, lavished her bounties over this island, our author contends, that it remains alone, for the industry and reasoning faculties of man, to work out the remainder, and realize the happiest speculations of political philosophy. If any objects—he continues—can be worthy the cares of a man, a philosopher, or the great minister of an enlightened nation, it must be that of rendering the human race as numerous and happy as their constitution and nature will permit.

And this great work is dependant on Great Britain whose duty it becomes, to foster a people whom it has taught to look up to its magnanimity for protection. Ages of misfortune, arising from bad government, had depressed the capabilities of these people; and Sicily was, comparatively, a desert, till native energy was aroused, by the memorable arrival of my Lord William Bentinck in that island.

On this subject our author states,

‘His judgment, decision and abilities commenced, indeed, a new era, either in respect of our particular and immediate relations with that country, or of their own private annals.

‘It is impossible for me sufficiently to praise the conduct of LORD WILLIAM during his embassy in Sicily: I was a witness to the joy and gratitude which it inspired generally in the nation, and of the beneficial effects it produced towards ourselves and our trade.

‘Either the then existing system *must* have been entirely changed, or the people of Sicily most probably would have been transferred to a new dominion, or we must have quitted the island; the latter event, indeed, would have been immediately and certainly followed by the former.

‘In this state of things, LORD WILLIAM, in conformity with our general principles and policy, as well as with substantial justice to all parties, did not either take possession of the country in the name of the British government, or dispossess the reigning

family of the throne, or revolutionize the country in any way, or foster rebellion in any sense against the existing authorities, or encourage anarchy of any kind.

‘He arrived, and appealed only, to the existing, though long suspended, authorities and privileges of the nation by calling a free parliament. The acts, decrees and deliberations that have followed are known to all the world, and are unnecessary for me to detail in this place.

‘That reform of bad habits or abuses of any kind, should be perfectly agreeable to *all* the individuals of any state is more than can ever be *hoped* even from the natural imperfections of human nature.

‘Use, custom, habitude, are second nature; man and government are the creatures of habit: reform may be disagreeable, but it must be salutary.

‘Accustomed to uncontrolled power and authority, a great proportion of the court, and perhaps the ruling members of the reigning family, will have felt any restraint or change in that which they had been ever implicitly accustomed to, as unpleasant or unsupportable. Nor could such reforms, however salutary, have been effected without considerable bloodshed, unless by the effectual interposition of the power and authority of the British nation. That enlightened interposition, however, fortunately, I trust, for the destinies of Sicily, did occur and intervene between that unfortunate nation and anarchy and confusion. The people have been rationally restored to their rights without bloodshed, and it can be only by our fault, or folly, if they do not, to the great advantages of both crown and people, permanently maintain them.

‘Mentally and physically depressed, the people did not dare, or at any rate, however willing, did *not*, rise in arms against the inveterate abuses which consumed them, the far greater part of which were concealed from the knowledge of the crown, and which nothing but the interference of the people in their own affairs could effectually remedy. Nor whilst I state this, do I wish to represent the reigning family as void of care for the sufferings of their subjects, or even acquainted with the true causes, of the remedy of them. *Length of time*, as well as *bad principles* of government, had conspired to bring things into that state in which they were on the arrival of LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK in Sicily; nor is it to be supposed that *any single hand* could have effected a national reform, which must require the combined efforts of the best and most enlightened in the nation, and the proper interference of the people in the regulation of their immediate interests.

‘The only alternative, to rebellion and revolution, for reform, that presented itself to any dispassionate judgment, would be that which, by the particular favor of heaven, really occurred in behalf of hapless Sicily, the intervention, between her and destruction, of some powerful, enlightened, and magnanimous friendly, ally.—This great event in respect of that nation which it concerns

was reserved in the book of fate, to grace the 'bank and shoal of time' on which we happen to have our destinies cast; and it is my purpose to shew that it is as much our duty, as it is the interest of all parties, *as well as that it is perfectly convenient and feasible*, to maintain, and properly to persevere in, the glorious and salutary work we have so happily begun.'

These are powerful arguments in support of the claims of humanity; and they are founded in the claims of justice. Poplicola, thus enforces them.

'I PROCEEDED, my Lord, towards my object; and in recapitulation of my subject, and in the face of the very particular value and importance of Sicily to Great Britain; with the circumstances fully before you of its being an *island*, so absolutely necessary to our newly acquired possession, Malta; with the perfect appreciation of its important geographical position, of its extent and population; with its ports, climate, fertility and productions present to your understanding; with the extraordinary coincidence of circumstances which have placed Britain as the asserter of her rights, the renovator of her liberties, and the guarantee of her independence, will you, in the full knowledge of the very *immense sums* (20 or 30 millions perhaps) which we have spent in her defence, probably double what would, or might, have purchased the fee simple of the sovereignty of the island from its actual sovereigns; will you, my Lord, I must repeat, *WITHOUT AN ADEQUATE AND VIGOROUS EFFORT*, give up at once all the valuable fruits of our intelligence, our labours, our vast expenditure and our military glory?

'Will you, my Lord, do this, foregoing all reasons of right, of policy, or of benevolence? Will you see the just blossoms of liberty, of good government, of social happiness, and of the best interests of the human race perish and utterly come to an end? Will you consign Sicily over to mental and physical depression, to the inquisition, the jesuits, and all the evils of absolute power?

'No, my lord, I cannot believe you will permit all this: you may be overpressed with more weighty concerns, you may be more importantly occupied, but you cannot, I am persuaded, be deaf to the voice of patriotism, or insensible to the glory or interest of your own country, or to the impending fate and destiny of the people in question.'

But if state policy forbid our attention to claims we have created, in what estimation can we hope to be held by a deluded people, whom we are about to reduce to their former system, and to the oppression of a despotic government?

Previously....continues our author....to the change produced by my Lord William Bentinck's arrival in Sicily, the

people of that island were submissive to their laws and governors. Whatever their wishes, they expressed no hopes. They manifested no public disrespect to, nor committed any act of open violence against, their government. They were accustomed, and they submitted, to the summary operations of arbitrary power ; and neither their hopes, nor their grievances, wandered beyond their own private contemplation.

‘The spectacle, it is true, of British power and prosperity, and our various deeds of independence or heroism, might, as they did, strike the minds of very many of them by the extraordinary contrast. They were, if possible, still more surprised to divine a competent motive for very much of our policy and conduct, which, with their habits of thinking and acting, might very well have place. Surprised, or astonished, by the display of our wealth and power, and at the vigour and enterprise of our arms, they felt sincerely grateful to us for the substantial protection we afforded them against an enemy whom they have ever feared and abhorred, and whom they were very well assured would have plundered and spoiled them, at least in the first instance, perhaps more effectually than could be done by all the evils their own system might inflict upon them.

‘Aware of the benefits derived from our power and protection, and that we were in fact the only guardians and prop of the throne of the reigning family, they were still more astonished to observe many marks of very great disgust, to say no worse of it, expressed towards us, by their own government. They saw we had the power to redress all this, to remedy their grievances, and to enforce a competent respect towards ourselves, and remained confounded by causes and effects so contrary to the usual course of their apprehensions, and contradictory to nature and themselves.

‘It was only after we had committed ourselves with their own government, by asserting the rights of the nation for the general good, and that, by an entire change of system, and the restoration of their ancient privileges, by calling a free parliament, we gave them the assurance and security of speaking their mind freely, that the nation declared its perception of the evils it had so long groaned under, and their gratitude to us for effecting their deliverance: secure in the efficacy of British power to protect them against the resentment, justly or unjustly excited against them in not here the question, they have freely, in many strains of eloquence, in many instances, denounced existing evils or abuses, and hailed the prospect of personal and mental freedom with every possible demonstration of sober respectable joy.

‘In giving the sanction of our power and authority for the re-assertion of their rights and privileges, we have compromised

ourselves to maintain and support them in the proper and liberal enjoyment of them.

'We have presented, we have brought, the sacred chalice of freedom and independence to their very lips; and surely, instead of acting the part of the deity of beneficence, it will be to imitate only the direst demons of fabled Tartarus, and to inflict the punishment of Tantalus on them, to offer the tempting draughts to their sight, to their hopes, to their just expectations, and break it to the heart, and deny it to their taste, to their enjoyment.

'Surely, my lord, if we act thus, our policy must appear to them, contemptible, or ridiculous, if not most pernicious, or even perfidious.

'To suffer the valuable and most excellent fruits of all our labours, EXPENDITURE, and exertions, the communication to this nation, of the benefits of our own laws, institutions, and policy, to come to nothing, and to perish, as if they had not been, whilst they cannot but suppose we have the manifest power to do otherwise, cannot appear in their estimation, other than inscrutable, puerile, or contemptible?

'Or should they, on the other hand, deem us capable of sacrificing their dearest interests and welfare to the more interested, or infamous, policy of gratifying the secret passions, or wishes, of their former absolute rulers, and deliver them over, bound hand and foot, as it were, into the hands of those whom they may fairly conclude they have irritated or offended, surely they must look on our interference AT ALL as most pernicious, or even perfidious; nor can they fail to experience in consequence motives of rage, vexation, or disappointment, in our respect, instead of unshakeable fidelity, respect, and attachment?'

Still, we repeat, if the system of the present pacification of Europe, do compel Great Britain to relinquish all hold on Sicily; and, consequently, all further interference with its internal government, we may deplore, but we cannot remedy the evil. An appeal....says Poplicola...may be made in our commanding attitude, in determining the destiny of Europe at the impending congress.

'The great sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and France, cannot be supposed, nay we must be most certainly convinced, neither can be, nor are, blind to all just principles of reform of abuses, or amelioration in the constitutions, of their own particular, or any, in their respect, indifferent states of Europe.

'We know most certainly, by their words and actions, that they are favorable to such just and legitimate objects and course of policy. In the general congress of the sovereigns of Europe, then, and in the face of the very magnificent conquests and colonies which we are restoring, or have protected

on every hand, can we suppose, or reasonably conclude, providing our rights, or our reasons, be properly urged, that the enlightened sovereigns of those splendid empires, will or can, really envy, or absolutely deny, Great Britain any *temporary* influence in an island, such as is the kingdom of Sicily; important, indeed, sufficiently *to us*, if made proper use of, or considered justly, but inconsiderable and unimportant utterly in the scale and comparison of the greater powers of Europe? Will they absolutely deny us such temporary influence or protection when it shall be merely acquiesced in to further those plans or objects of amelioration which they themselves cannot but approve?

‘Can this island, may we not truly argue, invalidate or inquiet their vast potent empires? Can they dread any serious consequences from a power, or authority, limited in itself, and circumscribed at any rate by the indestructible barrier of nature, by the circumference of its surrounding ocean?’

‘In just reason, or sound policy, they cannot surely entertain any such apprehensions.’

‘Or again; shall we fail to have a just right to urge the due consideration of the promise or pledge of Great Britain, tacitly, at least, if not effectually, given to the inhabitants of Sicily for the maintenance of their just rights and privileges? Shall we be entitled to no indemnity or *indulgence*, even in a *metaphysical* sense, for the vast sums we have expended in the defence and in favour of Sicily? Shall we be entitled to no just consideration for the arduous defence of one of the thrones of Europe when no other could, or would, undertake that task and charge? Shall we have no reason to insist on the propriety or necessity of a due check or balance being preserved in face of the now revolutionary kingdom of *Naples*, which in case of our troops being withdrawn from Sicily, will have it fully in their power to seize on this island at any moment? All these are motives strong, or unanswerable, to urge in favour of our retaining, for a certain *stipulated number of years, at least*, some proper competent influence and hold on Sicily.’

The vital interests and welfare of this noble island itself demand, equally, and authorise our most strenuous interference in her behalf; circumstances on all hands second our wishes or our interests, policy, duty, the pledge of our implied (at least) good faith; the sound policy, or the secret interests and opinions, of the great sovereigns of all Europe, cannot materially militate against such an arrangement; nor least of all, if properly explained and understood, can those of the actual sovereigns of the country.

‘All these considerations, my lord, of convenience or interest, animate and inspire me with the hope that we shall not be wanting to ourselves, to our *honor*, I may say, on this occasion; but above all I am free to confess that I feel chiefly inspired by the ardent hope of contributing my mite at least, to confirm the *liberties* and the *welfare* of the great body of the people of the

kingdom in question: it is this cause, the noblest that can animate the human breast, or the council of any enlightened nation, that of conferring the most substantial benefits of the human race, that can chiefly induce, or compel, me, to advocate their cause, and, in this land of liberty, to hope to plead their rights, or their interests, with success, and advantage.

'I may forbear to say more, or I might ask if you can really consider Europe to be resolved into such a state of permanent tranquility as to afford no apprehensions of future inquietude; and I should finally call to your recollection the very considerable market for our manufactures which Sicily afforded, in consequence alone of its being an island, at a time when we were excluded from that of all the rest of Europe.'

Such is the outline of Poplicola's benevolent pamphlet! It is not well; but it is feelingly, written, and strengthened by reflections, engendered by personal observations. Ministers should seriously pause before they act at this momentous period. Peace is but the prelude of war; and we should never forget the moral of the fable, wherein the boar is represented as whetting his tusks in a time of profound peace.

The duke de Sully, whose eulogium as a minister, it would be impertinent to attempt, confesses, in his memoirs, that having survived all the toils and perils of an obstinate civil war, he found his real labours only to begin with that peace which confirmed the general tranquility of France.

ART. IV.—*The History of Fiction*; being a Critical Account of the most celebrated Prose Writers of Fiction, from the earliest Greek romances to the novels of the present age. By John Dunlop. Octavo. 3 vol. Pp. 416, 409, 436. Longman and Co. 1814.

A FABLE may be compared with the flattering mirror of a court beauty. It reflects nature under its most pleasing form. A fable may, likewise, be styled poetic-prose; inasmuch as it permits the glow of imagination to embellish incident with richly alluring hints.

Fables are a primary incentive to the study of childhood, by surprising the mind, they give eagerness to pursuit; and when well chosen, they cherish the early seeds of morality in the remembrance of the infant pupil. At a more advanced age, they enliven solitude, and chase sorrow from the heart. They occupy the attention of the trifler; and unbend the mind of the bookworm. Morally constructed, they are pow-

erful incentives to the practice of virtue ; for, in the history of human life, the good man does not always rank according to his merit ; but, in the details of fiction, we find worth, still more purified by suffering, elevated to the post of honor : and we see splendid vice, although successful for its season, eventually branded with the public detestation. By means of a well wrought novel, the recluse mingles in the society of the gay world ; and, the fashionably dissolute are taught the charms of rural innocence.

The reader of *Gil Blas* pursues life through all its eventful variety. He encounters adventures, descriptive of the existing times, which will never cease to be the picture of the day—for they faithfully reflect the vicissitudes of humanity, and unmask the task, feelings, and habits of human nature, throughout the progress of society.

As the certain world—says my Lord Bacon—is inferior to the rational soul, so fiction gives to manhood what history denies ; and, in some measure, satisfies the mind with shadows when it cannot enjoy the substance : for, upon a narrow inspection, fiction strongly shews that a greater variety of things, than can any where be found in nature, is pleasing to the mind. And as real history gives us—not the success of things according to the deserts of vice and virtue, fiction corrects it, and presents us with the fates and fortunes of persons, rewarded or punished, according to merit. And as real history disgusts us with a familiar and constant similitude of things, fiction relieves us by unexpected turns and changes ; and, thus, not only delights, but inculcates morality and nobleness of soul. It raises the mind by accomodating the images of things to our desires ; and, not like history and reason, substituting the mind to things.

These opinions we offer as a motive for the publication of these volumes ; now, we will look at the classical taste of the arrangement.

The editor tells us, that the art of fictitious transaction appears to have its origin in the same principles of selection, by which the fine arts, in general, are created and perfected.

If so, they originate in taste, and are matured by judgment : but, he attributes the choice to nature ; for—he continues—among the vast variety of trees and shrubs which are presented to his view, a *savage* finds, in his wanderings, some which peculiarly attract his notice by their beauty and fragrance ; and these he, at length, selects and plants around his dwelling. In like manner, among the mixed events of



human life, he experiences some which are peculiarly grateful; the narrative of which, not only pleases himself, but excites in the minds of his companions a kindred emotion. And, as he collects around his habitation flowers grateful to the senses, so he rests his fancy on events which awaken powerful feelings in his mind.

According to this view of the subject, then, fiction is operative on our native susceptibilities; consequently capable of impressions dependant on the good or bad qualities of the subject to which we permit the direction of our mind. It would be well if this sentiment were indelibly engraven on the minds of youth, who, too frequently, prefer the seductive imagery of a Rousseau to the chaste sketches of a Marmontel.

We turn to the object of our review.

‘Fiction has in all ages formed the delight of the rudest and the most polished nations. The taste, however, for this species of narrative, or composition, seems to have been most early and most generally prevalent in Persia, and other Asiatic regions, where the nature of the climate and the luxury of the inhabitants conspired to promote its cultivation.

‘The people of Asia Minor, who possessed the fairest portion of the globe, were addicted to every species of luxury and magnificence; and having fallen under the dominion of the Persians, imbibed, with the utmost avidity, the amusing fables of their conquerors. The Milesians, who were a colony of Greeks, and spoke the Ionic dialect, excelled all the neighbouring nations in ingenuity, and first caught from the Persians this rage for fiction. The tales they invented, and of which the name has become so celebrated, have all perished. There is little known of them, except that they were not of a very moral tendency, and were principally written by a person of the name of Aristides, whose stories were translated into Latin by Sisenna, the Roman historian, about the time of the civil wars of Marius and Sylla.

‘But though the Milesian tales have perished, of their nature some idea may be formed, from the stories of Parthenius Nicenus; many of which, there is reason to believe, are extracted from these ancient fables, or at least are written in the same spirit. The tales of Nicenus are about forty in number, but appear to be mere sketches. They chiefly consist of accounts of every species of seduction, and the criminal passions of the nearest relations. The principal characters generally come to some deplorable end, though seldom proportioned to what they merited from their vices. Nicenus seems to have engrafted the Milesian tales on the mythological fables of Apollodorus and similar writers; and also to have borrowed from early historians and poets, whose productions have not descended to us. The work is inscribed to Cornelius

Gallus, the Latin poet, the contemporary and friend of Virgil. Indeed, the author says, that it was composed for his use, to furnish him with materials for elegies and other poems.

'The people of Asia Minor, and especially the Milesians, had a considerable intercourse with the Greeks of Attica and Peloponnesus. The genius of the inhabitants of these latter countries also naturally disposed them to fiction. They were delighted with the tales of the eastern nations, and pleasure produced imitation.

'Previous, however, to the age of Alexander, little seems to have been attempted in this way by the European Greeks : but the more frequent intercourse which his conquests introduced between the Greek and Asiatic nations, opened at once all the sources of fiction. Clearchus, who was a disciple of Aristotle, and who wrote a history of fictitious love adventures, seems to have been the first person who gained any celebrity by this species of composition.'

Pursuing his subject our editor presents us with a curious specimen of the talent at early romance. The work from which this sketch is taken, is divided into sixteen books. The author, Jamblichus, appears to have lived about the reign of the emperor Marcus Aurelius.

'Garmus, king of Babylon, having fallen in love with Sinon, but not being agreeable to the object of his affections, the lady escapes from his power along with her lover Rhodanes. The probability of this event having been anticipated, Damas and Sacha, two eunuchs who had been appointed to watch them (after having their noses and ears cut, for their negligence in allowing their flight), are sent out by the king to re-commit them. The romance principally consists of the adventures of the fugitives, and their hair-breadth escapes from these royal messengers. It is related how Sion and Rhodanes conceal themselves in a cavern, in which they are besieged by Damas ; but the eunuch and his forces are routed by a swarm of poisonous bees. By this intervention the lovers escape from the cave, but having partaken of the honey of their deliverers, which was of a noxious quality, they faint by the road, and during this swoon are passed as dead by the forces of Damas. Having at length recovered, they proceed in their flight, and take up their abode with a man who poisons his brother, and afterwards accuses them of the murder ; a charge from which they are freed by the accuser laying violent hands on himself. With a singular luck in meeting with good company, they next quarter themselves with a robber. During their stay his habitation is burned by the troops of Damas, but the lovers escape from the eunuch by alleging that they are the spectres of those whom the robber had murdered in his house. Further prosecuting their flight they meet with a funeral of a young girl, who is discovered, when on the point of interment, to be yet alive. The sepulchre being left vacant, Sinon and Rhodanes sleep in it, during that night, and are again passed as dead by their

Babylonian pursuers ; Sinon having made free with the dead clothes, is taken up whilst attempting to dispose of them, and is sent to Garmus by the magistrate of the district. Her conductor allows her to escape in the vicinity of Babylon, and she again experiences a new series of adventures ; rivalling in probability those which have been related. At last Rhodanes is delivered up to Garmus, and nailed to the cross. While he is in this crisis, and while Garmus is dancing and carousing round the crucifix, a messenger arrives with intelligence that Sinon is about to be married to the king of Syria. Rhodanes is taken down from the cross, and appointed general of a Babylonish army, which is sent against that monarch. This is a striking but deceitful *peripeteia*, as the inferior officers are ordered by Garmus to kill Rhodanes, should he obtain the victory, and to bring Sinon alive to Babylon. The king of Syria is totally defeated, and Rhodanes recovers Sinon, but instead of being slain by the officers of his army he is chosen king of the Babylonians.\*

Huet, in his "*de Origine Fabularum*," has censured the works of Jamblichus. He does not, says that author, imitate the advice of Horace, by hurrying his reader into the bustle of action ; but, mechanically, moves from scene to scene, according to date, with the precision of a chronologer.

This was the error of our Richardson ; who, in his voluminous Sir Charles Grandison, and Clarissa Harlowe, leads from the breakfast parlour to the music room—to the garden—to the dinner—to the evening conversation—and, finally, to bed. And this tediousness of description he repeats day after day. The mind is wearied in this toilsome progress, when it might be surprised into delight ; and the prude would confess, if she chose to be sincere, that the gay variety of Lovelace's profligacy, is infinitely more imposing, than the sententious repetition of Sir Charles's moral bow and never varying goodness. Who does not prefer the flippant Anna Howe to that pretty piece of mechanism, Harriot Byron ? However, whatever the work of Jamblichus may want in flight of time, it certainly, is not deficient in flight of fancy. His escapes are unnatural, and his adventures ludicrous.

About two centuries after the death of Jamblichus, we are introduced to Heliodorus, bishop of Pricia, a most celebrated romance writer, he is represented as excelling his predecessor in arrangement ; and specimens to this effect are given.

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\* Photius Bibliotheca, Cod. 94. p. 225, Suidas, &c.

He is described, as possessing a wonderful art in introducing persons destined to bear a part in his romance, to situations eminently calculated to excite interest ; but they afterwards degenerate into insipidity. His disposal of a character is very summary, a personage is bitten by an asp, or dies suddenly in the night. But the *modesty* of Sir Charles Grandison, is fairly beaten from the field by the modesty of a hero, from Heliodorus, who gave his mistress a violent box on the ear, when she approached to embrace him. His romances, however, are interspersed with accounts of the customs of the Egyptians, accurately historical.

In this way, certainly more curious than entertaining, the editor, slowly travels through a long tedious description of Greek romances, to which he attaches much importance, since they may be considered as almost the first productions in which woman is, in any degree, represented as assuming her proper station, of the friend and the companion of man.

‘ Hitherto she had been considered almost in the light of a slave, ready to bestow her affections on whatever master might happen to obtain her : but in Heliodorus and his followers, we see her an affectionate guide and adviser—we behold an union of hearts painted as a main-spring of our conduct in life—we are delighted with pictures of fidelity, constancy, and chastity, and are encouraged to persevere in a life of virtue, by the happy consequences to which it leads. The Greek romances are less valuable than they might have been, from giving too much to adventure, and too little to manners and character :—but these have not been altogether neglected, and several pleasing pictures are delineated of ancient customs and feelings. In short, these early fictions are such as might have been expected at the first effort, and must be considered as not merely valuable in themselves, but as highly estimable in pointing out the method of awaking the most pleasing sympathies of our nature, and affecting most powerfully the fancy the heart.’

These aborigine works, at all events, consist in a succession of strange and often improbable adventures, they may excite interest ; but they outrage nature.

Of Latin romances, we are told, that the most celebrated fable of ancient Rome, is the work of Petronius Arbitr. This author is well known ; yet we shall give the editor's sentiments on his works.

‘ But the most celebrated fable of ancient Rome is the work of Petronius Arbitr, which is, perhaps, the most remarkable fiction which has dishonoured the literary history of any nation. It is the only

fable of that period which remains, but it is a strong proof of the monstrous corruption of the times in which such a production could be tolerated, though, no doubt, writings of bad moral tendency might be circulated before the invention of printing, without arguing the depravity they would have evinced, if presented to the world subsequent to that period.

The work of Petronius is in the form of a satire, and according to some commentators, is directed against the vices of the court of Nero, who is thought to be delineated under the names of Trimalchio and Agamemnon ;—an opinion which has been justly ridiculed by Voltaire. The satire is written in a manner which was first introduced by Varro ; verses are intermixed with prose, and jests with serious remark. It has much the air of a romance, both in the incidents and their disposition ; but the story is too well known, and too scandalous to be particularly detailed. The scene is laid in Magna Græcia ; Encolpius is the chief character in the work, and the narrator of events ;—he commences by a lamentation on the decline of eloquence, and while listening to the reply of Agamemnon, a professor of oratory, he loses his companion Ascyltos. Wandering through the town in search of him he is finally conducted by an old woman to a retirement where the incidents that occur are analogous to the scene. The subsequent adventures—the feast of Trimalchio—the defection and return of Giton—the amour of Eumolpus in Bythmia—the voyage in the vessel of Lycus—the passion and disappointment of Circe, follow each other without much art of arrangement ; an apparent defect which may arise from the mutilated form in which the satire has descended to us.

The style of Petronius has been much applauded for its elegance—it certainly possesses considerable *naïveté* and grace ; and is by much too fine a veil for so deformed a body. Some of the verses also are extremely beautiful ; the episode of the Matron of Ephesus is well known, it has been frequently imitated, and is, perhaps, the best part of Petronius.

This is succeeded by a very interesting account of the ass of Apuleius, a work so esteemed for its excellence, that it was named the Golden Ass.

The fable is related in the person of the metamorphosed author, and is replete with adventure and incident. It is enriched with many episodes. Among others the beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche.

A certain king had three daughters, of whom the youngest and most lovely was named Psyche. Her charms indeed were so wonderful that her father's subjects began to adore her, and pay to her the homage which should have been reserved for Venus. The exasperated goddess commands her son to avenge her on this rival, by inspiring her with a passion for some unworthy object ; but while employed in this design, Cupid himself becomes enamoured of the prin-

cess. Meanwhile, in obedience to the response of an oracle, Psyche is exposed on a barren rock, where she is destined to become the prey of a monster. From this hapless situation she is borne by a commissioned zephyr, who wafts her to a green and delightful valley. Here she enjoys a refreshing sleep; and on awakening perceives a grove, in the centre of which was a fountain, and near the fountain a splendid palace. The roof of this structure was supported by golden pillars, the walls were covered with silver, and every species of animal was represented in exquisite statuary at the portal: Psyche enters this edifice, where a splendid feast is prepared; she hears a voice inviting her to partake of the repast, but no one appears. After this sumptuous banquet is removed, she listens to a delightful concert, which proceeds from unseen musicians. In this enchanting residence she is espoused and visited every night by Cupid. Her husband, who was ever invisible, forbids her to attempt to see him, adding that her happiness depended on her obedience to the prohibition. In these circumstances Cupid, at her earnest solicitation, reluctantly agrees to bring her sisters to the palace. These relatives being envious of the happiness of their younger sister, try to persuade her that her husband is a serpent, who would ultimately devour her. Psyche, though by this time she should have been sufficiently qualified to judge how far this suspicion was well founded, resolves to satisfy herself of the truth by ocular demonstration. Bearing a lamp in one hand, and a dagger in the other to destroy him should he prove a monster, she approaches the couch of her husband while he is asleep. In the agitation produced by the view of his angelic form, she allows a drop of scalding oil to fall on his shoulder. The irritated god flies from her presence, and leaves her a prey to remorse and despair. The enchanted garden and the gorgeous palace vanish along with him. Psyche finds herself alone and solitary on the banks of a river. Under the protection of Pan she wanders through the country, and successively arrives at the kingdoms of her sisters, by each of whom she is repulsed. The victim equally of the rage of Venus and of her son, she roams through all the regions of the earth in search of the celestial lover whose favour she had forfeited. She is also subjected to various trials by Venus, one of which is to bring water from a fountain guarded by ever-watchful dragons. Jupiter, at length, takes pity on her misfortunes, endows her with immortality, and confirms her union with her forgiving husband. On this occasion the houris empurple the sky with roses; the graces shed aromatic odours through the celestial halls; Apollo accompanies the lyre with his voice; the god of Arcadia touches his sylvan reeds; and the muses join in the chorus.'

This fable has appeared in a variety of forms. It was imitated by Fontaine, and is the subject of a celebrated French drama, but it becomes still more memorable from the series of paintings by Raffaello of the marriages of Cupid and

**Psyche.** They are among the most esteemed of that great artist's works, and adorned the walls of the Farnese palace in the vicinity of Rome.

The reader of this volume, will be highly pleased with the romantic outline of the Golden Ass, which the contemporaries of the author, and the critics of the succeeding age, treated as a mere fable; but, at an early period, a very different opinion was adopted, although the positive object of the satire has never been ascertained.

Voltaire in his \* *Pucelle d'Orleans* notices the Golden Ass. The recital of the tale concerning the tub, one of Apuleius's adventures, while under transformation, forms the second story of the seventh day of the *Decamerin* of Boccaccio; and when the ass is sold at a market to a baker, they encounter the adventure related by Boccaccio in the tenth novel of the fifth day.

' The monuments too of ancient sculpture represented Cupid and Psyche in the various circumstances of their adventures. It is from an ancient intaglio, a fine onyx in possession of the Duke of Marlborough, and from another, of which there is a print in Spence's *Polymetis*, that Darwin has drawn his beautiful picture in the fourth canto of the *Botanic Garden*:—

' So pure, so soft, with sweet attraction shone  
Fair Psyche kneeling at the ethereal throne,  
Won with coy smiles the admiring court of Jove,  
And warmed the bosom of unconquered Love.  
Beneath a moving shade of fruits and flowers,  
Onward they march to Hymen's sacred bowers  
With lifted torch he lights the festive train  
Sublime, and leads them in his golden chain;  
Joins the fond pair, indulgent to their vows,  
And hydes with mystic veil their blushing brows.  
Round their fair forms their mingling arms they fling,  
Meet with warm lip and clasp with rustling wing.'

We now arrive at the period in which fiction appears to have originated in Europe.

' Fabulous narrative, we have seen in a former part of this work, like almost every one of the arts of man, originated in the desire of perfecting and improving nature, of rendering the great more vast,

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\* "L'Ane d'Apulée ne parla point : mais il eut bonne fortune avec une dame."

the rich more splendid, and the gay more beautiful. It removed, as it were, from the hands of fortune the destinies of mankind, rewarded virtue and valour with success, and covered treachery and baseness with opprobrium.

It was soon perceived that men sympathize not with armies or nations, but with individuals; and the poet who sung the fall of empires, was forced to place a few in a prominent light, with whose success or misfortunes his hearers might be affected, while they were altogether indifferent to the rout or dissection of the crowds by which they were followed. It was thought, at last, that narratives might be composed where the interest should only be demanded for one or two individuals, whose adventures, happiness, or misery, might of themselves afford delight. The experiment was attended with success; and as men sympathize most readily with events which may occur to themselves, or the situations in which they have been, or may be, the incidents of fiction derived their character from the manners of the age. In a gay and luxurious country stories of love became acceptable. Hence the Grecian novels were composed, and, as, in relating the adventures of the lovers, it was natural to depict what might really have taken place, the general features of the times, the inroads of pirates, religious ceremonies, &c. were chiefly delineated. The habits of the monks in like manner gave rise to spiritual romance, and the notion of tranquillity in the fields of Greece may have suggested the beautiful rural images portrayed in the pastoral of Longus.

Now when, by some great convulsion, a vast change is effected in manners, the incidents of fiction will necessarily be changed also; first, because the former occurrences become less natural, and, secondly, give less delight. From the very nature then, of domestic fiction, it must vary with the forms and habits and customs of society, which it must picture as they occur successively,

“And catch the manners living as they rise.”

Never in the annals of the human race did a greater change of manners take place than in the middle ages, and accordingly, we must be prepared to expect a prodigious alteration in the character of fictitious literature, which we have seen may be expected to vary with the manners it would describe. But not only was there a change in the nature of the characters themselves, and the adventures which occurred to them, but there was a very peculiar style of embellishment adopted, which, as it does not seem to have any necessary connection with the characters or adventures which it was employed to adorn, has given to the historians of literature no little labour to explain. The species of machinery, such as giants, dragons, and enchanted castles, which forms the seasoning of the adventures of chivalry, has been distinguished by the name of *Romantic Fiction*; and we shall now proceed to discuss the various systems which have been formed to account for its origin.



‘ Different theories have been suggested for the purpose of explaining the origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe. The subject is curious, but is involved in much darkness and uncertainty.

‘ To the northern Scalds, to the Arabians, to the people of Armenia or Britany, and to the classical tales of antiquity, has been successively ascribed the origin of those extraordinary fables, which have been “so wildly disfigured in the romances of chivalry, and so elegantly adorned by the Italian muse.”

‘ In the investigation of this subject, a considerable confusion seems to have arisen from the supporters of the respective systems, having blended those elements of romance which ought to be referred to separate origins. They have mixed together, or at least they have made no proper distinction between three things, which seem, in their elementary principles at least, to be totally unconnected. 1. The arbitrary fictions of romance, by which I mean the embellishments of dragons, enchanters, &c. 2. That spirit of enterprise and adventure which pervaded all the tales of chivalry. 3. The historical materials, if they deserve that name, relating to Arthur and Charlemagne, which form the ground-work of so large a proportion of this class of compositions.’

The editor proceeds to class his subject, first, as to the marvellous machinery of romance; and secondly, as to the spirit of chivalry.

On the latter subject, we find the most striking possible commentary in the inimitable Don Quixote of Cervantes; but the editor has preferred to discant on the exploits of Arthur and the Round Table and the Peers of Charlemagne.

In treating the first subject, he adverts to the scalds of Normandy, original historians, who recorded the genealogies and the victories of their chieftains, in a kind of narrative song. But when history assumed a more simple form, and was taken out of their hands, they had recourse to stratagem to preserve their ascendancy on the multitude. They, now sought to astonish, that they might delight their auditory. To this effect, they embellished their recitals with the marvellous. Giants, dwarfs, spells, and enchantments, were enterwoven with their tales; and imagination thus habitually healed; invented combats with dragons and monsters, as well as adventures of knights, with Genii and sorcerers.

‘ It had at one time been a received opinion in Europe, that the wonders of Arabian imagination were first communicated to the western world by means of the crusades; but Mr. Warton, while he argues that these expeditions tended greatly to propagate this mode of fabling, contends that these fictions were introduced at a much earlier

period by the Arabians, who, in the beginning of the eighth century, settled in Spain. Through that country they disseminated those extravagant inventions peculiar to their fertile genius. Those creations of fancy, the natural offspring of a warm and luxuriant climate, were eagerly received, and colder imaginations were kindled by the presence of these enlivening visitors. The ideal tales of the eastern invaders, recommended by a brilliancy of description hitherto unknown to the barren fancy of those who inhabited a western region, were rapidly diffused through the continent of Europe. From Spain, by the communication of commercial intercourse through the ports of Toulon and Marseilles, they passed into France. In the latter kingdom they received the earliest and most welcome reception in the district of Armorica or Britany. That province had in a manner been peopled by a colony of Welch, who had emigrated thither in the fourth century. Hence a close connection subsisted between Wales and Britany for many ages. The fables current in the latter country were collected by Gualtier, archdeacon of Oxford, who presented them to Geoffrey of Montmouth. His Latin Chronicle, compiled from these materials, forms one of the principal sources of tales of chivalry, and consists entirely of Arabian inventions.

‘ Mr Warton next proceeds to point out the coincidence between fictions undoubtedly Arabic, and the machinery of the early romances. He concludes with maintaining, that if Europe was in any way indebted to the Scalds for the extravagant stories of giants and monsters, these fables must still be referred to an eastern origin, and must have found their way into the north of Europe along with an Asiatic nation who, soon after Mithridatus had been overthrown by Pompey, fled from the dominion of the Romans, and under the conduct of Odín settled in Scandinavia.’

This subject is managed with skill;—the editor tells us, that in many of the early tales of chivalry, a knight is detained from his quest, by the allurements of a sorceress, who is nothing more than the Calypso, or Circe of Homer. The heroes of the Iliad and the Æneid were furnished with enchanted armour, and a giant is represented in the character of Polyphemus. The Cyclops—the Golden Fleece—the Apples of the Herperides, &c. are all offsprings of the early marvellous.

Speaking of chivalry, the editor enters into a history of knighthood, embellished with descriptions of tournaments. To the love of war, and of enterprize, says he, to the extravagance of gallantry, united with superstition, by which the order of knighthood was distinguished, may be traced the greater proportion of the adventures delineated in romance.

‘ At a time when chivalry excited such universal admiration, and when its effects were at least ostensibly directed to the good of the

public, it was natural that history and fable should be ransacked to furnish examples that might increase emulation.

Arthur and Charlemagne, with their peers, were the heroes most early and most generally selected for this purpose. The tales concerning these warriors are the first specimens extant of this species of composition, and from their early popularity, from the beauty of the fictions with which they were in the beginning supported, and from flattering the vanity of the two first nations in Europe, they long continued (diversified indeed, and enlarged by subsequent embellishments) to be the prevalent and favorite topics.

And here it is proper to divide the prose romances, with which we shall be afterwards engaged, into four classes:—1. Those relating to Arthur and the knights of the Round Table. 2. Those connected with Charlemagne and his Paladins. 3. The Spanish and Portuguese romances, which chiefly consist of the adventures of the imaginary families of Amadis and Palmerin. 4. What may be termed classical romances, which represent the heroes of antiquity in the guise of romantic fiction.

When we come to treat of the romances relating to Charlemagne, we shall consider the influence of the chronicle attributed to Turpin; but our attention is in the first place demanded by the romances of Arthur and the Round Table, as they are the most ancient and numerous class of which there is any trace. These originated in the early and chimerical legends of Armorica and Wales; the ancient Latin chronicles of this island, which have been founded on them; and the subsequent metrical romances of the English and Norman minstrels.

The Norman conquerors are said first to have become interested in the history and antiquities of Britain during the reign of Stephen, as by that period they had begun to consider themselves natives.

From the writings of Gildas or Nennius, however, they could not easily have extracted a consistent or probable story.

Gildas, or, as Mr. Gibbon has styled him, the British Jeremiah, is the author of Lamentations over the Destruction of Britain, which is a whining elegy, and an epistle, which is a frantic satire on the vices of his countrymen: he has given exaggerated expressions, and distorted facts, instead of presenting an authentic narrative of our early annals, an important object which he might easily have accomplished; as, according to tradition, he was the son of Caw, a British prince, who lived in the sixth century, and was engaged along with his father in the wars carried on by his countrymen against the Northumbrian Saxons. After the defeat of the Britons at Cattraith, he fled into Wales, and acted as schoolmaster at Bangor.

Nennius is said to have lived about the middle of the ninth century; his work is merely a dry epitome; nor even of this abstract does there exist a pure and perfect copy. He is solicitous to quote his authorities, but unfortunately they are not of the most unexceptionable nature, as they consist in the lives of the saints and ancient British traditions, on which he bestows credit in proportion to their

absurdity. In one of his chapters he has given an outline of the story of Brut, which coincides with the account of Geoffrey of Monmouth; and in chapter fourth he commences a circumstantial detail of the life of Merlin, corresponding, in many respects, with the incidents of romance.

Besides the lachrymal history of Gildas, and the jejune narrative of Nennius, there existed many Welsh traditions which seem to have occupied the attention of Norman antiquaries.

The annals of Wales had long laboured in Arthur's commendation, and the whole island was about to acquire traditional possession of his character, when Walter Calenius, or Gualtier, as he is sometimes called, archdeacon of Oxford, amassed, during an expedition to Armorica, a great collection of these materials. On his return he presented this medley of historical songs and traditions to Geoffrey of Monmouth, who founded on them a chronicle of Britain, which was written in Latin prose, and is supposed to have been finished about 1140. A notion has been adopted by some authors that Geoffrey composed, or invented, the most part of the chronicle which he professed to translate from British originals. This idea was first started by Polydore Virgil, who has been followed by later writers; but it has been satisfactorily shown by Mr. Ellis that there is no solid reason to doubt the repeated assertions of Geoffrey, that he has merely rendered into Latin the text of British authorities. His fabulous relations concerning Brut, Arthur, and Merlin, coincide with those contained in Nennius, or the lives of the Saints, and therefore could not be invented by Geoffrey. The history, too, bears internal evidence of its Armorican descent, as it ascribes to Huel, a hero of that country, many of the victories which tradition attributes to Arthur.

We shall refer the conclusion of this review to our next number, previously extracting the fabulous history of Merlin.

The demons, alarmed at the number of victims which daily escaped their fangs since the birth of our Saviour, held a council of war. It was there resolved that one of their number should be sent to the world with instructions to engender on some virgin a child, who might act as their vicegerent on earth, and thus counteract the great plan that had been laid for the salvation of mankind. With this view the infernal deputy, having assumed a human form, insinuated himself into the confidence, and obtained admittance into the house, of a wealthy Briton. The fiend (through this was foreign from the purpose of his mission) could not resist embracing an early opportunity of strangling his host, and then proceeded to attempt the seduction of his three daughters, which was more peculiarly an object of his terrestrial sojourn. The youngest of the family alone resisted his artifices, but she at length experienced the fate of her sisters, while

rendered unconscious by sleep. On awakening, she was much perplexed by what had occurred, and confessed herself to a holy man called Blaise, who had all along been her protector, but who acknowledged himself altogether incompetent to account for the events of the preceding night.

The judges of the land, who soon after discovered the pregnancy of the young lady, were about to condemn her to death, according to the law and custom of the country; but Blaise represented that the execution should be at least deferred, as the child, who was about to come into the world, ought not to be involved in the punishment of the mother. The criminal was accordingly shut up in a tower, where she gave birth to the celebrated Merlin, whom Blaise instantly hurried to the baptismal font, and thus frustrated the hopes of the demons when on the verge of completion. Merlin, however, in spite of this timely redemption, retained many marks of his unearthly origin, of which his premature elocution was an early and unequivocal symptom. Immediately after his baptism, the mother took the child in her arms, and reproached him as the cause of the melancholy death she was about to suffer. But the infant smiling to her, replied, fear not, my mother, you will not die for me. Accordingly the prosecution being resumed, and Merlin, the *corpus delicti*, being produced in court, he addressed the judges, and revealed the illegitimacy of one of their number, who was not the son of the person he imagined, but of a prior; and who thus, out of regard to his own mother, was forced to prevent the condemnation of Merlin's.

At this time there reigned in Britain a king called Constans, who had three sons, Moines, Pendragon, and Uter. Moines, soon after his accession, which happened on the death of his father, was vanquished by the Saxons, in consequence of being deserted by his seneschal Vortiger, formerly the chief support of his throne. Growing unpopular, through misfortune, he was soon after killed by his subjects, and the traitor Vortiger chosen in his place.

As the newly-elected monarch was in constant dread of the preferable claims of Uter and Pendragon, the surviving sons of Constans, he began to construct a strong tower for defence. This bulwark, however, three times fell to the ground without any apparent cause, when brought by the workmen to a certain height. The king consulted seven *astronomers* on this phenomenon in architecture. These sages having studied the signs, avowed to each other that they could not solve the mystery. But in the course of their observations they had incidentally discovered that their lives were threatened by a child, who had lately come into the world without the intervention of a mortal father. They therefore resolved to deceive the king, in order to secure their own safety; and announced to him, as the result of their calculations, that the edifice would abide by the ordinary rule of architecture if the blood of a child of this genealogy were shed on the first stone of the foundation.

‘ Though the king could not doubt the efficacy of this prescription, his plans were not much promoted by the response, for the difficulty was to find a child of this anomalous lineage. That nothing, however, might be wanting on his part, he dispatched messengers over all the kingdom. Two of his emissaries fell in with certain children who were playing at cricket. Merlin was of the party, and, having divined the cause of their search, instantly made himself known to them. When brought before the king, he informed his majesty of the imposition of the astrologers, and showed that the instability of the tower was occasioned by two immense dragons who had fixed their residence under it, and, being rivals, shook its foundation with their mighty combats. The king invited all his barons to an ensuing contest announced by Merlin. Workmen having dug to an immense depth below the tower discovered the den of these monsters, who gratified the court with the exhibition that was expected. The red dragon was totally defeated by his white opponent, and only survived for three days the effects of this terrible encounter.

‘ These animals, however, were not solely created for the amusement of the court, for, as Merlin afterwards explained, they typified in the most unequivocal manner the invasion of Uter and Pendragon, the surviving brothers of Meines. These two princes had escaped into Britany on the usurpation of Vortiger, but now made a descent upon England. Vortiger was defeated in a great battle, and afterwards burned alive in the castle he had taken such pains to construct.

‘ On the death of Vortiger, Pendragon ascended the throne. This prince had great confidence in the wisdom of Merlin, who became his chief adviser, and frequently entertained his master, while he astonished his brother Uter, who was not aware of his qualifications, by his skill in necromancy.

‘ About this time a dreadful war arose between the Saxons and Britons. Merlin obliged the royal brothers to swear fidelity to each other; but predicted that one of the two must fall in the first battle. The Saxons were totally routed in the fight, and Pendragon, having fulfilled the prediction of Merlin, was succeeded by Uter, who now assumed, in addition to his own name, the application of Pendragon.

‘ Merlin still continued a court favourite. As the request of Uter he transported by magic art, enormous stones from Ireland to form the sepulchre of Pendragon; and next proceeded to Carduel (Carlisle), to prepare the Round Table, at which he seated fifty or sixty of the first nobles in the country, leaving an empty place for the Sangreal.

‘ Soon after this institution the king invited all his barons to the celebration of a great festival, which he proposed holding annually at Carduel.

‘ As the knights had obtained permission from his majesty to bring their ladies along with them, the beautiful Yguerne accompanied her husband, the Duke of Tintadiel, to one of these anniversaries. The king became deeply enamoured of the duchess, and revealed his pas-

tion to Ulsius, one of his counsellors. Yguerne withstood all the inducements which Ulsius held forth to prepossess her in favour of his master, and ultimately disclosed to her husband the attachment and solicitations of the king. On hearing this, the duke instantly removed from court with Yguerne, and without taking leave of Uter. The king complained of this want of duty to his council, who decided that the duke should be summoned to court, and if refractory, should be treated as a rebel. As he refused to obey the citation, the king carried war into the estates of his vassal, and besieged him in the strong castle of Tintadiel, in which he had shut himself up. Yguerne was confined in a fortress at some distance, which was still more secure. During the siege, Ulsius informed his master that he had been accosted by an old man, who promised to conduct the king to Yguerne, and had offered to meet him for that purpose on the following morning. Uter proceeded with Ulsius to the rendezvous. In an old blind man, whom they found at the appointed place, they recognised the enchanter Merlin, who had assumed that appearance: he bestowed on the king the form of the Duke of Tintadiel, while he endowed himself and Ulsius with the figure of his grace's two squires. Fortified by this triple metamorphosis, they proceeded to the residence of Yguerne, who, unconscious of the deceit, received the king as her husband.

The notion of this deception has been evidently suggested by the classical story of Jupiter and Alcmena. The duke corresponds to Amphytrion, and Merlin to the Mercury of mythology; while Arthur, who, as we shall find, was the fruit of the amour, holds the same rank in the romantic, as Hercules in the heroic ages.

The fraud of Merlin was not detected, and the war continued to be prosecuted by Uter with the utmost vigour. At length the duke was killed in battle, and the king, by the advice of Merlin, espoused Yguerne. Soon after the marriage she gave birth to Arthur, whom she believed to be the son of her former husband, as Uter had never communicated to her the story of his assumed appearance.

After the death of Uter, there was an interregnum in England, as it was not known that Arthur was his son. This prince, however, was at length chosen king, in consequence of having unfixed from a miraculous stone, a sword which two hundred and one of the most valiant barons in the realm had been singly unable to extract. At the beginning of his reign, Arthur was engaged in a civil war; as the mode of his election, however judicious, was disapproved by some of the barons, and when he had at length overcome his domestic enemies, he had long wars to sustain against the Gauls and Saxons.

In all these contests the art of Merlin was of great service to Arthur, as he changed himself into a dwarf, a harp player, or a stag, as the interest of his master required; or, at least, threw on the bystanders a spell to fascinate their eyes, and cause them to see the thing that was not. On one occasion he made an expedition to Rome, en-

tered the king's place in the shape of an enormous stag, and in this character delivered a formal harangue, to the utter amazement of one called Julius Caesar, not the Julius whom the knight Mars killed in his pavilion, but him whom Gauvain slew because he had defied king Arthur.

At length this renowned magician disappeared entirely from England. His voice alone was heard in a forest, where he was enclosed in a bush of hawthorn; he had been entrapped in this awkward residence by means of a charm he had communicated to his mistress Viviane, who, not believing in the spell, had tried it on her lover. The lady was sorry for the accident, but there was no extracting her adviser from his thorny coverture.

The earliest edition of this romance was printed at Paris, in three volumes, fol. 1498. This impression, which has become very rare, was followed by another in quarto, which is much less esteemed; but it is also extremely scarce. The language, which is very old French, is remarkable for beauty and simplicity. The tale possesses infinite merit.

*(To be continued.)*

ART. V.—*Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, L.L.D. Part the second. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy land. Section the second. Quarto. Pp. 822. Cadell and Davis. 1814.

As this is the third large volume of this gentleman's travels, former criticism has established the general merit of his researches; we shall, therefore, merely say, that they possess a singular advantage over modern discoveries: that, of having been studiously arranged and collated before they were laid open to the public.

Materials, thus revised and corrected, approved by the personal observation of contemporary travellers; and slowly issuing from the embellishment of many years devoted to their perfection, have stamped a sterling value on the fidelity of Dr. Clarke's details, that must interest the virtuosi, as well as influence the curious, who have been denied a more intimate acquaintance with objects of ancient history or of foreign research.

This work is remarkable for laborious enquiry, minuteness of description, and impartial style. But, in an undertaking of so much magnitude, embracing the account of a journey through forty-five degrees of longitude, and nearly forty of



latitude, we must not expect a critical uniformity. The complexion of a picture is much dependant on the mind of the reviewer; to some, therefore, Dr. Clarke will appear, at times, either too diffuse, or too rapid. Statistical notices will be found to yield a partial pre-eminence to his historical information; and existing manners and fancy will rather abruptly relieve the tediousness of exploring antiquities.

Now, the latter error, if it be one, arises from the impossibility of affording a general picture of a population variously assuming the Italian, Turkish, or Albanian character. Under this difficulty, however, Dr. Clarke has aimed to fill up all deficiencies by notes, resulting either from his own study, or from the manuscript journals of his friends. Among these valuable appendages to his labours, are extracts from Mr. Walpole's manuscripts—from Colonel Squires' posthumous papers—from communications by the Marquis of Sligo—from manuscripts of his friend and companion Mr. Cripps—and other authorities acknowledged as they occur.

To convey as distinctly as possible, the fac simile of ancient inscriptions upon Greek marbles, a new species of type has been invented for their delineation. Considerable attention has also been had towards improvements in the plates, and a new method of representing hieroglyphics will be found in the fac simile of a tablet discovered among the ruins of Saïs.

The volume before us, relates to Greece, Egypt, and the Holy land. It may, says our intelligent author, in his preface, be deemed a bold acknowledgment to confess that the account of Heliopolis, and of the Memphian pyramids, was written without consulting a single page of Jacob Bryant's *Observations upon the ancient history of Egypt*.

Doctor Clarke, however, subsequently bestowed much attention upon that learned work; the perusal of which, appears to have communicated to him the source of Larcher's opinion concerning a pseudo-Heliopolis in Arabia, together with his reasons for placing the renowned city, of that name on the Delta, although the French writers did not acknowledge whence they were derived.

Now—he continues—the whole of Larcher's pretended discovery, and of Bryant's most elaborate dissertation, may be reduced to a single query—namely, whether we are at liberty to alter the received text of an ancient author, in such a manner, as to transpose the names of two *nomes*, Heliopolites and Latopolites?

The positions, he contends, of Heliopolis, and of the places near to that city in Arabia, are by no means doubtful, since they are always mentioned together, and in the clearest manner, by Herodotus, by Strabo, by Josephus, by Ptolemy, and by Antoninus in his itinerary. Cellarius places Heliopolis in Arabia, and such authority may not be superseded by the mere opinion even of such a scholar as Bryant, especially if that opinion be unsupported by fact. This position is clearly evidenced by Dr. Clarke, in extracts from authorities recited.

In observations upon Alexandria, our author ventures to affirm, that the *soros* of Alexander, the Great, is now in the British Museum, although unacknowledged. Since the publication of the testimonies, he adds, respecting this most interesting monument, the editors of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, have considered that evidence to be decisive. He combats with doubts that may arise, as to the traditional veneration with which this *soros* has been held, as the tomb of Alexander, which doubts attach to the want of historical confirmation of the fact. But this he reconciles by stating, that the reason why the relic has not obtained the name of a *soros* is easily explained. The meaning of the word had never been clearly understood, when the tomb arrived in England; although, it is, precisely, the name given by Herodean to the conditory of Alexander's body, nor had it been heeded, that what Herodean termed a *soros*, Juvenal, according to a custom of the Romans, had himself alluded to under the appellation of *sarcophagor*. But it has been denied, in contradiction to all historical authority, that Alexander was buried in Alexandria, and contended, that because a *soros* had served as a water cistern, it could not have served a former sepulchral use.

That this *soros*, however, was the tomb of the founder of Alexandria, Dr. Clarke assumes, on evidence he sets forth, is established by the concurring opinions of illustrious and renowned men, and from scholars of the highest eminence, both at home and abroad, who have approved his testimony, and have encouraged him in making it public.

Our author elucidates another doubt as to the horizontal, or perpendicular position of buried coffins. We cannot doubt, that the Egyptians buried their dead in a horizontal posture, although they kept them in a perpendicular posi-

tion in their private houses previously to their burial.... When embalmed, the Egyptians often kept the bodies of their deceased relations for a length of time, in their houses, and presented them at their feasts. Herodotus states.... 'The relations take the body home and place it in a chamber appropriated for its reception, setting it upright against the wall.... Hence an erroneous notion has been entertained of its upright position in the sepulchre.

At the opening of this volume, our author proceeds from Acre to Aboukir, and pursues his voyage up the Nile. At Rosetta, he notices the still prevailing custom of the Psylli, or the serpent eaters, a custom recorded in Herodotus and various ancient authors.

His attention being aroused by a tumultuous throng passing beneath his window, he followed to the quay, there he saw a vast concourse of people following men apparently frantic, who, with every appearance of convulsive agony, were brandishing live serpents, and then tearing them with their teeth; snatching them from each other's mouths with loud cries and distorted features, and afterwards falling into the arms of the spectators, as if swooning; the whole time rending the air with their cries.

This has much the air of a traveller's story; but these jugglers are often mentioned by Pliny, and are not more extraordinary in their frantic exhibitions, than the votaries of Bacchus, who annually celebrated his horrid orgies; indeed they are more credible, for the latter were young and beautiful females. At all events the performances of the Indian Jugglers in Pall Mall required to be seen by the many, to be believed; and certainly among the marvellous relations of the Abyssinian traveller, there are wonders founded in truth.

Doctor Clarke takes pains to confirm one very singular relation from Bruce's travels. We allude to the practice, among the Abyssinians, of outting from a live animal slices of its flesh, as an article of food, without putting it to death.

'This Bruce affirms that he witnessed in his journey from Masuah to Axum. The Abyssinian, answering, informed us, that the soldiers of the country, during their marauding excursions, sometimes maim cows after this manner, taking slices from their bodies, as a favourite article of food, without putting them to death at the time; and that during the banquets of the Abyssinians, raw meat, esteemed delicious throughout the country, is frequently taken from an ox or a cow, in such a state that the fibres are in motion; and that the attendants continue to cut slices until the animal dies.

This answer exactly corresponds with Bruce's Narrative : he expressly states that the persons whom he saw were *soldiers*, and the animal a *cow*. Such a coincidence could hardly have happened, unless the practice really existed. We enquired if other animals were thus treated ; and were answered in the negative. Mutton is always boiled ; and veal is never eaten, in any way. In times of famine alone the inhabitants eat boiled blood.'

On the voyage from Rosetta, our author says,

' We had convincing evidence of inaccuracy in our best maps of the Delta, and of the course of the Nile, from the earliest comparisons we made in the country. That of Kauffer, published at Constantinople in 1799, is extremely incorrect ; but it is less so than preceding documents. Soon after leaving Rosetta, we passed some extensive canals, conveying water to lands above the level of the river : these are supplied by wheels, sometimes turned by oxen, but more generally by buffaloes. They are banked by very lofty walls, constructed of mud, hardened by the sun. One of them, upon the western side of the river, extended to the Lake Maadie. The land, thus watered, produces three crops in each year ; the first of clover, the second of corn, and the third of rice. The rice-grounds are inundated from the time of sowing nearly to harvest : the seed is commonly cast upon the water, a practice twice alluded to in Sacred Scripture. Balaam prophesied of Israel, that " his seed should be in many waters." In the directions given for charity by the son of David, it is written, " Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after many days." When the rice-plants are about two feet high, they are transplanted. Besides the method of raising water into the high grounds near the river, by means of buckets fastened to a wheel, where the land is not much elevated above the surface of the Nile, they use a simple, and probably a very ancient contrivance, of lifting it in a basket lined perhaps with close matting or with leather. Two men, holding the basket between them, by a cord in each hand fastened to the edge of it, lower it into the Nile, and then swing it between them until it acquires a velocity sufficient to enable them to throw the water, over a bank, into a canal near the river. The regular continuance of their motion gives them, at a distance, the appearance of automaton figures, rather than of living beings. They work stark naked, exposed to the sun's most powerful rays, during the whole day ; repeating one of their Arabian songs ; for they seem to have a peculiar air adapted to every labour. As to their summer cloathing, when they wear any, it consists only of a blue cotton shirt, girded by a belt round the waist. The Arabs whom we saw occasionally near the river, whether alone, or in company, made their appearance without any kind of covering. Sometimes they were seen in parties of ten or twelve at a time, walking together, young and old, as naked as they were born, without seeming sensible of any indecency in their appearance.'

'The peculiar form of the trees in this part of Egypt is owing entirely to the north and north-west, or *Etesian* winds, which prevail with much violence, and for a considerable length of time, during the months of July and August. As this monsoon happens annually, at the period of the Nile's inundation, the wonderful advantages it offers for the commerce of the country exceed any thing perhaps known upon earth. A vessel, leaving Rosetta, is driven by it with extraordinary velocity against the whole force of the torrent to Cairo, or into any part of Upper Egypt. For the purpose of her return, with even greater rapidity, it is only necessary to take down mast and sails, and leave her to be carried against the wind by the powerful current of the river. It is thus possible to perform the whole voyage, from Rosetta, to Bulâc the quay of Cairo, and back again, with certainty, in about seventy hours; a distance equal to four hundred miles.'

This part of the history is replete with many anecdotes of the French army when in Egypt; and others, descriptive of the customs, manners, and other peculiarities on the banks of the Nile.

Upon each side of the river, as far as the eye can survey, are rich fields of corn and rice, with beautiful groves, seeming to rise out of the watery plains, and to shade innumerable settlements in the Delta. These groups amidst never-ending plantations of melons, and all kinds of garden vegetables; so that, from the abundance of its produce, Egypt may be deemed the richest country in the world.

'Such is the picture exhibited to the native inhabitants, who are seasoned to withstand the disorders of the country, and can bear with indifference the attacks of myriads of all sorts of noxious animals; to whom mud and mosquitoes, or dust and vermin, are alike indifferent; who, having never experienced one comfortable feeling in the midst of their highest enjoyments, nor a single antidote to sorrow in the depths of wretchedness, vegetate, like the bananas and sycamores around them. But to strangers, and particularly to inhabitants of northern countries, where wholesome air and cleanliness are among the necessaries of life, Egypt is the most detestable region upon earth. Upon the retiring of the Nile, the country is one vast swamp. An atmosphere, impregnated with every putrid and offensive exhalation, stagnates, like the filthy pools over which it broods. Then the plague regularly begins, nor ceases until the waters return again. Throughout the spring, intermitting fevers universally prevail. About the beginning of May certain winds cover even the sands of the desert with the most disgusting vermin.'

General le Grange assured the author that the ravages in the French army caused by the plague during the month

of April, amounted at one time, to an hundred men in a single day, and he learnt from Sir Sidney Smith, that one night, preferring a bed upon the sand of the desert to a night's lodging in the village of Elko, as thinking it to be secure from vermin, he found himself in the morning entirely covered by them. Lice and scorpions abound in all the deserts near Alexandria; and this fact applies to the exact text of scripture.

The ophthalmia and dysentery are very fatal to strangers. All these passages will be found highly interesting and might be made still more so, by the embellishment of language, in which, we think, our author sometimes deficient; his periods are too long. We refer our reader to his description of the Pyramids,

'We hastened from the cabin;—and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appeared as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their structure is lost in their prodigious magnitude: the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms,—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror; which is another principle source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great, as to cause pain rather than pleasure; of which we shall have to record a very striking instance in the sequel. Hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the Pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and of situation;—ideas of duration, almost endless; of power, inconceivable; of majesty, supreme; of solitude, most awful; of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.'

Filled with this sublime contemplation, Doctor Clarke draws a brief comparison between the theories of Longinus and Burke.

There appears, says he, to be as much difference in them, as between mechanism and intellect; between the operations of a piece of clock work, and those of the human reason. Longinus directs us to the *effects* of the sublime; Burke points out its *causes*. Longinus teaches us to seek for the sublime *without* us; Burke to create it *within* ourselves. Longinus views it, in its *broad and well known channel*; Burke conducts us to its *source*.

On the curious art of painting in Mosaic, he says, this admirable invention, capable of giving perpetuity to works in painting, has survived the downfall of letters; but it has never penetrated beyond the Alps; it still exists in Italy, when it has been carried to a degree of perfection unknown in any former age. The finest works of Raphael, and of other great masters, have been thus copied; and these copies may defy the attacks to which the originals were liable, while they preserve all their perfections. Miniature painting, of the most exquisite colouring, have also been executed in the same manner. This subject closes with various notices from the citadel of Cairo.

'Such is the surprising and highly diversified view from the citadel of Grand Cairo. It will not be too much to affirm of this extraordinary prospect, that a scene more powerfully affecting the mind, by the singularity of its association, is not elsewhere contained within any scope of human observation;—a profusion of nature, amidst her most awful privation; a disciplined army, encamped amidst lawless banditti; British pavilions, and Bedouin tents; luxurious gardens, and barren deserts; the pyramid and the mosque; the obelisk and the minaret; the sublimest monuments of human industry, amidst mouldering reliques of Saracenic power.'

Heliopolis, was one of the most ancient cities of the world whereof any vestige may now be traced. More than eighteen hundred years ago, its ruins attracted the regard of the most enlightened travellers of Greece and Rome. Nearly thirty years before the Christian Era, they were visited by Strabo; and his interesting description, proves the condition of that once famous seat of science, to have been then almost as desolate as at the present moment.

'If, as Shaw has ingeniously attempted to prove, the accretion of soil, from the annual inundation of the Nile, '*has been in a proportion of sometimes more than a foot in a hundred years,*' we might

search for some of the antiquities mentioned by Strabo, at the depth of six yards below the present surface. But when Pococke, visited the place, he observed the fragments of sphinxes yet remaining in the ancient way leading to the eminence on which the Temple of the Sun stood, between the principal entrance to its area, and the southern side of the obelisk standing before it. The Sphinxes which Pococke saw, were, in fact, a part of the identical antiquities that were noticed by Strabo so many centuries before; whence it is reasonable to conclude, that very little labour would be necessary to excavate even the pavement of the temple. From the observations made by Pococke, he deduces an inference, that the utmost height to which the soil has accumulated does not exceed seven feet and a half. At the time of our visit to Heliopolis, all the area of the ancient temple was under water; so that any search of this kind was thereby prevented.'

'The celebrated *Fountain of the Sun*, whence the city itself seems to have been originally named, and whose delicious water attracted the earliest settlers to the eastern side of the Nile, was, according to monkish legends, only known from the time that the *Holy Family* came into Egypt. It burst forth, they say, when the Virgin with Joseph and the infant Jesus reposed themselves, in their flight from the fury of Herod. We breakfasted beneath the shade of a sycamore fig-tree, which is said to have opened and to have received the fugitives, when closely pursued: and here we listened to many other stories of the same nature, the relation of which even old Sandys considered to be 'an abuse of time, and a provocation of his reader. However, by imitating the conduct of the pilgrims, in breaking off and hearing away with us a few scions of this venerable tree, (as Sandys says, '*all to be haakt for the wood thereof reputed of souveraigne vertue,*') we were enabled to gratify our botanical friends in England with very rare specimens for their herbaries. The well of *Matorea* is supposed to be pictured in the famous Mosaic pavement of Præneste, where a representation is also preserved of the Temple of the Sun, or *Bethshemess* of sacred scripture, with the obelisks as they stood before the vestibule of the building.'

Our author proceeds, to visit the renowned pillar of On, or Obelisk of Heliopolis, the only great work of antiquity now remaining in all the land of Goshen, standing on the spot where the Hebrews had their first settlement. This description possesses infinite interest.

'The reader's curiosity to become acquainted with the hidden meaning of the symbols upon this obelisk is perhaps quite equal to that of the author; and if all that Kircher has written for its illustration be adequate to this effect, nothing is easier than to transcribe his observations. But Isis long ago declared, that no mortal had ever removed her veil; and the impenetrable secret seems not likely to be divulged.



One solitary fact has been vouchsafed to ages of restless inquiry upon this subject; namely, that the hieroglyphic characters constituted a *written language*, the signs of an ancient alphabet, expressed according to the most ancient mode of writing, in *capital letters*: and it is probable that the more compound forms were a series of *monograms*, like the inscriptions upon the precious stones worn by the High Priest of the Hebrews, which were ordered to be made after the manner of 'the engravings of a signet,' and thus to contain within a very small compass, 'as stones of memorial,' even upon 'two onyx-stones, the names of the children of Israel.' Strabo's observation upon the Heliopolitan sculpture is here of importance: he says, it resembled the workmanship of *Etruscans*: and by the similarity already noticed, between the letters of the Etruscan alphabet and the characters observed upon *Phœnician signets*, as well as the evident agreement of the signs upon Phœnician coins with the *Egyptian hieroglyphics*, it may be inferred that the mode of writing used by the priests of Egypt corresponded with that which Moses caused to be engraved upon the stones for the ephod, and for the breast-plate of judgment, which are expressly and repeatedly described as 'the works of an engraver in stone, like the engravings of a signet.'

But with reference to the inscription upon the obelisk at Heliopolis, and to the numerous examples of the same kind which have been noticed among the antiquities of Egypt, although we are unable to explain any thing of their original import, there is one mode of considering them, in which a careful examination of the signs thus represented may be attended with amusement, if not with instruction. This consists, first, in ascertaining what the archetypes were of the several figures used to denote letters: these are sometimes clearly exhibited, but often confusedly sketched, as if with a view to abbreviation; and, secondly, in using these documents, not only to illustrate the manners of the most ancient nations, but also to prove the existence of many ancient customs from their existing reliques.\*

This is a mere abstract from a profound illustration.

On the architecture of Greece, and its splendid antiquities, Reeverly prefacing the third volume of Stuart's *Athens*, says, the awful dignity and grandeur of this \* kind of temple, arising from the perfect agreement of its parts, strikes the beholder with a sensation which he may look for, in vain, in buildings of any other description. There is a certain appearance of eternal duration in this species of edifice that excites a solemn and majestic feeling, while every part is perceived to contribute its share to this character of durability.

The kind of temple here alluded to, is of the doric order.

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\* In the Acropolis.

' This beautiful Doric temple, more resembling, in the style of its architecture, the temples of Pæstum than that of Minerva in the Acropolis, and the most entire of any of the remaining structures of ancient Greece were it not for the damage which the sculptures have sustained, may be considered as still perfect. The ruined state of the metopes and frieze has proved indeed a very fortunate circumstance ; for it was owing solely to this that the building escaped the ravages which were going on in the Partheon. Lusjori told us there was nothing but what was considered as too much mutilated to answer for the expense and difficulty of taking it down. The entire edifice is of Pentelican marble : it stands east and west, the principle front facing the east ; and it is that kind of building which was called by ancient architects, as it is expressed in the language of Vitruvius, and explained by Stuart, a *Peripteros* ; that is to say, it has a portico of six columns in each front, and on each side a range of eleven columns, exclusive of the columns on the angles. All these columns remain in their original position, excepting two that separated the portico from the *pronaos*, which have been demolished. Every circumstance respecting them has already been often detailed. Like all pillars raised according to the most ancient Doric style of building, they are without bases or pedestals ; standing, with inexpressibly dignity and simplicity, upon the pavement of the covered walk around the cell of the temple. Some of the metopes represent the labours of Hercules others, the exploits of Theseus ; and there are some which were never adorned with any sculpture. Above the *antæ* of the *pronaos* is the sculptural frieze, the subject of which cannot now be determined ; and the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ is represented upon a similar frieze of the *posticus*. In the tympanum of the pediment, over the eastern front, Stuart observed several holes in the marble, where metal cramps had been fixed for sustaining sculpture in entire relief, as over the eastern entrance to the Partheon. The action of the atmosphere in this fine climate upon the marble has diffused over the whole edifice, as over all the buildings in the Acropolis, a warm ochreous tint, which is peculiar to the ruins of Athens : it bears no resemblance to that black and dingy hue which are acquired by all works in stone and marble when they have been exposed to the open air in the more-northern countries of Europe, and especially in England. Perhaps to this warm colour, so remarkably characterizing the remains of ancient buildings at Athens, Plutarch alluded, in that beautiful passage cited by Chandler, when he affirmed, that the structures of Pericles possessed a peculiar and unparalleled excellence of character ; ' a certain freshness bloomed upon them and preserved their faces uninjured, as if they possessed a never-fading spirit, and had a soul insensible to age.'

Is it not lamentable to reflect that the ravages of modern civilization should have been more fatal to the antiquities of Athens, than even those of time !

Visiting the Acropolis, Doctor Clarke tells us, that dilapidations have been made, which all the ambassadors of the earth, with all the sovereigns they represent, aided by every resource that wealth and talent can bestow, will never again repay.

This man was, however, poor, and had a family to support; consequently he was unable to withstand the temptations which a little money, accompanied by splendid promises, offered to the necessities of his situation. So far from adhering to his resolution, he was afterwards gradually prevailed upon to allow all the finest pieces of sculpture belonging to the Parthenon to be taken down; and succeeding travellers speak with concern of the injuries the building has sustained, exclusively of the loss caused by the removal of the *metopes*. One example of this nature may be mentioned; which, while it shews the havoc that has been carried on, will also prove the want of taste and utter barbarism of the undertaking. In one of the angles of the pediment which was over the eastern facade of the temple, there was a *horse's head*, supposed to be intended for the *horse of Neptune* issuing from the earth, when struck by his trident, during his altercation with *Minerva* for the possession of Attica. The head of this animal had been so judiciously placed by Phidias, that, to a spectator below, it seemed to be rising from an abyss, foaming, and struggling to burst from its confined situation, with a degree of energy suited to the greatness and dignity of its character. All the *perspective of the sculpture* (if such an expression be admissible), and certainly all the harmony and fitness of its proportions, and all the effect of attitude and force of composition, depended upon the work being viewed precisely at the distance in which Phidias designed that it should be seen. Its removal, therefore, from its situation amounted to nothing less than its destruction:—take it down, and all the aim of the sculptor is instantly frustrated; could any one believe that this was actually done? and that it was done, too, in the name of a nation vain of its distinction in the Fine Arts? Nay more, that in doing this finding the removal of this piece of sculpture could not be effected without destroying the entire angle of the pediment, the work of destruction was allowed to proceed even to this extent also! Thus the form of the temple has sustained a greater injury than it had already experienced from the Venetian artillery; and the *horse's head* has been removed, to be placed where it exhibits nothing of its original effect: like the acquisition said to have been made by another nobleman, who, being delighted at a puppet-show, bought punch, and was chagrined to find, when he carried him home, that the figure had lost all its humour. Yet we are seriously told, (*Memorandum*, p. 8. *London*, 1811.) that this mischief has been done with a view to 'rescue these specimens of sculpture from impending ruin:' 'then, why not exert the same influence which was employed in removing them, to

### 384 Philippart's Campaign in Germany and France.

induce the Turkish Government to adopt measures for their effectual preservation ! Ah no ! a wiser scheme was in agitation : it was at first attempted to have them all *mended* by some modern artist !!! (*See Memor. p. 39.*) From this calamity they were rescued by the good taste of *Canova*. (*Ibid.*) The sight of them (*Memor. p. 42*) 'so rivetted and agitated the feelings of Mrs. Siddons, the pride of theatrical representation, as actually to draw tears from her eyes.' And who marvels at such emotion ?

'Cold is the heart, fair Greece ! that looks on thee,  
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they lov'd ;  
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see  
Thy walls defac'd, thy mouldering shrines remov'd  
By British hands, which it had best behov'd  
To guard those relics—ne'er to be restor'd.  
Curs'd be the hour when from their isle they rov'd,  
And once again thy hapless bosom gor'd,  
And snatch'd thy shrinking Gods to northern climes abhorr'd.'

From amidst varieties so splendid, specimens so curious, and information so elaborate, we find difficulty in making selections for the entertainment of our reader. Every memorial of Athenian History may be styled illustrious ; and, we view the stupendous ruins of that once towering city with awful contemplation. We must resist our wishes, however to prolong this enquiry.

To conclude,—this interesting history is highly ornamented with copper-plates, maps, charts, and vignettes. It has been compiled with extraordinary care ; it has every requisite to invite confidence, and is well calculated to realise the expectation of the reader.

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**ART. VI.**—*Campaign in Germany and France*, from the expiration of the Armistice signed and ratified June 4th, 1813, to the period of the Abidcation of the Throne of France, by Napoleon Bonaparte ; with an Appendix containing all the French bulletins issued during this period, and other official documents &c. &c. By John Philippart, Esq. author of the Northern Campaigns of 1812 and 1813 ; *Memoirs of Moreau* ; *Memoirs of the Prince of Sweden* ; and other military works. Octavo. 2 vols. £1. 1s. Pp. 335. 408. Barrington. 1814.

In former times, AUTHORS, particularly historians, laboured studiously in their vocation ; and, when their works issued from the press, the public was presented with the well digested reflections of the scholar, the politician, and the statesman, embellishing the records of past events ; but Mr. Phillippart, disdaining the slow degrees by

which genius aims at fame, crams printing-presses as unmercifully as country dames cram turkeys ; but not, exactly, to the same good end....for, verily, there are, in this world, things palatable, and things unpalatable.

The advertisement to this work, most obligingly informs us, that the *author* has introduced every occurrence, political and military, that has happened during the campaign in Germany and France, from the period of the armistice in 1813 to the downfall of Bonaparte ; and he has done so with the laudable view of indulging the world with a continuation of his *history* of the northern campaigns of 1812-13. The *author*, moreover, modestly flatters himself that this *patriotic abortion* will repose with the classification of esteemed historians, and add worth to well regulated libraries.

But what is this history of Mr. Phillippart the *author* ? It is, *avowedly*, a translation of Bonaparte's bulletins from his invasion of Russia to his compelled abdication of the throne of France.

Delicious novelty ! But these bulletins are IMPORTANT, says the *author*, inasmuch as they represent the successes, the defeats, and the overthrow of ambition ; and as they will shew to future ages the policy and military genius of one who raised himself to the highest pinnacle of worldly power ; and they will serve as practical lessons of modern warfare.

When Dr. Johnson was told, that Boswell intended to write his life, in case of survivorship, the Doctor exclaimed in a rage....' Impossible, sir ! he dare not mean me such an injury....if I thought he did, I would strangle him before night.'....What the mild Bonaparte would say, on such an occasion, we do not pretend to determine.

Let us pursue the meritorious claim of our *author*. In his appendix to the *present* work....we must carefully distinguish the particles of his mass....he has copied the interesting correspondence that took place between the ministers appointed to negotiate a peace at Prague in 1813. The result, says he, exultingly, of that correspondence induced Austria to join her arms to those of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Great Britain. That junction enabled the allies, with overwhelming force, to destroy the armies of the enemy, and to place a Bourbon on the throne of France.

O, most profound politician !....Who would not, willingly, part with his last guinea, to peep into the political secrets of the Phillippart cabinet ?

It may, however, be alleged that this history is written for posterity....that the present age is not required even to learn from a Philippart, what it already knew. It is required merely to buy the work, and to hand it down to its children's children, as an hair loom. !

But, alas ! how many *imperishable* writings, like Sterne's fragment, have been lost to the world, by the vulgar custom of cheese and butter mongers, who, instead of disposing of their goods on china plates, send them home in waste paper. There should be an express act to protect *authors* from such degradation ; and, as we are told, that all things are changing for the better, we may hope for the better, we may hope for this protection from the wisdom of the legislature.

ART VII.—*Memorial of M. Carnot*, Lieutenant General in the French army, Knight of the Order of Saint Louis, Member of the Legion of Honor, and of the Institute of France, addressed to his most Christian Majesty, Louis XVIII. translated from the French M. S. copy. To which is subjoined a sketch of M. Carnot's life, together with some remarkable speeches which he made on former occasions, in the National Convention and Tribunat. By Lewis Goldsmith ; author of the Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte ; Editor of Antigallican Monitor, &c. Octavo. pp. 56. Hookham. 1814.

M. Goldsmith, who has always affected to dive into the secrets of the French cabinet, offers an apology for publishing this pamphlet, because, as he thinks proper to say, translators and biographers are usually supposed to be of the same principles as those whose works or lives they *select* for publication.

To remove, therefore, any suspicion of his own purity, M. Goldsmith declares, that he entirely disapproves the leading principles, and many assertions contained in this pamphlet. The reader, he continues, will nevertheless, perceive that it contains many doctrines, denominated by Mr. Burke, "*Seducing Theories*," which might have been suited to the opinions of Frenchmen in 1789 ; but, after France had seen *noyades fusilades*, and portable and permanent *guillotines*, the doctrines so much the admiration of M. Carnot, might have been dispensed with.

This is a very modest apology from M. Goldsmith, whose motive, we presume, is really to exhibit the work itself to the people of England, that they might not, be

led astray by mutilated passages that have occasionally appeared in the public papers.

Carnot is, undoubtedly, a man of no ordinary talents; he was foremost in the revolution of France, the colleague of Robespierre: he is a republican still, and would again, we fear, gladly see the adoption of doctrines, which, nevertheless, deluged his country with carnage and devastation, unprecedented in the annals of republican history.

But there is something extremely curious relative to this pamphlet.

‘ M. Carnot seems to think that the Republicans in France may shortly expect to be prosecuted and persecuted for their opinions; but I think that the very circumstance of his being at large and unmolested after the circulation of his pamphlet, is the best proof of the mildness of the present government of France, and the utter improbability of his suspicions being ever verified.

‘ The way the memorial got into circulation is thus related—M. Carnot, in July last, had put it into the hands of a printer, who communicated a proof-sheet to one of the king's ministers, the count de Blacas. This gentleman desired the director-General of the police, M. Beugnot, to see Carnot, and expostulate with him on the impropriety of sending forth opinions into the world which he must have known from his own experience to have produced such misery in France.

‘ M. Beugnot sent for M. Carnot, and communicated to him the conversation he had with the king's minister. Carnot said, ‘ that the only motive he had for printing the memorial, which (he said) he never intended to offer for sale, was, that the king might read it, as he thought that kings seldom read any manuscript works.’—‘ If that is your only motive (said M. Beugnot), then I will engage that the king should read it in manuscript, and will inform you to-morrow if his majesty has any objection to its being printed.’

‘ On the following day M. Beugnot informed M. Carnot that his majesty had read it, but that he thought it might as well not be printed for the present. ‘ In that case (said M. Carnot) it shall remain in manuscript.’—Only a few copies in manuscript were circulated among M. Carnot's particular friends, and it is from one of those copies that I have made the translation. A short time after, the memorial was printed, but in a garbled and mutilated state; in consequence of which the author addressed a letter to the Editors of the French papers, in which he stated that the memorial was printed without his knowledge.’

We will make extracts from the memoirs of Carnot, subjoined by M. Goldsmith to this translation of his pamphlet, that, at all events, our readers may look into the heart of the man as well as study his head. Prude-

homme, a pupil in his own school, says in his "*Crimes of the Revolution*." The reign of the convention is remarkable for a depravity, unknown in the history of other nations. We shall seek, in vain, for a people where crime was so long exercised, and with so much impunity as in France. The thirty tyrants of Athens were mere puppets in guilt, compared with the one hundred and fifty conventionalists of France!"

'The return of the Bourbons produced in France an universal burst of enthusiasm—they were welcomed with an inexpressible overflowing of the heart; the old Republicans sincerely participated in the common joy. Napoleon had oppressed them in particular so very severely. All the classes in society had suffered to such a degree, that not a man could be found who did not feel a sort of intoxication, and who did not deliver himself up to the most consoling hopes; but the horizon did not remain long uncovered with clouds, joy continued but for a moment. Those who returned after such a long absence, thought, apparently, to find France as it was in 1789; but the generation was almost entirely renewed, the youth of the present day has been brought up in other principles: the love of glory above all has struck deep root: it has become the most distinguished attribute of the national character. Exalted by continual successes for twenty years, it had met with a small degree of irritation by a momentary reverse—unfortunately it has received a deep wound from the conduct of the new Sovereign.

'Formerly the Kings of England came to render homage to the Kings of France, as to their Sovereigns:—but Louis XVIII. has, on the contrary, declared to the Prince Regent of England, that under God, he owed his crown to him: and when his countrymen flew to meet him, and in order to decree that crown to him by an unanimous vote of the nation, he was instructed to answer, that he did not wish to receive it from their hands, that it was the inheritance of his fathers—Then were our hearts closed—they were silent.

'It is thus that Louis XVIII. was made to begin his part in the midst of us by the most violent of all outrages which a sensible and amiable people could receive. However, we have made no calculations in our sacrifice for the son of Louis IX. and of Henry IV. We smoothed the way to the throne for him by shewing our eagerness to adhere to the, perhaps, inconsiderate measures of the Provisional Government; in the liveliness of our satisfaction we had spontaneously abandoned our conquests, we gave up from our national limits that flourishing Belgium, which joined its wishes to our's for its re-union to France. A stroke of the pen sufficed to make us give up those superb countries which all the forces in Europe would not have been able to take from us in ten years. Was Louis then, under the necessity of imitating the Usurpers, being able to become kings by the assent of the people, make themselves Kings by the Grace of God? Did he not know that we have had Napoleon, by the Grace of God, and that it



was by the Grace of God, that the most powerful have been always, and will be always seen to reign.

‘ Louis caused himself to be preceded by proclamations, which promised an oblivion of the past ; which promised to preserve to each man his situation, his honours, his salary. In what manner have his Counsellors made him keep his promise ? By causing him to drive from the Senate all those who might have appeared guilty in his eyes, had he not promised to forget every thing. But not an individual of those against whom the public opinion was raised—not one of those who, by the poison of their flattery to Napoleon, had reduced the French to the last degree of debasement. Thus it appears more and more evident, that flattery is the first want of Princes, under whatsoever title they may reign.

‘ In the same manner were excluded, with the most extreme diligence, those functionaries of a secondary class, whom perhaps an excessive love of liberty might have led astray. It is true that they have not as yet been formally proscribed ; they are not as yet given up to the tribunals, but they are pointed out by the very fact of their dismissal in their districts, to the animadversion of their fellow-citizens, as being suspected persons, and unworthy of the confidence of Government ; they are marked with the seal of reprobation ; and, if military men be spared a little :—if there appear a disposition to pardon their victories, which they are content with only marking by the appellation of impious, the reason may be easily conjectured.—Oh ! how many heroic actions are condemned to oblivion, if they be not put down to the account of crimes !’

‘ The promises of the king should have confidence to all citizens ; and notwithstanding this, inquietude hovers over them more and more—it hovers over their existence—over their honour—over their properties. Men are distrustful of the last thought of a man whom persons have caused already, in so short a time, so often to elude his promises. People are desirous to believe that those wrong measures do not proceed from himself, but they inflict on that account a wound no less deep on the Royal dignity. To pardon is not to forget ;—to forget, gains hearts, whilst pardon ulcerates them. If the persons of Kings be justly held sacred, ought not their words to be so likewise, and shew a superiority to all subterfuge ? Is that ~~the~~ the loyalty of character which people are pleased always to look upon as the most noble appanage of the House of Bourbon ?

‘ When the power of a King over his people is compared to that of a father over his family, the fiction is a happy one ; but it is far, very far from the truth. Men speak rather of what ought to be, but not of that which can be—still less of what is. A good father does not establish odious distinctions among his children. His real quality of father inspires him with sentiments which are the inimitable work of nature, and cannot belong to a Sovereign ; who is nothing more than a Sovereign. In a word, a father is not vindictive ; he often pardons after threatening ; but he never punishes after having promised to forget.

'It is impossible to conceal that we experience this difference in an acute manner. The return of the Lilies has not produced the effect which was expected from them—the fusion of parties is an operation which has not been performed: so far from that, parties, of which a vestige hardly remained, have been renewed. They look at each other—they watch each other—there is no longer either reconciliation or abandonment—false attempts—little meannesses—retrograde steps—strange interpretations given to solemn engagements, have produced distrust and disquietude. The government has not employed the means which were at its disposal—it has paralysed a part—it has turned that part against itself, by declaring itself against it.

'Those persons are very culpable, or very blind, who have commenced by detaching from the cause of the prince every thing which had borne the name of patriot, that is to say, seven-eighths of the nation, and have changed them into a hostile population, in the midst of another to whom they have indirectly given a transcendent preference. If you wish to appear at court with some distinction, take good care that you do not mention that you were one of the twenty-five millions of citizens who defended their country with some degree of courage against hostile invasion; for you will receive for answer that 'those twenty-five millions of pretended citizens were twenty-five millions of rebels; and that those pretended enemies are, and always have been, friends.'—But you ought to say, that you have had the happiness to have been Chouans, or Vendéans, or deserters, or Cossacks, or English, or, finally, that having remained in France, you never solicited a place under the ephemeral governments which preceded the restoration, but for the purpose of betraying them more conveniently, and hastening their downfall. Then indeed will your fidelity be extolled to the skies; you will receive the tender congratulations—the decorations—the affectionate answers of all the royal family.

'Behold, then, that which is termed extinguishing the spirit of Party—not to see any where but Frenchmen—brothers who have sworn never to call to remembrance their ancient quarrels. But who does not see what this leads to? Who does not see we are thus prepared for the debasement of every thing which has taken a part in the Revolution—to the abolition of every thing which belongs to liberal ideas—to the restoration of national property—to the resurrection of all those prejudices which weaken a people.

'According to the tactique always used in similar cases, only those are first attacked who have been the most distinguished, for the purpose of proceeding successively to others, and finishing, by involving in the same proscription, every one who more nearly or more remotely took any part whatever in the revolution—to retrograde if possible back to the feudal system to the establishment of *serfs*—to those fine days of the Holy Inquisition, the morn of which is commencing to dawn again over the provinces of Spain,

'The French Revolution was a composition of heroism and cruelty—of sublime touches and monstrous disorders—But all families which remained in France were obliged to take a part more or less active in that revolution.—All have made sacrifices more or less affecting—all have furnished children for the defence of the country, and that defence has been glorious—all were consequently interested, that success might crown the enterprise:—The contrary has happened. Then those who had shewed themselves in opposition to that Revolution endeavoured to make it appear under the most unfavourable aspect. Glorious events are forgotten or disfigured, an affected contempt is turned towards acts of devotedness which have not been attended with any result; and the cry of indignation is re-echoed against those who may have participated in any manner in any thing which has been done.

'Had any thing remained to us, after so many labours and so many victories, we should look upon it as a trophy to which we should be happy to attach our recollections. In like manner an eagerness it displayed to force the restitution of every conquest which we have made, for fear that there might remain any traces of that glory which Republicans had acquired, because that glory was thought to reflect shame on the opposite party: but this same glory had become our idol—it absorbed all the thoughts of the brave soldiers whose wounds had obliged them to quit the combat:—all the hopes of our youth who were making their first campaigns—An unexpected stroke has brought it low: we feel in our hearts a void similar to that which a lover finds who has lost the object of his passion:—every thing which he sees, every thing which he hears, renews his grief. This sentiment renders our existence uncertain and painful; every one searches to dissimulate that wound, which he feels at the bottom of his heart. We regard ourselves brought low, notwithstanding 20 years of continual triumphs, because we have lost one game alone, which unfortunately was that of honour, and which made the guide of our destinies.

'But this sickly and disordered state of things cannot remain; it is a degree of blindness much to be deplored, which has seized a party almost too small to be perceptible, and which party, admitted to share in a glory which nothing can efface, affects to degrade every thing which form the national glory, and appears not to have entered into the bosom of their mother country, but to debase it, after having for so long a time torn it in pieces. But that nation will soon have recovered from that fit of stupefaction which the sudden appearance of a coalition without precedent must have naturally produced in her— which coalition can never again be renewed; she has again resumed the sensibility of what her own strength is. Those who were thought to have been annihilated, are only dispersed, and should such another crusade recommence, the great people (unfortunately up to this very day too confident) would most probably know how to profit from their experience, to fortify themselves against that unskillfulness and treachery which delivered them up to the discretion of her enemies. A

handful of deserters, who had fallen into oblivion, and who did not appear but to gather the fruits of a victory in which they had taken no part, which now have no support from that league which conquered for them, and who now find themselves thrown into the midst of an immense population, imbued with liberal ideas, cannot impose on that population for any long time, and it would be an ill calculation on their part to suffer the predominant dispositions of the people to appear. The extinction of all parties is the only thing which suits them, and which suits every one.

‘It is in the constitutional chart that we should search for the common safety; that contains a guarantee for the safety of us all, upon which he can rely—if we do not suffer it to be entrenched upon. But it is necessary for this purpose that the truth should reach the ears of the sovereign, and that he should not suffer his flatterers to cause him to deviate from the dispositions of that fundamental law which is his own work. The two chambers must continue to display that character which they have already shewn on some occasions. It is indispensably necessary that the new elections which are to take place be not the fruit of cunning or intrigue. The true patriots, that is to say, those who have fought for their country, constitute every where an immense majority; it belongs to them alone to give a good representative body to the nation; they have only to return such citizens as are distinguished for their former probity, the fathers of families, the purchasers of national property, men interested in every way to prevent the nation from falling into debasement, in order that neither anarchy or despotism should again raise their heads.

‘The military returned to their homes are the depositaries of the national glory, and above all, for the preservation of that *importunate* glory, which certain men shew a disposition to tarnish. Let those brave men feel sensibly that that glory is at this day not their only recompense, but the *paladium* of whatever liberty remains to us.

‘Far from me be the most distant thought which could afford the least pretext for new troubles. On the contrary, I complain bitterly of those which some men are endeavouring to excite by forming new parties: it is a certain fact that there were no parties at the time of Napoleon's resignation; it is certain that parties now exist, and it is assuredly not the former republicans who have excited them. It was not they who fill the journals with diatribes against themselves; it was not they who caused incendiary writings against the constitutional chart to be hawked about, which chart is their guarantee. It was not they who counselled his Majesty to elude the accomplishment of such promises as were favourable to them, and to fail in his royal word. Why, contrary to that word, are distinctions made, and those distinctions marked more strongly than ever, between those who remained attached to the person of the king, and those who remained attached to the soil of their country. That distinction was natural so long as the one was in arms against the other, but it ought to have been effaced

as soon as the former repassed the sea which separated them. When they set their feet again on their natal soil, they then pretend to return as conquerors, who were reckoned as nothing in the crisis which has just passed.'

M. Carnot was born at *Nolay* in Burgundy, in 1758; his father was an advocate; not rich, but respectable; he placed his son early in the artillery, in which profession he made rapid progress. At the commencement of the revolution, he was a captain in the service; and, notwithstanding he owed his advancement to the Prince de Condé, he openly became a violent republican.

' In September 1791, the department of the *Pas de Calais* elected him a member of the Legislative body. One of his first public speeches which he there delivered was for the impeachment of the French Princes of the blood. He afterwards proposed substituting serjeants for officers, and made a motion that the principle of passive obedience to the officers should be erased from the regulations of the army. His next motion was, that 300,000 pikes should be manufactured for the purpose of arming the sans culottes. On the 9th of June, 1792, he obtained a decree to honor the memory of General Theobald Dillon, who was murdered at Lisle by his own soldiers.

' After the 10th of August, Carnot was sent to the army of Marshal Luckner, to notify the abolition of Royalty. he was appointed a member of the convention, and voted for the death of Louis XVI. without an appeal to the people. Shortly after that unfortunate catastrophe he was sent as one of the representatives of the people to the army of the north, where on the field of battle he cashiered General Gratien, who had retired before the enemy, and he himself marched at the head of his columns. On his return to the convention he was appointed a member of that committee of general safety which governed in the name of the convention, and was itself governed by Robespierre, to whom alone the sanguinary measures which characterized the reign of terror were afterwards imputed. Then began Carnot's great influence in military affairs: being master of all the plans which were deposited in the public offices since the time of Louis XIV. he directed the operations of the French armies, shewed himself extremely jealous in this species of glory, and even wanted to claim the success of the battle of Maubeuge, gained by Jourdan, at which he was present as commissioner from the convention. It cannot be disputed that the plans and instructions he delivered in the name of the committee of public safety, contributed to the victories of the French. On the 1st of April, 1794, he caused the executive council to be

abolished, which was succeeded by twelve acting commissioners : on the 5th of May following he was chosen president of the convention.

‘ Carnot has been reproached with signing all those sanguinary decrees with Robespierre and others, which brought so much misery on France, although he occupied himself in the committees of public and general safety, principally with military affairs, nay even some of the most atrocious official letters were signed by him, Billaud de Varennes and Barrere, to which Robespierre’s name is not affixed : the following one addressed to Joseph le Bon, the pro-Consul, at Arras, deserves to be particularly noticed. It is dated 16th Nov. 1793, and is extracted from the *Moniteur*.—‘ Dear colleague,—you are to take the most energetic measures, which the public safety require. Continue in your revolutionary attitude—The amnesty which was proclaimed by the deceitful constitution of 1791, is a crime which cannot be palliated by others. Delinquencies against a republic are not to be forgiven—they are expiated by the sword. Cause the travelling expences of the denunciators to be discharged by the treasury ; they have deserved well of their country. Shake fire and sword over the heads of traitors. Always march on this revolutionary line which you boldly trace out : the committee applaud your labours. All those measures are not only permitted to you, but commanded by your mission.’

‘ The violent measures adopted at Orange, in the department of Vaucluse, are particularly ascribed to Carnot. When Robespierre fell, Carnot continued in the committee, and he then accused Carrier and Turreau with their sanguinary conduct in La Vendee. In a report which he made to the convention, on the 2d of Jan. 1795, respecting the successes of the French army in Flanders and Holland, Carnot endeavoured to revive the decree of Robespierre, that no quarter should be given to the English. This motion excited murmurs, and Tallien accused him of aping Barrere. When the latter was, in his turn, accused by the convention jointly with Collot D’Herbois and Billaud de Varennes, as accomplices in Robespierre’s cruelties, and were ultimately sentenced to be deported to Cayenne : an exception was made in favour of Robert Lindet and Carnot ; of the latter it was said, by Bourdon de L’Oise, ‘ that he was the man who organized victory,’ yet Carnot was not much inclined to be exempted from the charges in which Barrere and the others were implicated.’

Such was the conduct, such the principles of a man eminently gifted with talent to embellish pernicious counsel, and to gild dangerous example ; he, however, decidedly possesses one merit, that of consistency.

The following extract from a speech he made in the Tribunalat, in the 10th Foreal, 1804, is strongly characteristic of his principles.

‘Behold (said he) into what an abyss they wish to drag you! By directing against you the double accusation, the dilemma of barbarity or of weakness, they wish to bring you to agree that you were all the accomplices of Robespierre—the one party by cruelty, the other by cowardice; but citizens, it is only the abettors of *the system of debasement, or of the absolute dissolution of the national representation*, who either do not know how, or do not wish to answer such pitiful arguments. I myself, citizens, declare, that on every occasion you have done that which you ought to do—that you could not have followed a different line, without overturning the basis of the democracy to which you have sworn. Citizens, we are in this place discussing principles—we are considering of the manner of avenging the national representation, for the outrages which are perpetually committed against it on pretence of excusing it.

‘You are the delegates of a free people: that people have not stripped themselves of their rights for you; it is on the contrary for preserving them that they have sent you hither. You are not here for the purpose of giving them laws, but to frame, declare, and promulgate those which are the expression of their own will. You have received a tacit but imperative mandate, not from your respective departments—by no means from any one section of the people—but from the whole collective people; it is their will which makes the law, not yours: the declaration of rights has expressly told you so: it tells you that the law is the expression of the general will. Your manner of seeing things, even though it should have been better, cannot be substituted in place of that of the people; and it is not your own proper opinion which you can here express, but that of your constituents, that is to say, that which you, in your own consciences, believe to be not the best in itself, but that of the majority of Frenchmen. If you believe that the majority is in an error, enlighten them. But should they obstinately persevere in wishing that which even in your opinion might be against your interests, you ought either to resign or vote as they expect. Such is the irrefragable principle of a representative democracy; otherwise, citizens, we must renounce the popular government; it would be necessary to declare that we are under an aristocratical *regime*, and that we thought it would be better to substitute the will of seven hundred individuals chosen by the people, in place of the will of the people themselves.

‘The people may sometimes deceive themselves but they are never to be considered as guilty—for they would be so against themselves—and besides, citizens, we are not to believe that that sort of instinct—that feeling received from nature, is less certain than our reasoning; experience is not often in favour of speculative truths,

“ Now citizens, those decrees with which they appear to reproach you—those contradictory laws which it was necessary to repeal, was it you that have enacted them? Then would you have been culpable; or supposing that you have yielded to what you conceived to be the general will, when you voted the law of the *Maximum* for instance, or any other, the question was not to know whether you merchants or you philosophers found this a bad law, but if the people wished it or not. You believed that they desired to have it, and it was your duty to believe it, after the multitude of petitions which were presented to you on the subject: you have decreed it—you have done your duty. However you have not ceased in your discussions to discover its faults; the people themselves have ascertained them.—You have repealed the law—you have still done your duty.

“ Those apparent contradictions—far from imputing to you a wrong, prove on the contrary your steadiness in the line which is traced out to you by the declaration of rights and the principle of representative democracy.

“ How great then must be that blindness or that fatal frenzy which serves the designs of Aristocracy and Royalism so very ably to desire that the convention should appear guilty in the eyes of the people, of self accusation, and self disparagement—that people whom they (the convention) have represented as they ought—whom they have constantly served with zeal and dignity. Would you wish to call on them to gather the fruits of the numerous sacrifices which they have made? Lay aside your dissensions—adjourn your quarrels, and give them a government, for you have none. It is necessary for you to say, citizens, the apprehension of an extravagant responsibility has caused its dissolution.”

“ He from that period was no longer employed in either of the Committees, but retained his seat as member of the Convention. When the directory was established in 1795, Carnot was made one of its body, and for some time retained a considerable share of influence; but he let Barras take from him the portfolio of war, and from that time became his secret enemy. In 1797 a party having been formed in the councils against the directory, he sought to make use of it to overthrow his adversary; this party which had other views, was not his dupe; but he was himself tricked by Larevelliere, who by Barras's direction, seemed for a very short time willing to aid him, but afterward suddenly joined his enemies, who then involved him in the proscription of the 4th of September, 1797. It was singular enough to see Carnot, an inflexible Jacobin, and a man who voted for the death of his king, accused of favouring a counter revolution in support of the Bourbons. He, however, avoided being banished to Cayenne by escaping to Germany, where he published a work explanatory of his conduct. In this pamphlet which is entitled



'An Answer to Baillet,' Carnot shews himself as well provided with reasons, when he attacks his accomplices, as weak when he pretends to justify himself. He concludes by declaring, that 'he is still the irreconcilable foe to kings;' a declaration not a little remarkable, when it is remembered that Carnot printed his book under the protection of the kings who have afforded him an asylum against the rage of the demagogues. A short time after he published a supplement to this work, which contains personalities still more violent. These memoirs re-printed at Paris in 1799, were read there with eagerness by the enemies of the directory, which then governed; it then issued an order for the apprehension of the printers; but the blow was struck, and Carnot, by publishing the crimes of his former colleagues, contributed to their downfall, which soon after happened on the 18th of June, 1799. After the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, Carnot was recalled to France, and appointed Inspector of the reviews, in February, 1800: and on the 2d of April, war-minister, which place he did not keep long, but resigned, on account of a disagreement between him and Buonaparte, although it is well known that the plan of crossing Mount St. Bernard, which led to the battle of Marengo, was planned by Carnot. He then withdrew into the bosom of his family, and was called to the Tribunat on the 9th of March, 1802. He there shewed the same inflexibility of principle by which he was always distinguished: he frequently alone opposed the government, and voted against the consulate for life; and when it was proposed to confer the imperial dignity on Buonaparte, Carnot delivered the following speech against it in the *Tribunat*, on the 10th *Floreal*, 1104.

"Among the public speakers who have preceeded me, and all of whom have supported the motion of our colleague Curee, many have anticipated the objections which might be made against it, and have answered them with as much force of talent as powers of persuasion: they have given an example of a moderation which I shall endeavour to imitate, by proposing other observations which appear to me to have escaped them; and as for those who shall attribute personal motives to me because I opposed their opinions—motives altogether unworthy the character of a man entirely devoted to his country, I shall consign over to them, as a full answer, the most scrupulous examination of my political conduct since the commencement of the revolution, and that of my private life."

"I am far from wishing to diminish the praises bestowed on the first consul: were we indebted to Buonaparte but for the civil code alone his name should deserve to be transmitted to posterity. But whatever services a citizen may have been able to render to posterity, reason opposes limits to the national gratitude. If a citizen has restored public liberty—if he has

accomplished the preservation of his country, shall the recompense which shall be offered him be the sacrifice of this very same liberty?

“ From the moment that it was proposed to the people of France to vote upon the question of the consulate for life, every one could easily judge that there existed a latent design, and foresee an ulterior object.

“ I voted at the time against the consulate for life; I shall now vote against the establishment of monarchy, as I think my quality of Tribune obliges me to do; but it shall always be with the necessary caution not to rouse the spirit of party—it shall be without personalities—without any other passion than that for the public good, and also acting consistently with myself in the defence of the popular cause.

“ I always professed submission to the existing laws, even when they displeased me most: more than once I have been the victim of my devotedness to them, and I shall not at this day pursue a contrary course. I declare therefore at the very outset that, though I am combating the proposition before us, the moment a new order of things shall be established—that it shall have received the approbation of the general mass of the citizens, I shall be the first to conform all my actions to it—to give to the supreme authority of all the marks of deference which the constitutional hierarchy will demand. May every member of the great society be able to put forth vows equally sincere, and equally disinterested as my own.

“ I shall by no means enter into the discussion as to the preference which in general such or such a system may obtain over such or such another. Volumes without number are extant upon this subject. I shall confine myself to examine in very few words and in the most simple terms, the very particular case in which circumstances have placed us.

“ All the arguments offered to us, up to this very day, for the re-establishment of Monarchy in France, are reduced to the assertion that without it there exists no way of assuring the stability of the government and the public safety—of escaping from intestine discord, and of uniting against foreign enemies:—that the republican system has been tried in vain in all possible ways—that anarchy has been the only result of such great efforts—a revolution prolonged and continually revived—the perpetual fear of new disorders, and consequently a universal and profound desire of seeing the Hereditary government re-established—changing the dynasty alone. It is to these points that I am to answer.

“ I shall observe, in the first place, that when a government is vested in one man, it is by no means an assured pledge of stability and tranquillity. The duration of the Roman Empire was not longer

than that of the republic had been. The internal troubles of the empire were also greater and crimes more multiplied. The republican pride and heroism—its masculine virtues were replaced by vanity the most ridiculous, by adulation the most vile, cupidity the most unbridled—the most absolute carelessness as to the national prosperity. What remedy did the hereditary quality of the throne afford? Was it not regarded as the lawful inheritance of the house of Augustus? Was not Dometian the son of Vespasian—a Caligula, the son of Germanicus—a Camillus, the son of Marcus Aurelius?

“ In France, it is true that the late dynasty was upheld for eight hundred years, but were the people the less tormented on that account? What intestine disorders—what foreign wars were undertaken upon the pretence of the rights of succession which the alliances of that dynasty with foreign powers give rise to! From the moment that an entire nation espouses the interests of one family, it is obliged to interfere in numerous events which otherwise would have been of the most perfect indifference.

“ We could not, it is true, establish a republican regime though we have attempted it under different forms, more or less democratic—but it is necessary to observe that of all the constitutions which have been successively tried without success, there is not one that has not been produced in the midst of factions, and which were not the offspring of circumstances as imperious as fugitive. Here then are the reasons why they all have been defective. But since the 18th Brumaire we have an epoch perhaps unique in the annals of the world, to provide a harbour against a storm—to establish liberty on solid bases, approved by experience and reason.—After the peace of Amiens, Buonaparte might have chosen between the republican and monarchical system—he might have done every thing he wished, he would not have met with the slightest opposition.

“ The depot of our liberty was intrusted to him; had he fulfilled the expectations of the nation which had judged him alone capable of resolving the grand problem of public liberty in all its extended bearings, he would have covered himself with matchless glory—It is true that before the 18th Brumaire the state was falling into dissolution, and that absolute power has drawn it from the bank of the abyss: but what conclusion is to be drawn from that? That which every one knows—that political bodies are subject to maladies which cannot be cured but by violent remedies; that a momentary dictatorship is sometimes necessary for the preservation of liberty. The Romans, who are so jealous of it, had notwithstanding, acknowledged this supreme power at intervals: but are we, because a violent remedy has saved the patient's life, to be always administering violent remedies? The *Fabii*, the *Cincinnati* and the *Camilli*, saved Roman liberty by absolute power but they

did so because they divested themselves of that power as soon as possible—they would have destroyed liberty by the very act had they attempted to retain this power. Caesar was the first who wished to keep it—he was its victim, but liberty was annihilated for ever. Thus every thing which to this day has been said on absolute power, proves merely the necessity of a momentary dictatorship in the crisis of the state, but not that of a permanent and immoveable power.'

'It is by no means from the nature of their government that great Republics are deficient in stability: the reason is, that being unprovided against internal storms, it is always violence which presides at their establishment. One alone was the work of philosophy, organised in a calm, and this republic subsists full of wisdom and vigour.—It is the establishment of north America which present the phenomenon, and every day their prosperity receives additions which astonish the other nations; thus it has been reserved for the new world to instruct the old, that nations may subsist in peace under a *regime* of liberty and equality. Yes, I presume to lay it down as a principle, that when an order of things can be established without being under any apprehension of the influence of faction, which thing the first consul might have accomplished, particularly after the peace of Amiens, and which he has it still in his power to do—it is easier to form a republic without anarchy than a Monarchy without despotism—for how can we conceive a limitation which is not illusory, in a government, the head of which holds the entire executive force in his hands, and has all employments to bestow. Men speak of institutions which they say are calculated to produce this effect; but before the establishment of Monarchy is proposed, should not those who propose it have been able to convince themselves previously, and also be able to demonstrate to those who are to vote on the question that such institutions are in the order of possible things—that they are not such metaphysical abstractions as are objected to the contrary system? So far as we have gone nothing has been invented to moderate the supreme power, such as is termed intermediary or privileged bodies. But is not the remedy worse than the disease? For absolute power only takes away liberty, while the institution of privileged orders takes away at once both liberty and equality; and although, even in the first days of our monarchy, the great dignitaries were only personal, it is very well known that they always ended in the same manner as the great *fiefs* in becoming hereditary. Without doubt there would not be any room for hesitation in the choice if an hereditary chief, were it necessary for us to have one. It would be absurd to compare with the first consul the pretensions of a family fallen into just contempt, and whose sanguinary and vindictive dispositions are but too well known.—The recal of the house of Bourbon would renew the frightful scenes of the revolution, and prescription would be most assuredly extended to the property, as well as to the

persons of almost the entire of the citizens ; but the exclusion of that dynasty does not draw along with it the necessity of a new one. Are there men who hope to hasten the happy epoch of a general peace by elevating a new dynasty to the throne ? Would not that be rather a new obstacle Have we commenced by obtaining assurance that the other great powers of Europe will adhere to this new title ? And if they do not consent to it, shall we take up arms to force them—or, after having lowered the title of Consul with respect to foreign powers, whilst he is Emperor with respect to Frenchmen alone ?

It is necessary to state that CARNOT was the only member of the tribunate which voted against conferring the imperial dignity on BUONAPARTE.

In 1806, when the *tribunat* was suppressed, CARNOT again retired into private life, and soon after published a work on Geometry. He is not a rich man, his only property consists in a small landed estate near Dunkirk. It is well known that he did not enrich himself by the revolution. He remained in obscurity from that time till last January, when the Allies entered France, and Carnot being not quite at his ease respecting his fate, should the Bourbons be re-established, offered his services to Buonaparte, as appears by the following letter which he addressed to him, and which was originally published in the *Antigallican Monitor* on Sunday the 25th of September last.

*To his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon.*

*Paris, Jan. 24, 1814.*

SIRE,—So long as success crowned your enterprises, I abstained from offering such services to your Imperial and Royal Majesty, as might not perhaps have been agreeable to you. Now that bad fortune puts your firmness to the grand test, I no longer hesitate to offer your Majesty the feeble means which I still possess. Trifling, indeed, are the efforts of a man who has passed his sixtieth year ; but I think that the example of an old soldier, whose patriotic sentiments are well known, may really round your eagles many persons who have not yet made up their minds to what party to attach themselves, and who may allow themselves to be led away by a notion, that to serve their country would be to abandon it.—Those are not my sentiments, however I have differed with you as to the titles which you have assumed, and however I opposed your wishes in giving to France a regal government, yet now that our common country is threatened by a foreign invasion, as well as that of having the old dynasty forced upon us, a dynasty which almost every Frenchman had sworn to renounce, the restoration of which can only subject our country to all the horrors of discord and persecution, I eagerly wait the opportunity, to shew you and my countrymen, that I have determined to fight for, and die in a cause which I always have, and always shall consider a just cause that was the establishment of a republic in

France. Millions of Frenchmen have moistened it with their blood. The manes of all those brave warriors who have died on the field of honour call aloud for every Frenchman to defend his country against foreign invaders, and against the Bourbons.

‘ There is still time, Sire, for you to conquer a glorious peace, and to act in such a manner as to acquire the love of the great nation.  
I am, &c. (Signed) CARNOT.

‘ In consequence of the above letter he was appointed to the command of Antwerp, which town he defended with much bravery, although repeatedly attacked and summoned to surrender, nor would he give up the city, even after the provisional government was established in France, till he received the order direct from Louis XVIII. On the 18th of April last he published the following proclamation at Antwerp. ‘ We the governor, generals, &c. &c. both of the army and navy of Antwerp, adhere without restriction to the acts of the senate, of the legislative body, and provisional government of the 1st, 2d, and 3d, inst. and swear to preserve and defend this place to the last extremity, in the name of Louis XVIII.’

‘ When Carnot returned to Paris, he had an audience of the French king, and it is reported that his majesty wished to continue to employ him in the army, but that he declined.—A few months after he wrote the “ Memorial ” addressed to his Majesty, the translation of which is now before the public.

‘ In justice to M. Carnot it is proper to add, that he has always maintained a character for incorruptibility as well as consistency. The former part of the character is justly deserved ; but adhering to a system replete with error and crime, may be justly termed obstinate perversity rather than consistency.

‘ As the *Spectator* observes, that people are generally desirous of knowing something of the person of the author whose work they read, the writer of these memoirs can, from personal knowledge, gratify public curiosity in this respect, by informing them that M. Carnot is of the middle size, regular features and expressive countenance—very pale; cold in his manner, and slovenly in his dress. He has not at all the appearance of a military man.

‘ It is very singular that though M. Carnot is a staunch republican, the author of this memoir has often heard him say, that he loved a republic, but hated republicans.’

‘ We have been desirous to shew equally the author and his work to our readers, but in so doing, we fear we shall, most probably, greatly excite the public curiosity to a perusal of his dangerous memoir.

The French people, naturally frivolous, have changed principles with times ; and, with as much facility as they

change their morning and their evening dress. The king is surrounded by these camelions, and policy invests them with his confidence. Carnot, alone, stands firm, and, perhaps, dignified, in his opinions: for, however, we may lament his sentiments, we must admire his persevering uniformity. Several inflammatory pamphlets, have appeared in Paris, since the restoration of the Bourbons; and these, among discontented minds, will always find partizans. But we had occasion to review a pamphlet in our number for July last, entitled "*Reflections of a French Constitutional Royalist*," which we perused with pleasure. It contained a manly appeal against a number of specific articles in the new ordinance of reform; and, although very strongly written, its tendency is to the improvement of the public good, by counsel; not by the sword  
 'Vivent les Bourbons!'

**ART. VIII.**—*Observations on those Diseases of Females, which are attended by discharges, illustrated by copper plates of the diseases, &c.* by Charles Mansfield Clarke, member of the Royal College of Surgeons; Surgeon to the Queen's Lying-in-Hospital, and Lecturer on Midwifery in London. Octavo, Pp. 304. Longman and Co. 1804.

ON a subject so involved in delicacy, we are compelled to be very brief; but when we contemplate the importance of the treatise before us, we have to express our admiration, that explanations so long coveted by the medical profession, should have been undertaken by a gentleman so perfectly competent to their illustration.

Since the days of the celebrated Astruc, no professional writer has attempted to arrange a new classification of female diseases. Hitherto, modern lucubrations have been little more than the theory of Astruc, divested of prolixity of discussion, and the tediousness of the formalæ, equally complex and superfluous. Notwithstanding, therefore, the writings of Astruc have been valued as the labours of a man of profound learning, of an inquisitive searcher into the secrets of nature, of an accurate anatomist, and of an eminent physician. Still, the medical professional has greatly desired to possess a new system; and, that desire has been retarded by the difficulty of discovering an arrangement on diseases, so numerous and dissimilar—so various as to cause, and so

different as to effect. But these obstacles are removed by our author, whose opportunities of attending these diseases, throughout their various symptoms have been almost unprecedented.

He tells us, that observing the very general and careless manner in which female diseases are sometimes treated, he has been induced to attempt to illustrate them by a plain unadorned history of their nature and symptoms; and to point out what appears to be the best mode of treatment.

In this work, the student will not be terrified by a view of hypothetical reasoning beyond the claims of absolute necessity. Mr. Clarke, professes to have confined himself to facts, and to the simple narrative of them, he has no new thing to offer: no new medicine to propose, the virtues of which he is desirous of establishing; but he is actuated to this laudable exertion, by a hope that his observations may prove useful to diffusing information upon the subject of them, as in mitigating the sufferings of human nature, by demonstrating the impropriety of designating diseases by names which do not convey a true idea of their character; and by pointing out the dangerous consequences of treating symptoms instead of diseases.

In his introductory remarks, Mr. Clarke very justly observes, that, upon almost all other subjects connected with medicine, information may be obtained from a variety of sources; but, that, upon the subject of female diseases, many systems of physic and surgery, otherwise of deservedly high estimation are entirely without information, and are often more apt to mislead than to instruct. Our author consequently announces, that, he aims to give a history of female diseases; to describe with accuracy their symptoms, to shew by means of engravings the alteration of structure which the parts undergo; and, thereby, to familiarize the mind to them, so that when diseases are met with, they may be known and distinguished, and to point out the mode of treating them.

This volume contains only the first part of the prepared work. The field is very extensive; it embraces a complete system—a system which science, unaided by experience, would be inadequate to arrange; but we are well aware that Mr. Clarke's professional avocations have afforded him all the practical knowledge essential to the due performances of the important work he has thus undertaken. We, therefore, look forward confidently to the completion of a work promi-



sing, in its first stage, to become a modern, improved, and luminous elucidation of one of the most important branches of medical science; and we conclude by pronouncing, that a more rational or a more simple method of treating these diseases could not have been offered to the profession.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### THEOLOGY.

**ART. 2.—Does Faith ensure good Works?** an Answer in the Negative. By the Rev. James Beresford, Rector of Kibworth, Leicestershire, late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Octavo. Pp. 43. Hatchard. 1814.

WE believe, that pulpit eloquence has laboured, from the beginning of time to the present hour, to impress on the Christian mind, a doctrine decidedly at variance with the text before us.

But, this discourse is rather a logical than a scriptural argument. The reverend author assumes, for his data, that WORDS are THINGS; and, under this conviction, proceeds to examine certain words, which, however they may be, regarded as merely notional or opinative, he contends, are contributory to real consequences, the most alarming that ever came from error.

From this description of words, he limits himself to the present consideration of FAITH and WORKS.

‘With respect to Faith, which as the proper source of works, demands precedence in our investigation,—the only methods by which this, or any other term, can be made to confess its own meaning, are, first, by the citation of certain remarkable passages, in which it is found—and, secondly, by the opposite adduction of *other* passages, which taken in just and fair connexion with the former, do, virtually, become its context.

‘By the use of these two methods, it is my present design to discover, that violence has been practised upon the scriptural word *Faith*, by any who have undertaken to expound it. In quoting from the apostolical Epistles, I shall, with only one exception, restrict myself to a selection from those of St. Paul; and on this I have determined, expressly because it is upon *his* writings that what I have to consider as the spurious, or perverted sense of the word in question, will be found to lean. Let me further observe, that, in making this selection, I shall diligently look for such passages, among others, as have the strongest appearance of hostility to my own opinions; so that, whatever may be the ultimate success of my reasonings, I shall

here, at least, be admitted, even by those who may reject those reasonings, to have dealt like a fair antagonist.

‘I will begin, by stating what I deem to be the erroneous understanding of the word Faith. To certain apprehensions, then, Faith is such a belief in Jesus Christ, and all that he has said, and done, and suffered for mankind, as absolutely necessitates the performance (I say not, the *unerring* performance) of all duties, moral, and religious,—and therefore altogether precludes the necessity of dwelling, in a Christian discourse, either upon the duties themselves, or upon the sins which are their opposites. This Faith is represented as being wholly the spontaneous gift of divine grace, and moreover, as implying such a full and absolute reliance on the substituted satisfaction of Christ, as includes a denial that our own good actions in the present life, are, in a degree whatsoever, the meritorious objects of final reward; although it is, at the same time, decided, (I enquire not, how reasonably) that our *evil* actions are *truly* the meritorious objects of final punishment.

‘All this is asserted,—and all this I deny.’

We are taught, from infancy, that all religious principles are founded in faith; without faith we cannot receive the word of God, or be influenced by the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, both of which surpass our understanding.

If we believe that Jesus Christ were the Son of God—that he died for our sins, and rose again for our justification—such belief must be founded in faith, which is the basis of all religion.

But, continues our author, are all men, or any men, found to be such grateful, resolute, reasonable beings, that the naked acknowledgment of this truth, and even the frequent agitation of it in their mind, independently of all moral supports, and of all appeals, either to the understanding, or to the feelings, are enough to set the reprobate in a right course, and to constrain his unremitting perseverance in it. If the principle can achieve such wonders as these, it can be only, by overpowering that free agency of man, by his good or evil management of which, he shall finally stand or fall.

Faith and grace are, therefore, by this doctrine, nothing more than incitements to good works; and, it is by the latter, alone, that we may make ourselves acceptable to God.

St. Paul, in his epistles, continues our author, expressly exhorts those, to whom he is writing, to *good works*.

‘Wherefore,’ says he, ‘Wherefore,—let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.’ To the same effect is all the remaining part of the chapter, which concludes, as if in reference to its opening, with these words:—‘Wherefore,—we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved,—let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence, and godly fear; for God is a consuming fire.’

‘I the more willingly produce this latter passage, as I can show that

it includes, within the compass of a single sentence, the whole scheme of genuine Christianity,—composed, as that scheme is, of Faith, of Works, and of future punishments and rewards :—I will show, that the passage before us defines the immediate objects of those rewards and punishments, to be our *Works*,—as well as that it presents us with the Apostle's own account of the respective nature and offices of Faith, and Works ; and, lastly, that it contains his direct authority for inculcating moral performances—thus denying, by implication, that Faith includes them. In this text, therefore, the whole subject of our inquiry, in all its branches, is brought before us. First, I say, we have here the plain promise of *rewards*, contained in the expression, ‘receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved ;’ which kingdom, as we learn from what immediately follows, is to be obtained by ‘serving God acceptably.’ Secondly, it is prescribed to us to ‘have grace ;’ and this grace, as we are elsewhere told by the same Apostle, (Ephes. ii. 5.) is to be obtained by *Faith*: By grace ye are saved through Faith.” St. Paul’s injunction, therefore, to “have grace,” is constructively, an injunction to have *Faith*: now, what we are directed to ‘have,’ or procure, can never, as already said, be a pure gratuity from God. Thirdly, *Good Works* are distinctly enjoined upon us ; for we are here informed, that the very reason why we are to have grace, is, “that we may serve God acceptably, and with godly fear ;” the ground of this fear being pointed out in the very next words, ‘for, our God is a consuming fire.’ Accordingly, note well, that, although grace is here said to be the instrument ‘whereby’ we may ‘serve God acceptably,’ it cannot possibly be a *forcing* instrument ; for then could there be no room for the connected warning, to ‘fear God, as a consuming fire’ Fourthly, therefore, the divine punishments are threatened, in this last tremendous phrase, upon those who do *not* serve God acceptably ; that is, who do not perform *Good Works*.

‘What is the whole result of the passage ? That we are to seek for Faith and Grace, as the means whereby we may be *excited* to perform those good, and avoid those evil, Works, which will respectively, be the direct objects of rewards and punishments, at the last ; and the former of which are, therefore, here *inculcated*. Yet this is that very combination of doctrines, which he, who thus delivers them, is produced as the main authority for rejecting.’

We do not enter into this controversy. *Good faith* naturally produces *good works* ; and good works naturally result from *good faith*.

This discourse, profoundly argumentative, and illustrated by frequent quotations from the Scriptures, concludes thus :

‘I have now submitted to the reader my best thoughts upon a question, important beyond all other things that are called impor-

tant: for the question is—which, of two directly opposite doctrines, is that which Christ himself has proclaimed to us, as the certain and only guide to salvation?—On such a point as this, to determine falsely, with those records open before us which enable the weakest of us to determine truly, were to reject that offer of everlasting bliss in heaven, which was brought from the throne of him who made us, by the hand of him who saved us.

‘I will only express, at the conclusion, my earnest hope, that, in consonance with the foregoing proofs and arguments, every christian Minister may embrace, with myself, the following summary rules, respecting the main subject of our inquiry, viz.—that faith is to be represented to our hearers, as an influential, but not as a compelling principle—that, as this principle may be theoretically taken into the mind, without terminating in correspondent practices, those practices are, therefore, to be distinctly enforced—that true faith is utterly incompatible with disobedience to the positive commands, and departure from the imitable habits, of its divine Object—that the only genuine effect of faith upon the minds of christians, is that of leading them to shew their love and reverence for their Saviour, after the manner which he has, himself, ordained—and that this is,—not by indulging in idle and illusory dreams of faith, as of a spiritual charm, that will work salvation for us, of itself; but, first, by imploring of the divine person in whom our faith is lodged, that he would ‘stablish, strengthen, settle us’ in our possession of it;—secondly, by offering up our humble supplications to Him, ‘without whom nothing is pure, nothing is holy,’ that he would continually grant unto us the blessing of his grace, in aid of our weak and frail endeavours to do his will;—and, lastly, by applying our hearts to wisdom, and our hands, to exertion—or, in language more solemnly to the purpose, by ‘working out our own salvation, with fear and trembling.’ For the same inspired pen which has written, of God, that he is ‘rich in mercy,’ has written of him, also, that He is, ‘a consuming fire.’

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ART. 10.—*A few Reflections on passing Events.* Glory to God in the Highest! On Earth Peace. Good will towards Men! Octavo. Pp. 22. 1s. Hatchard. 1814.

THIS is one of the many well written discourses, that have been delivered from the pulpit on the sudden restoration of peace; teaching us, that this grand blessing will always fill an awful page in history, as commemorative of the hand of the Almighty; insomuch, that even those least accustomed to the great disposer of all events, cannot forbear attributing to his influence, and not to the councils of men, events beyond all human calculation!

**ART. 11.**—*A Candid and impartial Inquiry into the present State of Methodist Societies in Ireland*, wherein several important Points, relative to their doctrines and discipline, are discussed. By a Member of the Society. Octavo. Pp. 428. Append. p. 58. Cummins, 1814.

THE rapid increase of Methodism throughout this vast metropolis, is alarmingly visible to all. It is not possible to pass the suburbs, without meeting with new chapels, erecting, or erected; and this principle of religion appears to promise an almost universal worship.

In the work before us, is the following statement of the numbers, composing the Methodist Societies over the whole world, with a view of the recent increase in the British dominions.

In 1812.	In 1813.
Great Britain .....	155,124
Ireland .....	27,823
West Indies.....	13,042
Nova Scotia and Newfoundland	12,25
	197,214
France, .....	100
Gibraltar .....	87
Sierra Leone.....	96
America .....	216,000
	423,798

We are not desirous to prose over this elaborate work. It has been written, we dare believe, by a very worthy man; but as we lament, rather than cherish, the propagation of his doctrine, we leave it to those, who are enthusiasts in his faith, to be admirers of his works.

**ART. 12.**—*A Treatise on the second Chapter of the Prophet Daniel; together with Thoughts and Reflections on some other Parts of the Sacred Writings, tending to show that Great Britain is the Kingdom which Daniel declares that the great God of Heaven will set up, and that it is the Kingdom of God.* By John Hawkins, Esq. Octavo. Pp. 89. 3s. Baldwin. 1814.

WE are told, that history is the key to prophecy; and that the past is an assurance of the future. The present generation, therefore, have greatly the advantage over the people who lived in the days of the prophets—they heard the words which were spoken; we see—we so please—the fulfilment of them.

It has been observed by bishop Newton, that prophecy is history anticipated and contrasted; that history is prophecy accomplished and dilated; and the prophecies of scripture contain the fate of the

Crit. Rev. Vol. 6, September, 1814. 2 F

most considerable nations, and the substance of the most memorable transactions, from the earliest to the latest times.

With this impression, Mr. Hawkins has undertaken, by elaborate translations of scriptural revelations, to prove, to his own satisfaction, the object of his text. He, also, proves, that the mystical number 'SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX,' correctly corresponds not only with the different names of the Beast, or idolatrous church, but with the different names of its head. To the Pope, both as vicar-general of God upon earth, and vicar of the Son of God, who sought universal and perpetual dominion, and lent his powers to the man, and to the Latin christian name of the man who sought universal temporal dominion, and lent his power to the Beast.

This prophecy is elucidated by a table, certainly, corresponding with the proof it asserts; but we remember, some time ago, to have seen the explanation now applied to the Bourbons, then applied to Bonaparte, but Mr. Hawkins says,

'Could so clear, so unchangeable, so comprehensive, and so convincing a mark have been placed upon the Beast and his name, upon the names of his associates, and upon the names of a man and a monarchy in any other way? Is it, therefore, unreasonable to conclude that no other name of a church, no other name of its head, no other Christian name of a man, no other name of a language, no other name of an assemblage of people, and no other name of a device, or ensign armorial of a monarchy, will correspond with this mark?

'Can this coincidence arise from chance, or from the foreknowledge of God? If from the latter, and the boldest, sceptic will scarcely deny it, then it is clear that the writings of Saint John are true; and if the writings of Saint John are true, that the whole of the sacred writings are true also; for their prophetic descriptions are so blended and interwoven with each other, that the most ingenious and determined infidel cannot separate them.'

Bishop Hurd observes, 'that the various and successive prophecies are so intimately blended and incorporated with each other, that the credit of all depends on the truth of each. For the accomplishment of them falling in different times, every preceding prophecy becomes surety as it were for those that follow, and the failure of any one must bring disgrace and ruin on all the rest.'

'The prophetic writings are so constructed as to be not obvious or obtrusive on the inattentive, but to excite and reward the diligence of honest and religious inquiry. Perhaps too they are purposely adapted to explore our candour and probity by the difficulties which occur in them, which give offence to superficial and irreligious minds, not advertent to that judicious principle, that he who believes the Scriptures to have proceeded from him who is the author of nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it which are found in the constitution of nature; and he who denies the Scriptures to have been from God upon account of these difficulties, may, for the same reason, deny the world to have been formed by him.'

‘Prophecies rise sometimes with an even gradual light, as the day riseth upon the horizon; and sometimes break out suddenly like a fire, and we are not aware of their approach until we see them accomplished.’

This treatise denounces eternal damnation, on all the infidel world, closing with the language of the Revelations:

‘And the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.’—Rev. 21. viii.

ART. 13.—*A Charge*, delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Chester, at the Primary Visitation of that Diocese, in July, August, and September, 1814. By George Henry Law, D.D. F.R.S. Lord Bishop of Chester. Quarto. Pp. 35. Rodwell. 1814.

This address aims at the encouragement of societies for promoting Christian knowledge, and the establishment of schools for the religious education of the poor. His lordship, subsequently, adverts to the non-residence of the clergy.

‘When non-residence is talked of, I understand by that term, an implication of neglect—the non-performance of duties—of duties which could be, and which ought to be discharged; but surely they are not to be included in this censure, who do all they are capable of doing—who themselves constantly perform the services of their own church, and who reside as near it as they possibly can. The clergy, I must observe, have been hardly dealt by, and the list of non-residents unfairly swelled, by returning such in the number. But whatever may be the case in other dioceses, I am happy and proud to declare, that there are not many in my own, who can fairly be classed under the description of non-residents. From the late parochial returns it appears, that though there are some who had sinned against the letter of the law, there were comparatively very few, who were real and virtual offenders—few who could be charged with wilful dereliction or neglect. In this diocese, of so great an extent, and of such an immense population, there are not many incumbents who do not at least, serve one of their churches.

‘The total number of benefices, is five hundred and ninety-two.—Upon these, there are three hundred and ninety who do their own duty;—five only are absent without license, or exemption. The proportion also of those who have licences is much diminished. Some absentees of necessity there always must be, from age, from indisposition, and various other causes of just and legal exemption. But, upon the whole, I am satisfied. There are not many, of whom, in this particular, there is just ground of complaint. At a time then, when some, in whom we should have wished for and expected kinder

feelings, are so ready to malign the clergy, when they are represented as devoted to trifling amusements, and crowding every place of public resort; happy am I to bear this testimony to the different character of my own clergy—a testimony due to the cause of truth, and to them.

‘The quantity also of duty which is performed, is not a little creditable to the clergy of this diocese. In most of the churches or chapels, both morning and evening service, are administered each Sunday with two sermons; and this duty is performed upon very many livings, the value of which does not amount to 100*l.* per ann. Let not then the services of the parochial clergy be lightly esteemed or under-rated. Their labors are abundant—their utility both important and extensive. The remuneration however which in too many cases they receive, cannot but be a deep sense of regret to every feeling mind. The wages of servitude and manual labor frequently exceed theirs. The same devotion of their time and talents to any secular pursuit, might have procured for them a far greater, and more splendid reward.

‘But, there is a recompense, which this world can neither give, nor take away. And such, I trust, is sought for and found by the ministers of the gospel. Though secluded in a great degree from the pleasures of the world, but still embarrassed with its cares; though thoughtlessly undervalued, though exposed to detraction, and persecuted by malice, yet theirs is the consolation, which they never fail to experience, who serve a Master in Heaven.’

This concluding sentence must be very consoling, truly, from a Lord Bishop, rich in worldly as well as spiritual goods; to a poor curate starving with a wife and half a dozen children.

When Father Paul, in the Duenna, is disturbed at his rich repast, by a knock at the refectory door, he gives his empty glass to the intruder—a meagre lay brother, who eagerly drains the envied drop to cheer his famished throat.

‘Glutton,’ said the benevolent father, ‘thou wouldst have drank it, had there been any left.’

ART. 14.—*A Letter of the Bishop of St. David's, on some extraordinary Passages in a Charge delivered to the Clergy of his Diocese in September, 1813. By a Lay Seceder. Octavo. Pp. 24. Johnson and Co. 1814.*

Unity and trinity are seriously at war. Since the revolution, says the writer, among protestant dissenters, Unitarians alone have been obliged to accept from connivance those immunities, from which they were unjustly though legally debarred. The legislature, at last, has done them tardy justice; but it has done so, with a unanimity which has merited and obtained their cordial thanks.

From this unanimity and cordial thanks, however, the Lord Bishop of Saint David's is excluded. He has delivered a charge to his



clergy, lamenting the repeal of penalties enacted by former religious statutes, which has called forth some public virulent attacks from Unitarian believers. They contend, that the laws of England, however favourable to the views of Christianity, have allowed to others the free enjoyment of such worship and opinions as their own consciences approve. The repeal, therefore, in favour of Unitarians was the result of the improving spirit of the times, and it is merely equitable, that, in pursuing the path of free enquiry, into the language and meaning of the Scripture; our country then, should be released, not only from the actual dread of persecution, but even from the stigma which such statutes were intended to affix.

This is, perhaps, the author's best reasoning, drawn from Dr. Lowth.

'Unfetter the mind, and let it enquire freely; and the knowledge of the Scriptures will encrease: and as Scripture knowledge encreaseth, truth will appear more plain, and must in the end prevail. Every error, whether popish or protestant, which the darkness of ignorance has occasioned, must vanish away, as the false conceptions raised by the horrors of the night when the day appeareth.'

And, it may be added, whoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinions, than with truth.

Freedom of enquiry cannot, we apprehend, be inimical to the service of Christianity. Let candour, however, not intemperate zeal, hold the balance.

**ART. 15.**—*A Sermon*, preached at Blandford, at the visitation of the Lord Bishop.

**ART. 16.**—*Jesus of Nazareth*, a Man approved of God. A Discourse delivered at Southampton, before a Society of Unitarian Christians, established in the Faith of England, for promoting, by the distribution of Books, the true Knowledge of Holy Scripture, and the practice of Virtue. By James Gilchrist. 12mo. Pp. 40. Johnson and Co. 1814.

**More Unitarian controversies:**

The present enquiry is to this effect. If Jesus of Nazareth be the eternal and most high God, the Unitarian degrades him. If he be only a man, the Trinitarian degrades the God Almighty, by worshipping a creature instead of a creator. This perplexing discussion concludes:

'The Christian,' say Bacon, 'believes a virgin to be the mother of a son; and that very son of hers to be her maker. He believes him to have been shut up in a narrow cell, whom heaven and earth could

not contain. He believes him to have been born in time, who was and is from eternity. He believes him to have been a weak child, and carried in arms, who is almighty; and him once to have died who alone has life and immortality.

## POLITICS.

**ART. 17.**—*A Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, on the probable Effect of a great Reduction of Corn Prices by importation; upon the relative condition of the State and its Creditors, and of Debtors and Creditors in general.* Octavo. Pp. 108. Black and Co. 1814.

This is a most momentous subject, and we should hope ministers would be always happy to receive, whether adopted or not, the well meant opinions of any private individual, on a question immediately involving the public welfare.

These remarks, says the author, contain the views of a youthful mind, on a subject of very general concern; but they are not, therefore, less worthy of attention, for there is sometimes a happy tenacity in youth, that seizes upon results impervious to age and experience.

Theory is the parent of invention, without which the most intense application of practical knowledge could never attain any great or permanent elevation. The shepherd who, from an airy summit, looks down upon contending armies in the plain beneath, may sometimes perceive a lurking danger, that might take the waryest captain by surprise.

This pamphlet is well written, and may be satisfactorily read. The argument arises in the following way:

'The late total change, however, of our political relations, holds out to Europe a prospect of long and general repose, and threatens, unless the legislature interfere, wholly to destroy the monopoly enjoyed by agricultural produce, while that of the merchants and manufacturers remains, at least in the home market, in its full vigour. The opening of the neighbouring continental ports has already made a great reduction in the price of the necessaries of life, which form the bulk of agricultural produce, and of course regulate the price of the whole, and will no doubt speedily bring that produce to something like a level with its price in the continental markets, where little or no such depreciation has taken place, and where the value of money has for the last twenty years been rather on the increase.

The landholders and agriculturists have quickly taken the alarm, and proceeded, without delay, to urge the legislature to stop the progress of, what they conceived and felt, an evil of the first magnitude. But, what they naturally consider fraught with ruin and destruction, is looked upon by the commercial and manufacturing interests as the object of their most devout wishes, and highly con-

ductive to the prosperity of the state. The pretensions and arguments of both sides have been advanced with a vehemence proportioned to the importance of the question, but certainly ill-suited to the fair and beneficial discussion of its merits. Many of its principal bearings seem to have been overlooked in the heat of debate, and the parties most interested to be the least acquainted with its real nature. It is, however, of such infinite importance, that we cannot be too cautious of precipitate decision. All sudden changes must be prejudicial to some party, as well as advantageous to another. The legislature can interfere only to moderate the violence of those changes, which might else subvert the whole frame of society: it can never altogether remove the necessity of individual sacrifices, though it may often lessen the weight, by a more equal division.

‘The present question is one of peculiar delicacy. Whatever regards the subsistence of our very numerous population must needs be an object of concern to every body. It cannot, therefore, be touched upon by the legislature without extreme hazard. Those, who are the least capable of judging correctly, are the first to see the effects, and the loudest in their clamours of discontent. The mass of the people must be convinced of the necessity of any measure intended to affect the price of subsistence, before it can safely be adopted; and this is no easy matter, where prejudices are rooted and inveterate. There is, however, such innate force in truth, that she has only to be shown in her native colours: common sense must immediately recognize her. But the refinements of modern policy have long since shut the door against simplicity; and truth now comes before us, when she comes at all, so encumbered with meretricious additions, that it requires something more than common sense to point her out amidst the crowd of impudent pretenders.

‘It is with an earnest desire to simplify, in some degree, a question of considerable perplexity and great national importance, that I have committed to paper the result of much serious reflection. If I have argued upon erroneous principles, or inferred conclusions not warranted by my premises, I doubt not to do the public the service of provoking some abler pen to refutation: at any rate, the more the question is agitated, the more lights of information will be thrown upon it, to guide us in a situation of no common difficulty.’

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**ART. 18.**—*Outlines of the Science of Politics*, for the use of Universities in the States of the Western Empire, Octavo. Pp. 30. 1s. 6d. Highley and Co. 1814.

We shall best explain the plan of this novel work, by extracting the preface.

‘The following preliminary outlines are offered to the public, with the view of clearing the way for the study of the science of politics

Mature reflections have convinced the author, that, the ancient classic writers who have treated this subject, have been misunderstood and misrepresented. The ancients far from delivering a general doctrine, have only occupied themselves with their own particular system of civilization, widely different from other systems adopted by civilized nations who were their contemporaries. This science, in its most extended sense, should embrace the institutions and the governments of all the several classes of civilized nations with whom we are acquainted. Above all, it should be observed that political maxims, historical facts, and examples, can have no application but where the system of civilization is the same. Thus owing to want of clear ideas of the material differences in the various modes of civilization hitherto practised, and likewise to weak and visionary modern speculations, equally ill founded either on a pretended uniform and primitive state of nature, or on a supposed progressive and unlimited perfectibility of our species, it has happened that the science of politics has been treated of in the most erroneous manner. Should the few hints here thrown out, attract the attention of enlightened men, a further elucidation, which is even now in a state of forwardness, will be shortly submitted to the public, and every proposition here pointed out properly enlarged.'

We consider this to be the visionary outline of a speculative hypothesis.

### NOVELS.

ART. 19.—*Sarsfield, or Wanderings of Youth*, an Irish Tale; by John Gowth, Esq., Strabane. Author of *Sketches, &c.* of Ireland. 3 vols. 12mo. Pp. 204, 202, 219. Cradock and Co. 1814.

As we had been amused with Mr. Gambier's *View of Society and Manners in the South of Ireland*, we would, gladly, have said as much for the volumes before us; but as we cannot discover either plot, character, or interest throughout the work, commendation must be silent.

### POETRY.

ART 20.—*Ossian's Fingal*, an ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books, rendered into English Verse. By George Harvey. Octavo. Pp. 246. 10s. Cadell and Co. 1814.

Without entering into any discussion on the legitimacy of *Ossian's* works, we receive this volume as it is entitled. We, however, look in vain for the fascination which has given popularity to *Macpherson's*

writings. Instead of sublime imagery, romantic tenderness, and wild harmony, we encounter tame rhyme; which, like the monotony of the passing bell, chills our every nerve.

The author tells us, that his versification is more approaching to the nature of a translation than any thing else; but that having perused a few pages for amusement, he was induced to believe the numerous and striking beauties of the poem, might, in the more familiar language of English poetry, assume a form acceptable to the reader.

This poem is divided into books, preceded by their argument, and interwoven with episodes written as ballads. The first, *Duchoman and Morna*, is in the style of *Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene*: the second, *Gradar and Brassolia*, is in that of an ancient ballad.

‘ Long for a spotted bull they strove,  
That lowed on Golburn’s plain:  
Each wished his own the bull to prove;  
But neither could obtain.’

Let this quotation assert its own merit.

**ART. 21.**—*Poems and Imitations*, by Daniel Cabanel, of Lincoln’s Inn. Octavo. Pp. 192. 17s. Bickerstaff. 1814.

The principal poems of this work have already passed review, and very favourably.

Among the additional pieces is an ode to Justice. We are informed, that it was an exercise at Charter House School, and obtained a place among the *Carmina Carthusiana*. It records, imperfectly, the stern severity of Roman virtue, and displays a magnanimity of sentiment in the youthful poet.

The imitations are from Guarini, Metastasio, Tasso, and Petrarca; but they do not make us feel the exquisite touches of these celebrated poets; yet the translations evince an intimate knowledge of their language. Our author has been a contemplative traveller from youth. Italian skies, embellishing Italian scenery, are occasional objects of his muse; but his admiration for British scenery is more the object of his enthusiasm. We have read the volume with pleasure.

## EDUCATION.

**ART. 22.**—*Ellen; or the Young Godmother. A tale for Youth.* By Alicia Catharine Maut. Pp. 143. Law. 1814.

Our fair authoress is sister to the Rev. Mr. Maut, editor of the bible, and domestic chaplain to his grace the Archbishop of Canter-

bury. Her education has been formed on the purest principles of religion, from which source, she has meritoriously compiled this little tale, purporting to impress on the youthful mind the sacred, though neglected, duties of a sponsor at the baptismal font. The tale is pleasingly interwoven with incident to captivate the attention of the young reader, and cannot fail to inculcate moral and religious principles on the heart.

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**ART. 23—***An Introduction to the Epistolary Style of the French ; or a selection of familiar notes and letters in French : for the use of schools ; with an alphabetical index, explanatory of all the words and idiomatical expressions by George Sanby, D. F. I. M. Farnham Surry. Author of the Theory and Practice of the French language, and several other school books. Pp. 72. Law. 1814.*

THIS little treatise is unassisted by any other English reference, than a short index, compiled after the manner of a dictionary. It is therefore presumed, that the student to whom it is addressed shall have made some progress in the French language. In this point of view, we give it our unqualified approbation.

Familiar letter writing, even in our own language, is seldom attended to at our schools : it is, nevertheless, a very essential part of education ; and young persons may acquire an easy style, on all subjects, by a careful study of this little volume. All foreign idioms are difficult to acquire ; but we can neither speak nor write correctly without their attainment.

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**ART 24.—***Elements of Hebrew Grammar, in two Parts. Part I. The Doctrine of the Vowel Points, and the Rudiments of Grammar. Part II. The structure and idioms of the Language, with an Appendix, containing the translation of the Hebrew Verbs, in Roman Letter. By I. F. Gyles, Esq. A.M. Octavo. Pp. 211. Hatchard. 1814.*

We are not aware, that the attainment of the Hebrew language is a very popular amusement ; but it certainly is a very profound study. The learned author of this Grammar observes, that his plan was originally suggested by an experience of the various difficulties which opposed his own progress in the Hebrew language.

This grammar contains the doctrine of the vowel points, without perplexing the student with any allusions to the controversy on their antiquity. It proceeds to the general rudiments ; and thence elucidates the idioms of the language. A construction of the alphabet, by means of very fine, characteristic type, is explained by Roman letters ; and the progress is clear, and remarkable for simplicity of rule.

This work appears to us eminently calculated to fulfil its mission.

**ART. 25.**—*Latin Exercises ; or Exempla Propria : being English sentences, translated from the best Roman writers, and adapted to the rules in Syntax ; to be again translated into the Latin language. By the Rev. George Whittaker, A. M. late master of the grammar school in Southampton. Law. 1814.*

THIS is an excellent introductory work to the Latin language. It commences with the characteristic distinction of the declension of nouns and substantives, and the conjugation of verbs. A table of the termination of verbs active and passive is given, as a reference when the student may be in doubt ; and the verbs are expressed in a variety of forms. Short examples follow, from classical authority, elucidatory of the rules in syntax, most frequent in their occurrence. In these examples the English and Latin occupy opposite pages. Sentences under all the rules in Syntax, according to the preceding arrangement. Examples with occasional assistance from a Latin word or phrase. All selected from classical authorities, and literally translated.

This little work may, certainly, be studied with great advantage ; but it is deficient in that regular system by which languages are taught at schools.

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## MEDICINE.

**ART. 26.**—*Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints and Bilious Disorders in general ; and on such derangements of these organs as influence the biliary secretion, with practical deductions drawn from a close and constant attention to this subject, in various climates ; connected by an appropriate and successful mode of treatment. The whole illustrated and confirmed by an extensive selection of cases, demonstrating the many serious and fatal consequences which too often arise from a mistaken view of the primary seat of disease. By John Fairthorn, formerly Surgeon in the Honourable East India Company's service. Octavo. Pp. 148. 6s. Longman and Co.*

THE author states, in his preface, that his work ' is directed to shew the frequency of liver complaints and bilious disorders in this country, to point out the danger of their being mistaken for others of a different nature, and by rousing the feelings of patients for their situation, to stimulate them to call for professional assistance, at all times necessary, and particularly so, in diseases of a dangerous and insidious tendency. By their acquaintance with the symptoms, as here pointed out, they will not be deficient in painting them in their true colours, and laying the proper stress, whether they consult per-

somally, or by letter; on those leading facts which regulate professional opinion.'

He then proceeds, in the work itself, to give an anatomical description of the liver, its functions and secretions, a chemical analysis of the bile, its uses and importance in the animal oeconomy, the various morbid symptoms and organic diseases of the liver, their consequences and the sympathetic diseases which they produce; and concludes with a series of cases to illustrate and establish his theory.

In these observations, the professional reader will find neither information nor novelty; unless he is willing to admit, that the hydrocephalus of infants is a morbid symptom of diseased liver, and that phthisis pulmonalis is often nothing more: but his observations on the injudicious use of Cheltenham waters are perfectly correct; he says, 'however useful these waters may be in the convalescent state, they do no service in the actual stage of the disease, and when they are employed, it is unfortunate for the patient, by superseding the advantage of active and adequate means suited to the true nature and urgency of the disorder; their application cannot be too much reprobated, as injurious and delusive in the real liver disorder, and till the patient is actually in a convalescent state, they should never be resorted to.'

As a popular treatise, we have no fault to find with this work, nor have we any doubt, that it is well calculated to answer the purpose which the author evidently intended.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**ART. 26.**—*Madison Agonistes; or the Agency of Mother Goose.* Fragment of a Political Burletta, as acting, or to be acted, on the American Stage. To which are added, sundry other Monologues, Dialogues, Songs, &c. as spoken or sung on the Boards of the great Political Theatre of Europe. Octavo. Pp. 108. Cawthorne. 1814.

THIS Travesty is without either wit, humour, or point.

**ART. 27.**—*Mon Journal d'Huit Jours; or the History of a Week's absence from Maidstone, and of a Visit to France, in September, 1814.* By the Rev. W. R. Wake, A.M. Curate of the said Parish, and Vicar of Backwell. Octavo. Pp. 37. Maidstone. Wickam. 1814.

There is a ridiculous variety in the publication of this trifle, which is written by a gentleman unaccustomed to travel; who never pre-



wionly passed the boundaries of his native country; and whose excursion is confined to a single week.

This is his apology. 'It has been conjectured, that if an infant, could disclose and delineate his first impressions, upon entering on this new scene of his existence, it would constitute the most extraordinary and delightful history that ever gratified the metaphysical enquiry.'

We are, therefore, to view a hop, step, and jump, from Dover to Calais, and thence to Boulogne, as the legitimate prelude to first impressions.

This enlightened delineator of the French character, learns French politeness at the Custom House quay, at Calais; French politics at an obscure cataret; and the manners and graces of French female society at a guinzette! His reflections on the object of his journey are summed up in the following profound reflection.

'Notwithstanding the wines of France, and the politeness, and vivacity of its people, I was glad enough, even after so short an absence, to set foot again on Old England. There are in France two privations which I think I never could submit to; the want of English small beer and English cheese. An English ordinary, accompanied by good malt liquor, and savoury double Gloucester, is worth all the variety of dishes and delicious wines of France.'

**ART. 28.—*A Picture of Paris*;** being a complete Guide to all the Public Buildings, Places of Amusement, and Curiosities in that Metropolis; accompanied with Six descriptive Routes from the Coast to Paris: with full directions to Strangers on their first arrival in the Capital. Embellished with Maps and Views. By Lewis Franchet. 3d Edition corrected. Pp. 252. 6s. London. Sherwood and Co. Paris. Galignani. 1814.

This edition professes to be the third, published in the short space of two months; but that event may be attributed, as well to the eagerness of public curiosity, as to the merit of the work. It, however, appears to be compiled after the fashion of Sir Richard Phillips's *Picture of London*, and is introductory to all objects in the stranger's pursuits.

The traveller will be much benefited by the information he may derive from this useful volume. It describes the modes and expences of travelling in France, by which he may avoid imposition, as well as understand the plan best adapted to the economy of his views. The editor advises, that persons about to visit Paris, should not encumber themselves with baggage: changes of dress, he says, are procured at a much cheaper rate than in London.

This may do very well for those who propose making a lengthened stay in that capital, and desire to appear in Parisian costume; but we

understand broad cloths to be exorbitantly dear there; insomuch, that they are considered an article of luxury; and are not, on that account, worn by shopkeepers, who appear behind their counters in white gilets.

Very important advice is given with respect to letters of credit, with which all persons ought to provide themselves before they leave London. Messrs. Harris, Farquhar, and Co., of St. James's Street are recommended. This is a very serious point to be attended to. Strangers are cautioned against the prevailing imposition of shopkeepers of every description. Even their own countrymen are obliged to bargain for any thing with an obstinacy proportioned to the capacity of the vender. The different prices of lodgings, restaurants, and traiteurs, are well laid down; so that a stranger may understand to accommodate his expences to his purse, at a single glance. The palaces, public buildings, sculptures, and paintings are described; but we would advise all intelligent travellers to provide themselves with the Rev. M. Eustace's Letter from Paris.

## LIST OF BOOKS.

NOTE.—bd. signifies *bound*—h. bd. *half-bound*—sd. *sewed*. The rest are, with few exceptions, in *boards*. ed. signifies *edition*—n. ed. *new edition*.

ANNUAL Register (Rivington's New Series) for 1805, 8vo. 18s.

Arrian's History of Alexander's Expedition, translated from the Greek, with Notes, Historical, Geographical, and Critical, by Mr. Rooke, n. ed. 2 vols. 8vo. £1 1s.

Azora, a metrical Romance, in Four Cantos, by Michael Head, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Barlow's (Peter) Mathematical Tables, 8vo. 18s.

Belsham's (Wm.) Memoirs of the Reign of George III. 6th ed, 8 vols. 8vo. £4 4s.

Blackall's (John, M. D.) Observations on the nature and cure of Dropsies, and particularly on the Presence of the coagulable part of the Blood in Dropsical Urine, 2d ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Brewer's (George) How to be Happy, or the Agreeable Hours of Human Life, 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Burton's (J. D.) Guide for Youth, recommending Piety, &c. 12mo. 3s.

Candid (a) and Impartial Inquiry

into the present state of the Methodist Societies in this Kingdom; wherein their Doctrines are fairly examined, their Discipline and Economy investigated, real Excellence in each displayed and vindicated, Defects candidly stated, and Improvements suggested, with a view to the future prosperity of the Body, and the more general diffusion of pure and undefiled Religion, under their auspices among Mankind, by a Member of the Society, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Canting, a Poem, interspersed with Tales and additional Scraps, post 8vo. 8s.

Catalogue (a) of a miscellaneous Collection of Books for sale, at the prices affixed, by James Black, 9, York St. Covent Garden, 3s. 6d.

Cocker (The) containing every Information to the Breeders and Amateurs of that noble Bird, the Game Cock, by W. Sketchly, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Condensed Vestal (the) a Poem, in Three Books, 8vo. 4s.

**Court of Queen Elizabeth**; originally written by Sir R. Naunton, under the title of *Fragmenta Regalia*, dedicated to Her Royal Highness, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, £3. 13s. 6d.

Cowper's (William) Walker's ed. 24mo. 5s.

**Debates at the East India House**, in the several General Courts of Proprietors of East India Stock, held on Wednesday, the 25th of May; Thursday, the 9th; Wednesday, the 22d; and Thursday, the 23d June; by an impartial Reporter, 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**Des Carrières**, French Idiomatical Phrases and Dialogues for Schools, square, 3s. 6d.

**Dictionary of the English Language**, by Samuel Johnson, L.L.D. with the addition of many thousand Words, by the Rev. H. J. Todd, M.A., F.S.A. Vol. I. Part. I. 4to. £1. 1s.

**Essay (an) on Immortality**, 3 pts. 8vo. 9s.

**Euripides**, (Tragedies of) translated by R. Potter, n. ed. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 4s.

**Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints, and Bilious Disorders in general**, connected by an appropriate and successful mode of treatment, illustrated and confirmed by a numerous selection of cases, with remarks not noticed by former writers. By John Farthorn, of Berner St. formerly Surgeon in the Honourable East India Company's Service, 8vo. 6s.

**French Letters**, 18mo. 4s.

**Greece**, a Poem in Three Parts, with Notes, classical Illustrations, and Sketches of the Scenery. By W. Haygarth, Esq. 4to. £2. 12s. 6d.

**Hort's Picture of Nature**, illustrated by Plates. 9s. bd.

**Hypocrite**, (the) or Modern Jaunty, a Novel, by Selina Davenport, 5 vols. 12mo. £1. 5s.

**Journal of a Voyage**, in 1811 and 1812, to Madras and China, returning by the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, in the H. C. S. the Hope, Capt. J. Pendergrass, illustrated by 24 beautiful coloured Prints, from Drawings by the Author, 4to. £3. 3s.

**Joyce's (Rev. J.) Familiar Introduction to the Arts and Sciences**, for the use of Schools and Young Persons, divided into Lessons, with Questions subjoined to each, for the Examination of Pupils, 2d ed. 12mo. 6s.

**La Bonne Mere**, par J. Perriu, Quatrieme Edition, revue et corrigee par C. Gros, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bd.

**Marsh's (Herbert, D. D. F. R. S.) Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome**, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**Memoirs of Frances**, commonly called St. Frances de Sales, Titular Prince and Bishop of Geneva, translated from the French, 12mo. 5s.

**Montreith, or the Peer of Scotland**, a Novel, 4 vols. 12mo. £1. 2s.

**Orton's (Job) Discourses to the Aged on several Important Subjects**, 5th ed. 8vo. 7s.

**Peck's (W.) Topographical Account of Bawtry and Thorne (Yorkshire) with the adjacent Villages**, 4to. £1. 11s. 6d. a few Copies with the Plates on India Paper, at £2. 2s.

**Phædri Augusti Cesaris in usum Delphini**, 8vo. 4s. 6d. bd.

**Picture of London (the) for 1815**, the 16th ed. 18mo. 6s. 6d.

**Plantas's (Edward) New Picture of Paris**, 18mo. 6s. 6d. with the Gazetteer, 6s. 6d. bd.

**Poetical Register (the) Vol. VIII.** for 1810, 1811, crown 8vo. 12s.

**Post Roads in France (the) for 1814**, published by Authority, 18mo. 8s. bd.

**Potter's (William) Essays, Moral and Religious**, crown 8vo. 6s.

**Pour Deviner. New Enigmatical Propositions, &c. Poetry and Prose**, selected by a Lady, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

**Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Corn Laws**, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Reports (First and Second) from the Committees of the House of Lords, relating to the Corn Laws**, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Shepherd's (Rev. William, of Liverpool) Paris in 1802 and 1814**, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**Starkie's (Thomas) Treatise on Criminal Pleading**, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 4s.

State Trials, from the earliest Period to the present Time, compiled by T. B. Howell, F.R.S. F.S.A. Vol. XXI. royal 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

Storer's (James) History and Antiquities of the Cathedrals of Great Britain, illustrated with 64 highly finished Engravings, Vol. I. 8vo. £3. 3s.

Swift's (Jonathan, D.D.) Works, with Notes and a Life of the Author, by Walter Scott, Esq. 19 vols. 8vo. £9. 18s. 6d. royal 8vo. £15. 4s.

Three Dramas, 18mo. 3s. h. bd.

Traveller's Guide, through Scotland and its Islands, 2 vols. 18mo. 12s.

Turner's (R. L.L.D.) Introduction to the Arts and Sciences, 10th ed. 18mo. 3s. 6d. bd.

Tutor's Key (the) n. ed. 12mo. 5s. bd.

Voyage round Great Britain, undertaken in the Summer of the Year 1813, and commencing from the Land's End, Cornwall. By Richard Ayton. With a Series of Views, Illustrative of the Character and prominent Features of the Coast, drawn

and engraved by Mr. William Daniell, F.R.A. Nos. I. to VIII. 10s. 6d. each, containing Views of Combe Martin; Lynmouth; Ilfracombe; Ilfracombe, from Hilborough; Hartland Pier; and Clovelly, North Devon; the Land's End; the Long-ships Light-house, off the Land's End; the entrance into Portreath; and Boscawen Pier, on the Coast of Cornwall; Breston Ferry, and St. Donat's Glamorganshire; the Mumble's Light-house, in Swansea Bay; the Worm's Head, in Tenby Bay; the Eligugstuck, near St. Gowan's Head, Pembrokeshire, Tenby, Pembrokeshire.

Walker's (John, L.L.B.) Selection of curious Articles from the Gentleman's Magazine, 3d ed. 4 vols. 8vo. £2. 12s. 6d.

Well's (W. Charles, M.D. F.R.S.) Essay on Dew, and several appearances connected with it, 8vo. 2s.

White's (James) Treatise on Veterinary Medicine, Vol. III. 2d ed. 12mo. 6s.

Woodfall's (William, Barrister at Law) Law of Landlord and Tenant, 4th ed. royal 8vo. £1. 1s.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

The labours of W. R. P. shall meet with every attention; he may rest satisfied that the circumstance, to which he alludes, has ceased to exist.

A variety of communications received before the 18th are under consideration;—some that have been received since, will meet with equal attention.

We are sorry that we could not comply with P. S.'s wish in this number; but he will perceive that he has not been altogether forgotten. The next number will complete his request, and prove, probably, to him, more satisfactory.

Our *Manchester* friend will find, that the honor and veracity, which he conceives we possess, have been supported in the way he wishes.

## ERRATA.

In our last number, page 31, for 'John Mundy' read John Grundy; instead of 'the existence of the Deist,' read the existence of a devil; and, in the only quotation given, read *The Trinitarian* asserts, instead of 'He asserts.'

THE  
**CRITICAL REVIEW.**

*SERIES THE FOURTH.*

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**VOL. VI.**

**NOVEMBER, 1814.**

**No. V.**

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**ART. I.—***Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt. L. L. D. F. R. S. F. S. A. &c. &c.* Late President of the Royal Academy, comprising original Anecdotes of many distinguished persons, his contemporaries, and a brief analysis of his discourses. To which are added Varieties on Art. By James Northcote, Esq. R. A. Quarto. Pp. 418. 177. Colburn. 1814.

MR. NORTHCOTE'S professional talents are, decidedly, valuable; but we do not so highly extol his literary acquirements. Nevertheless, we reverence that warmth of private friendship which has urged him to the publication of these Memoirs. It is, in truth, an act of patriotism, to commemorate the domestic worth, and to celebrate the ennobled genius of an illustrious artist.

Of Sir Joshua Reynolds it may be proudly said, that, to his progress in the art of painting, Great Britain stands rescued from the obloquy attaching to unambitious, because unfostered, native talent in the display of the fine arts.

Statesmen, poets, warriors, and philosophers, have dignified our annals; but taste, genius, and ardour, were strangers at our court, till the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, animated us into an admiration of native talent, and claimed distinction from the throne. We must, however

**CRIT. REV. Vol. VI. Nov. 1814.**

**2 G**

lament, that so much of his valuable time was devoted to portraits. He had energies well suited to historical subjects ; with an imagination finely adapted to works of fancy. Among the most memorable of these trophies to his memory, we may, perhaps enumerate the Cauldronscene in *Macbeth*.... Hercules strangling the serpents....and the Nativity. His Cleopatra dissolving the pearl, was a beautiful portrait of the celebrated Kitty Fisher ; and various other fancy pieces exhibited well known portraits.

The study of painting originates in a faculty of representing objects....a taste and delicacy in the disposition of colours....an acquaintance with the rules of composition : but the attainment of the art consists in just proportions, graceful arrangement, and a scientific distribution of light and shade, uniting splendour of colouring with depth of chiar oscuro.

Proportions equally apply to the sublime and to the beautiful. ‘ \*Sublime objects are vast in their dimensions ; beautiful objects are comparatively small. Beauty must be smooth and polished ; vastness rugged and negligent. Beauty should show the right line, yet deviate from it insensibly ; vastness, in many cases, loves the right line ; and when it deviates, it often makes a strong deviation. Beauty may not be obscure ; vastness ought to be dark and gloomy. Beauty is light and delicate ; vastness solid and even massive.

‘ Gracefulness is an idea belonging to posture and motion. To be graceful, it is requisite that there be no appearance of difficulty ; there is required a small inflection of the body ; and a composure of the parts in such a manner, as not to encumber each other,—not to appear divided by sharp and sudden angles. To this roundness, this delicacy of attitude and motion, it is, that the magic of grace is attributable, as will be obvious to every observer who considers attentively the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Antinous*, or any statue allowed to be graceful in a high degree.

‘ In colouring, as it is adapted to nature, there is infinite variety. The object is never of one strong colour ; there is always such a number of them, as in variegated flowers, that the strength and glare, of each, is considerably abated. In a fine complexion, there is not only some variety in the colouring, but in the colours. Neither the red nor the white, are strong and glaring : besides, they are

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\* Vide Burke.

mixed in such a manner, and with such gradations, that it is impossible to fix the bounds. On this principle, it is that the dubious colour in the necks and tails of peacocks, and about the heads of drakes is so very agreeable. In reality, the beauty both of shape and colouring are as nearly related, as we can well suppose it possible for things of such different natures to be.

The scientific pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, embellished by classic taste, and directed by nature and judgment, harmonized those objects on his glowing canvass. Unhappily, however, the richness of his colouring was more perishable than his fame. It was imposing ; not permanent. His works, notwithstanding, ornament the galleries of our nobility ; and are coveted by the lovers of the fine arts : and the public tribute lately paid to his memory in the exhibition of his assembled paintings, was equally honourable to the projectors and to departed genius.

Mr. Northcote tells us, that the last century may be said to have formed an era in the progressive refinement of the British Empire in all matters of taste : an era, whence future historians will date an advancement in the arts, and our rivalry of the most polished nations.

In the early part of that century, however, so weak and puerile were the efforts of almost all our native professors, particularly in the art of painting, that it reflected equal disgrace on the age and on the nation. This remarkable deficiency in the efforts of genius in that department, may possibly have arisen from the want of encouragement....a natural consequence proceeding from the customs and manners of former ages. What the fury of Henry VIII. had spared at the reformation, was condemned by the puritans ; and the arts, long disturbed by civil commotions, were, in a manner, expelled from Great Britain, or lay neglected in the sensual gallantries of the restored court of Charles II. Nor were its hopes revived by the party contentions that immediately followed, and wholly occupied the public attention : inasmuch, that men were rendered unapt to relish, and were without leisure to protect, the fine arts.

Joshua Reynolds was the son of the reverend Samuel Reynolds and Theophila his wife, whose maiden name was Potter ; he was the seventh of eleven children (five of whom died in their infancy), and it has been said by Mr. Malone, that his father was prompted to give him his scriptural appellation, in hopes that such a singular, or

at least uncommon name, might, at some future period of his life, perhaps, be the means of attracting for him the patronage of some person with a similar prefix. The good man's intentions, if the circumstance were a fact, were indeed never literally fulfilled; but instead of that, had he lived, he might have seen his son become an honour to his country.

'I do not know on what evidence Mr. Malone gives this account concerning the introduction of the name of Joshua into the family, but this I know from undoubted authority (having seen it in Sir Joshua's own hand-writing, and therefore shall insert it as it serves to controvert this very improbable story, which otherwise would altogether be unworthy of notice), that it is certain that Sir Joshua had an uncle whose christian name was Joshua, and dwelt at Exeter, and who was his godfather, but not being present at the baptism of his nephew, was represented by Mr. Alwin; the other godfather being a Mr. Irie: and that his godmother was his Aunt Reynolds of Exeter, represented also by proxy by Mrs. Daryl. Mr. Malone is in general very correct, but not in the circumstance he has related as above. I hope to be excused in being thus minutely particular, as it serves to prove a fact.

'The register of Plympton, however, has by some negligence, deprived him of this baptismal name; for in that record it appears he was baptized on the 30th of July, and he is styled 'Joseph, son of Samuel Reynolds, Clerk.' It is difficult to account for this error in any other way than that which Mr. Malone has given, by supposing that the name was written originally on a slip of paper in an abbreviated form—'Jos. son of Samuel Reynolds,' and was at a subsequent period entered erroneously by the clergyman or clerk of the parish.

'The maintenance of this family of six children was a tax sufficiently heavy on the slender income of the father who possessed no other resources than those which he derived from the living of Plympton, and the grammar school annexed to it; the whole amounting to a very small sum: for the church was only a Windsor curacy, and he was so ill calculated for the management of a school, that notwithstanding his possessing a high character for learning, its number was before his death literally reduced to one solitary scholar. Yet this mortification, which might have overpowered a more irritable temper, the good old man bore without any dejection of spirits, and he continued as much as ever beloved and respected for the variety of his knowledge, his philanthropy, his innocence of heart, and simplicity manners.

'Young Reynolds is said to have been for some time instructed in the classics by his father, who was very assiduous in cultivating the minds of his children, but as it is known that the son did not display any proof of classical attainments in the earlier part of his life, it is most probable that the mass of general knowledge, by which he was at a later period so eminently distinguished, was the result of much studious application in his riper years. A correct classical scholar, however,



He could not be considered in any part of his life. That he was what the world terms a genius, and of the first order, cannot be disputed. He possessed talents of the highest kind which he brought into full and constant action by a laudable ambition, and ardent desire of acquiring eminence in the profession he had adopted.

It has been ignorantly said, that his father intended him for the church and sent him to one of the universities where he received the degree of Master of Arts. This erroneous notion probably arose from his subsequent honorary degree of L. L. D. I have, however, heard him say that his father at first intended him for the practice of physic; and that, if such had been the event, he should have felt the same determination to become the most eminent physician, as he then felt to be the first painter of his age and country. Indeed it was ever his decided opinion, that the superiority attainable in any pursuit whatever, does not originate in an innate propensity of the mind to that pursuit in particular, but depends on the general strength of the intellect, and on the intense and constant application of that strength to a specific purpose. He regarded ambition as the cause of eminence, but accident as pointing out the means. It is true that, at an early period of life, he made some trifling attempts at drawing from common prints, but this cannot be considered as any proof that his faculties were more particularly fitted for the study of the arts than for any other, although it has been brought forward as such. The same thing has been done by ten thousand boys before him, and will be done by thousands yet to come, without any of them ever becoming great artists. Such displays of childish ingenuity are the most common refuge of idleness, in order to escape from the labour of a loathsome task; they have the double recommendation that they are not enjoined by command, and that they are more easily performed with credit to the young candidate for applause as they are not likely to be scrutinized by any competent judge of their merits.

There is now one of those very early essays, in the possession of the family, a perspective view of a book case, under which his father has written, 'done by Joshua out of pure idleness.' It is on the back of a Latin exercise. No wonder it should appear like idleness to his father; doing that which you are required not to, and neglecting to do that which is considered as your duty, will of course look very like idleness, and partake of it in a certain degree. Notwithstanding those little checks from the father, he no doubt perceived that he had raised himself in the opinion of his parent, which gave him encouragement to go on; and it is allowed by his biographer, that his father, who was himself fond of drawings, and had a small collection of anatomical and other prints, was pleased with his son's efforts. We are also informed from the same authority, that his elder sisters had likewise a turn for the art before him, and that his first essays were made in copying several little sketches done by them; he afterwards copied various prints he met with among his father's books, such as those in Dryden's edition of Plutarch's Lives, and became particularly fond of the amuse-

ment. But Jacob Cats' book of Emblems was his great resource, a book which his great grandmother, by the father's side, a Dutch woman, had brought with her when she quitted Holland.

'Young Reynolds had read the Jesuit's *Perspective* when he was not more than eight years old, a proof of his capacity and active curiosity. He attempted to apply the rules of that treatise in a drawing which he made of his father's school, a building well suited to his purpose, as it stood on pillars. On shewing this to his father, who was merely a man of letters, it seemed to strike him with astonishment, and he exclaimed, 'Now this exemplifies what the author of the '*Perspective*' asserts in his preface,—that by observing the rules laid down in this book, a man may do wonders ;—for this is wonderful.'

'The surprise he excited, and the praise he obtained, naturally inflamed his ambition to surmount greater difficulties in a field of knowledge, in which, from the ignorance of those about him in the graphic art, he seemed to stand alone. From these attempts he proceeded to draw likenesses of the friends and relatives of his family with tolerable success. Richardson's *Theory of Painting* was now put into his hands, where he saw the enthusiastic raptures in which a great painter is described ; and it is no wonder that he thought Raffaele (as he himself has said) the most extraordinary man the world had ever produced. His mind thus stimulated by a high example, and constantly ruminating upon it, the thought of remaining in hopeless obscurity became insupportable to him. It was this feeling which more and more excited his efforts, and in the end produced those works which have established his reputation on a lasting basis. It should be remembered, that at the time he read Richardson's *Treatise*, he could know nothing of Raffaele, but from the praise bestowed upon him ; mere verbal criticism could evidently give him little insight into the particular beauties or genius of Raffaele as a painter ; but the enthusiastic admiration of the writer kindled a spark of the same generous flame in his own breast, and urged him to pursue the same path of glory, because it was the first that opened itself to his view.'

Young Reynolds having thus proclaimed the bias of his early taste, his father was now induced, at the solicitation of his friend Mr. Cranch, to place him under the tuition of Mr. Hudson, a well known portrait painter. But notwithstanding the pre-eminence of Hudson at this period, his genius was very limited : he was, it is true, eminently successful in producing a likeness, but having painted the head, he was obliged to apply to others to place it on the shoulders, and to give it the grace of drapery.

Such were the barren sources of instruction, at the time when Reynolds first came to London to be inspired by the genius of a Hudson !

Reynolds, however, made a progress so rapid, as to excite the jealousy of his master; who, as it is related, having seen a head painted by his pupil, from an elderly female servant in the family, foretold his future success; but not without feeling, and afterwards displaying in his behaviour to his young rival, strong symptoms of the most ungenerous passion.

The excellence of this head, which was placed in Hudson's gallery, became the theme of admiration, and Hudson grew so madly jealous, that his pupil and himself soon after parted.

The memoir pursues young Reynolds to Rome.

'When arrived in this garden of the world, this great temple of the arts (where I have enjoyed so much pleasure, now almost fading from my memory), his time was diligently and judiciously employed in such a manner as might have been expected from one of his talents and virtue. He contemplated, with unwearied attention and ardent zeal, the various beauties which marked the styles of different schools and different ages. He sought for truth, taste, and beauty at the fountain head. It was with no common eye that he beheld the productions of the great masters. He copied and sketched in the Vatican such parts of the works of Raffaele and Michael Angelo as he thought would be most conducive to his future excellence; and by his well directed study acquired, whilst he contemplated the best works of the best masters, that grace of thinking to which he was principally indebted for his subsequent reputation as a portrait painter. In attending more particularly to this, he avoided all engagements for copying works of art for the various travellers at that time in Rome; knowing that kind of employment, as he afterwards said in a letter to Barry, to be totally useless—'Whilst I was at Rome, I was very little employed by them, and that little I always considered as so much time lost.'

'Sir Joshua has himself ingenuously confessed, in his writings, that at the first sight of Raffaele's works in the Vatican, to his great disappointment, he did not relish, or well comprehend their merits, but that he studied them until he did.

'Perhaps we may account for this circumstance from the difference in the disposition of the two painters: Raffaele possessed a grandeur even to severity, and did not display in his pictures either the allurements of colour, or any great effect of light and shade; parts of the art which delighted Reynolds, whose natural disposition inclined him solely to the cultivation of its graces, and of whose works, softness and captivating sweetness, are the chief characteristics.

'It is a curious circumstance, and scarcely to be credited in the life of an artist so refined, who seems, even from the earliest dawnings of his genius, to have devoted himself to the service of the graces,

that he should ever have been, at any period, a caricaturist. Yet this was actually the case during his residence in Rome, where he painted several pictures of that kind; particularly one in which there is a sort of parody on Raffaele's School of Athens, comprising about thirty figures and representing most of the English gentlemen then in that city: this picture, I have been informed, is now in the possession of a Mr. Joseph Henry, of Straffan, in Ireland, whose portrait also it contains. But I have heard Sir Joshua himself say, that although it was universally allowed he executed subjects of this kind with much humour and spirit, he yet held it absolutely necessary to abandon the practice, since it must corrupt his taste as a portrait painter, whose duty it becomes to aim at discovering the perfections only of those whom he is to represent.

After remaining in Italy about three years, in which time he visited most of the principal cities of that country, he returned to England by the way of France, and took the road over Mount Cenis, upon which mountain he very unexpectedly met with his old master, Hudson, in company with Roubiliac the famous sculptor, both going to pay a short visit to Rome.

Of Roubiliac it is a pleasing circumstance to record, that his own goodness of heart first brought his excellent abilities into notice, and that his great success in life seems to have depended, in a great degree, on his honest and liberal conduct soon after he came to England. At that time he was merely working as a journeyman for a person of the name of Carter, and the young artist having spent the evening at Vauxhall, on his return picked up a pocket-book, which he discovered, on examining it at his lodgings, to contain a considerable number of bank notes, together with some papers apparently of consequence to the owner. He immediately advertised the circumstance, and a claimant soon appeared, who was so pleased with the integrity of the youth, and so struck with his genius, of which he shewed several specimens, that he not only, being a man of rank and fortune, gave him a handsome remuneration, but also promised to patronize him through life, and faithfully performed that promise.

Reynolds proceeded to Paris, and returned to England in 1752; and, on his arrival in London, engaged handsome apartments in St. Martin's Lane, at that time, the favorite and fashionable residence of artists.

At this period, the earliest specimen he gave of his improvement from travel, was displayed in the head of a boy in a Turkish turban, richly painted, something in the style of Rembrandt: it was much spoken of, and his old master, Hudson, one day came to see it, and perceiving no traces of his own manner in the portrait he exclaimed:—*By G— Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England!*

In the following year, Reynolds had so much distinguished himself, that he found it necessary to remove to a large house in Great Newport Street, where he afterwards resided for eight or nine years.

This period, exclaims Mr. Northcote, was the dawn of Reynolds's splendour; his amiable modesty, accompanied by his extraordinary talents, soon gained him powerful and active connections: even his earliest sitters were of the highest rank; the second portrait painted by him in London, was that of the Duke of Devonshire.

\* Mr. Reynolds now exerted his talents to the utmost of their powers, and produced a singularly fine whole length portrait of his patron Commodore Keppel, in which he appears to be walking with a quick pace on the sea-shore, and in a storm. This picture, by its excellence and the novelty of the attitude, attracted general notice; and its design, as I have been informed, and perhaps with some truth, arose from the following interesting circumstance in the life of his noble friend.

\* Mr. Keppel, having been appointed to the command of the *Maidstone* frigate in the year 1746, soon after his return from the eventful voyage under Commodore Anson, he was unfortunately wrecked in that ship, on the coast of France, on the 7th of July in the subsequent year; for running close in shore, in pursuit of a French privateer, in the vicinity of Nantz, she struck and soon afterwards went to pieces. Captain Keppel, by his skill and active exertions, saved the lives of his crew; but they were immediately made prisoners: they, as well as he, were treated with great hospitality and politeness, and he himself was in a few weeks permitted to return to England, when a court-martial, as usual upon such occasions, was held upon him, and he was honourably acquitted from all blame respecting the loss he had sustained.

\* The portrait represents him just escaped from shipwreck; and has since been engraved by Fisher, that most exact and laborious artist, of whom Sir Joshua used to say, that he was injudiciously exact in his prints, which were mostly in the mezzotinto style, and wasted his time in making the precise shape of every leaf on a tree with as much care as he would bestow on the features of a portrait. Fisher himself was not, indeed, brought up to the art; it is said that he was originally a hatter: he has, however, made some good copies of several of Sir Joshua's best pictures, particularly those of Garrick and Lady Sarah Bunbury.

\* The novelty and expression introduced in his portrait of Mr. Keppel, were powerful stimulants to the public taste; and,

as it has been well observed by one of his biographers, he soon saw how much animation might be obtained by deviating from the insipid manner of his immediate predecessors; hence in many of his portraits, particularly when combined in family groups, we find much of the variety and spirit of a higher species of art. Instead of confining himself to mere likeness, in which, however, he was eminently happy, he dived, as it were, into the minds, and manners, and habits, of those who sat to him; and accordingly the majority of his portraits are so appropriate and characteristic, that the many illustrious persons whom he has delineated, will be almost as well known to posterity, as if they had seen and conversed with them.

Soon after this he added to his celebrity by his picture of Miss Greville and her brother, as Cupid and Psyche, which, it has been well observed, he composed and executed in a style superior to any portraits that had been produced in this kingdom since the days of Vandyke.

He was now employed to paint several ladies of high quality, whose portraits the polite world flocked to see, and he soon became one of the most distinguished painters, not only in England, but in Europe. For it should be remarked, that at this time there were no historical works to make a demand upon the painter's skill: and though it may seem a curious observation, it will nevertheless be found, on examination, to be one most true, that hitherto this empire of Great Britain, so great, so rich, so magnificent, so benevolent, so abundant in all the luxury that the most ample wealth could procure, even this exalted empire had never yet been able to keep above one single historical painter from starving, whilst portrait painters have swarmed in a plenty at all times thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa.

A true taste was wanting; vanity, however, was not wanting; and the desire to perpetuate the form of self-complacency crowded his sitting room with women who wished to be transmitted as angels, and with men who wanted to appear as heroes and philosophers. From Reynolds's pencil they were sure to be gratified. The force and felicity of his portraits not only drew around him the epulence and beauty of the nation, but happily gained him the merited honour of perpetuating the features of all the eminent and distinguished men of learning then living; with most of whom (so attractive were his manners as well as his talents) he contracted an intimacy which only ended with life. In this assemblage of genius, each was improved by each. Reynolds, like a man of a great mind, always cultivated the acquaintance and friendship of the first characters of his time; and often assisted those who were in difficulties, both with his advice and his purse.

‘ He had a mind ever open and desirous to acquire useful information, a sound and penetrating judgment to select and separate what he acquired, and infinite industry and application in rendering it serviceable to its proper purpose.’

We are now introduced to Dr. Johnson, and other eminent characters, of whom anecdotes are related, highly contributing to the amusement of the reader. We find, about the year 1758, that notwithstanding Sir Joshua's prosperity was so great as to claim the professional occupation of his whole time, still, he found leisure to produce his first efforts in the literary way, which he communicated to the ‘*Idler*.’

‘ The papers in the *Idler*, to which I have alluded, are the numbers 76, 79, and 82, written between September and November, 1759. In the first of these he ridicules, with considerable humour, the cant of ignorant and presuming connoisseurs, who, trusting to narrow rules, are often guided by *false* principles; and even though these should be *correct*, are still totally unqualified to form a just estimation of the sublime beauties in works of genius: and in this Essay he states a position which, given with his ingenuity, has an appearance of as much novelty as truth, that what ever part of an art can be executed or criticised by rules, that part is no longer the work of genius, which implies excellence out of the reach of rules: so that, as he adds, if a man has not correct perceptions, it will be in vain for him to endeavour to supply their place by rules, which, though they may certainly enable him to talk more learnedly, will never teach him to distinguish more acutely. In laying down these positions, he does not, however, assert that rules are absolutely injurious to a just perception of works of taste and genius, or to their execution; but merely censures that scrupulous and servile attention to minute exactness of frivolous ornament, which are inconsistent with higher excellence, and always lost in the blaze of expanded genius.

‘ In his second Essay he displays a considerable depth of thought, and great quickness of perception, on the just meaning of the general rule, ‘to imitate nature.’ He shews that a mere literal adherence to this rule would baulk every flight of fancy in the painter, though these flights are what serve to immortalize the poet; such imitation, if conducted servilely, being a species of drudgery to which the painter of genius can never stoop, and one in which even the understanding has no part, being merely a mechanical effort. He further shews,

that painting has its best plea for claiming kindred with its sister, Poetry, from the power which, like her, it can exercise over the imagination; and as he adds, it is to this power that the painter of genius directs his aim: in this sense he studies nature, and often arrives at his end, even by being unnatural, in the confined sense of the word. His concluding remarks in this Essay, on the works of Michael Angelo, contain in themselves a volume of criticism, and display that 'enthusiasm of intellectual energy, by which he was always moved, when speaking of, or contemplating the productions of those masters most eminent for their intellectual power.

'In the third essay, his definition of beauty is as clear and distinct as his conception of it was accurate: and from the inference he draws—that the works of nature, if we compare one species with another, are all equally beautiful, and that preference is given from custom, or from some association of ideas, and thus, that in creatures of the same species, beauty is the medium or centre of all its various forms—he again illustrates and confirms the principle of his first essay, proving that the painter, by attending to the invariable and general ideas of nature, produces beauty; but that, if he regards minute particularities and accidental discriminations, so far will he deviate from the universal rule, and pollute his canvas with deformity. Indeed, those papers may be considered as a kind of syllabus of all his future discourses, and certainly occasioned him some thinking in their composition. I have heard Sir Joshua say, that Johnson required them from him on a sudden emergency, and on that account he sat up the whole night to complete them in time; and by it he was so much disordered, that it produced a vertigo in his head.'

And, now, the reputation of Reynolds became so firmly established, that numbers of professional men imitated his style; and about the year 1760, his price from twelve, was raised to twenty-five, guineas for a head. His improved taste in portrait painting, also; extended itself to other departments of the art; and he removed to a higher sphere. His residence was established in Leicester Square, where he set up a handsome equipage, and lived in a style otherwise suitably.

Johnson, on this occasion, wrote to Barretti as follows

'The artists have instituted a yearly exhibition of pictures and statues, in imitation, I am told, of foreign academies. This year was the second exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise much in reputation. Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands which he deserves, among other excellencies, by retaining his kindness for Barretti.'



' This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists, and lovers of art. Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious ; since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles, to rid us of our time—of that time which never can return.'

' The cynical turn of this latter observation is certainly not in unison with the sentiments which dictated the former part of the passage ; but we must make allowances not only for the want of perception of the beauties of painting, which was the natural consequence of Johnson's near-sightedness, but also for that species of envy which perhaps even Johnson felt when comparing his own annual gains with those of his fortunate friend.'

At the opening of this first exhibition, alluded to by Johnson, the catalogue was the ticket of admission. But this mode was found, by experiment, to produce so much tumult, that it was considered absolutely necessary to demand one shilling admission for each visitor.

Johnson, says Mr. Northcote, although he speaks so superciliously of the arts, willingly employed his pen in composing a preface to the catalogue which was, then, gratis ; but as this was a new regulation, it became advisable to offer reasons to the public, for its adoption : we insert the preface.

' The public may justly require to be informed of the nature and extent of every design for which the favour of the public is openly solicited. The artists, who were themselves the first promoters of an exhibition in this nation, and who have now contributed to the following catalogue, think it, therefore, necessary to explain their purpose, and justify their conduct. An exhibition of the works of art being a spectacle new in the kingdom, has raised various opinions and conjectures among those who are unacquainted with the practice of foreign nations. Those who set their performances to general view, have too often been considered the rivals of each other ; as men actuated, if not by avarice, at least by vanity, and contending for superiority of fame, though not for a pecuniary prize. It cannot be denied or doubted, that all who offer themselves to criticism are desirous of praise ; this desire is not only innocent but virtuous, while it is undebased by artifice, and unpolluted by envy ; and of envy or artifice those men can never be accused, who, already enjoying all the honours and profits of their profession, are content to stand candidates for public notice, with genius yet unexperienced, and diligence yet unrewarded ; who, without any hope of increasing their own reputation or interest, expose their names and their works, only that they may furnish an opportunity of appearance to the young, the diffident, and the neglected. The purpose of this exhibition is

not to enrich the artist, but to advance the art; the eminent are not flattered with preference, nor the obscure insulted with contempt; whoever hopes to deserve public favour, is here invited to display his merit. Of the price put upon this exhibition, some account may be demanded. Whoever sets his work to be shewn, naturally desires a multitude of spectators; but its desire defeats its own end, when spectators; assemble in such numbers as to obstruct one another.

‘ Though we are far from wishing to diminish the pleasures, or depreciate the sentiments of any class of the community, we know, however, what every one knows, that all cannot be judges or purchasers of works of art. Yet we have already found, by experience, that all are desirous to see an exhibition. When the terms of admission were low, the room was thronged with such multitudes, as made access dangerous, and frightened away those whose approbation was most desired.

‘ Yet because it is seldom believed that money is got but for the love of money, we shall tell the use which we intend to make of our expected profits. Many artists of great abilities are unable to sell their works for their due price:—to remove this inconvenience, an annual sale will be appointed, to which every man may send his works, and them, if he will, without his name. Those works will be reviewed by the committee that conduct the exhibition; a price will be secretly set on every piece, and registered by the secretary; is the piece exposed, is sold for more, the whole price shall be the artist's; but if the purchasers value it at less than the committee, the artist shall be paid the deficiency from the profits of the exhibition.’

This, in clear, forcible language, explained the nature and intention of the exhibition,—embracing, not essentially, an historical elucidation of the arts, and it was successful.

In 1762, Reynolds produced the so much celebrated picture of Garrick, between Tragedy and Comedy. The intimacy between those great men continued during life. We wish to record the following anecdote of Garrick in our pages.

‘ David Garrick sat many times to Sir Joshua Reynolds for different portraits. At one of those sittings he gave a very lively account of his having sat once for his portrait to an indifferent painter, whom he wantonly teased; for when the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it very correctly, as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity, whilst the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression, when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture and make it like what he then saw; and when Garrick perceived that it was

thus altered, he seized another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character, which, when the poor tantalized artist perceived, he, in a great rage, threw down his pallet and pencils on the floor, saying, he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture.

As a contrast to the foregoing anecdotes of Garrick, I remember that Mrs. Yates, the famous tragedian, when she sat for her portrait to Sir Joshua Reynolds, said to him, 'I always endeavour to keep the same expression and countenance when I sit to you, Sir Joshua; and, therefore, I generally direct my thoughts to one and the same subject.'

We readily feel the force of this anecdote, when we recollect that Garrick, although petite in his person, was never deficient in dignity, when the poet claimed it from him on the stage. This was the reason,—a power of fascination always dwelt in his countenance, and so wholly filled up the measure of the passion, to be portrayed, that nature wanted not the aid of person to complete the imposition of the scene. On his countenance the audience rivetted their admiration: it could not wander in search of more; it was 'rapt in admiration!

And, now, that we are speaking of this great actor, it will not, we trust, be deemed impertinent, if we linger on the theme. We are, indeed, the more desirous to do so, as that which we propose to add, may not prove an unfriendly hint to any young favourite actor, elevated, he knows not how, to the dizzy heights of frenzied popularity.

Dr. Mudge, when in company with Garrick at Mount Edgcombe, heard him say, that his regard for his mother's peace and happiness, prevented him from appearing on the stage till after her death; and he imagined this circumstance greatly contributed to the vast success he had met with: for, being then *past his thirtieth year*, his judgment was the more mature, and occasioned his avoiding many errors, which he might have run into, had he began earlier in life.

This sensible remark must apply to all youthful performers, whatever, nature or genius, may have done for them; and a presumptuous daring at *new* readings, at variance with the author, although pleasing to the audience, cannot eventually counteract the habit of study, the advantages of a classic education, or the maturity of judgment.

I remember, continues Mr. Northcote, to have heard Dr. Chauncey say, at Sir Joshua's table, that he saw

Garrick at his first appearance on the stage, at Goodman's fields, at which time, he was infinitely more excellent, more purely natural, than afterwards when he had acquired many stage tricks and habits.

We close this subject with a criticism on Garrick's Richard the Third. On the morning after his appearance in that character, Gibbon, the historian, called on Sir Joshua; and, speaking of the play on the preceding evening said, that in the first part of the play, Garrick gave his manner a mean, creeping, vulgar air, totally irrelevant to the character of a prince; and, towards the close of his enaction, he was so dignified, that he appeared to represent a different personage: consequently, a want of harmony destroyed the general effect.

We have seen this mean, creeping, vulgar air, highly applauded in the Richard of the present day; and, if it be harmony to persevere in such uniformity, the portrait must be correct; for, this Richard is not, one minute, dignified throughout the play.

Now, in our estimation, this critique of Mr Gibbon was unclassical: the ambitious Gloster is a wily, pliant, cringing hypocrite.

‘ But ’tis a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambitions’ ladder,  
Whereunto the climber upwards turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend.

Mark, how Gloster describes himself.

‘ But, then, I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them that God bid us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villany.  
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy wilt,  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil: ’

Whereas—the anointed Richard is a heriock, and accomplished tyrant.

‘ A thousand hearts are great within my bosom, —  
Advance our standards, set upon our foes:  
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them!—victory sets upon our helms.’

Again .—

‘ Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die.  
I think there be six Richmonds in the field:  
Five have I slain to day, instead of him,  
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !’

Pursuing this volume, we find it as much the memoirs of Sir Joshua’s friends, as of himself. Mr. Northcote introduces us to his society; and he amuses, while he instructs us: we cannot resist extracting the following character of a clergyman.

‘ The Reverend Mr. Zachariah Mudge, prebendary of Exeter, and vicar of St. Andrews in Plymouth; a man equally eminent for his virtues and abilities, and at once beloved as a companion, and revered as a pastor. He had that general curiosity to which no kind of knowledge is indifferent or superfluous, and that general benevolence by which no order of men is despised or hated.

‘ His principles, both of thought and action, were great and comprehensive. By a solicitous examination of objections, and judicious comparison of opposite arguments, he attained what inquiry never gives but to industry and perspicuity, a firm and unshaken settlement of conviction. But his firmness was without asperity; for knowing with how much difficulty truth was sometimes found, he did not wonder that many missed it.

‘ The general course of his life was determined by his profession; he studied the sacred volumes in the original languages; with what diligence and success, his notes upon the psalms give sufficient evidence. He once endeavoured to add the knowledge of Arabic to that of Hebrew; but finding his thoughts too much diverted from other studies, after some time he desisted from his purpose.

‘ His discharge of parochial duties was exemplary. How his sermons were composed, may be learned from the excellent volume which he has given to the public; but how they were delivered, can be known only to those who heard them; for as he appeared in the pulpit, words will not easily describe him. His delivery, though unconstrained was not negligent, and though forcible was not turbulent; disdaining anxious nicety of emphasis and laboured artifice of action, it captivated the hearer by its natural dignity, it roused the sluggish and fixed the volatile, and detained the mind upon the subject without directing it to the speaker.

‘ The grandeur and solemnity of the preacher did not intrude upon his general behaviour; at the table of his friends he was a companion, communicative and attentive, of unaffected manners, of manly cheerfulness, willing to please, and easy to be pleased. His acquaintance.

CANT. REV. VOL. VI, NOV. 1814. 2 H

tance was universally solicited, and his presence obstructed no enjoyment which religion did not forbid. Though studious he was popular; though inflexible he was candid; and though metaphysical yet orthodox.'

'Such was the obituary testimony of Johnson to the memory of a man, equally and deservedly dear both to himself and to Sir Joshua Reynolds!'

In reviewing the foregoing passage, we are filled with equal admiration of the divine, and of his eulogist; but other feelings, forcibly, take possession of the heart, when we reflect, that abilities so gigantic as those of Dr. Johnson, vegetated in the midst of penury and want.

'Another circumstance. Sir Joshua used to mention relative to Dr. Johnson, which gives an idea of the situation and mode of living of that great philosopher in the early part of his life.

'Roubiliac, the famous sculptor, desired of Sir Joshua that he would introduce him to Dr. Johnson, at the time when the doctor lived in Gough-Square, Fleet Street. His object was to prevail on Johnson to write an epitaph for a monument, on which Roubiliac was then engaged for Westminster Abbey. Sir Joshua accordingly introduced the sculptor to the doctor, they being strangers to each other, and Johnson received him with much civility, and took them up into a garret, which he considered as his library; in which, besides his books, all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and a still worse and older elbow chair, having only three legs. In this chair Johnson seated himself, after having, with considerable dexterity and evident practice, first drawn it up against the wall, which served to support it on that side on which the leg was deficient. He then took up his pen, and demanded what they wanted him to write. On this Roubiliac, who was a true Frenchman, (as may be seen by his works,) began a most bombastic and ridiculous harangue; on what he thought should be the kind of epitaph most proper for the purpose, all which the doctor was to write down for him in correct language: when Johnson, who could not suffer any one to dictate to him, quickly interrupted him in an angry tone of voice, saying, "Come, come, Sir, let us have no more of this bombastic, ridiculous rhodomontade, but let me know, in simple language, the name, character, and quality, of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write.'

We give another passage.

'At the time when Sir Joshua resided in Newport-street, he one afternoon, accompanied by his sister Frances, paid a visit to the Miss Catterells, who lived much in the fashionable world. Johnson was

also of the party on this tea visit; and at that time being very poor, he was, as might be expected, rather shabbily and slovenly apparelled. The maid servant, by accident, attended at the door to let them in, but did not know Johnson, although he had been a frequent visitor at the house, he having always been attended by the man servant. Johnson was the last of the three that came in; when the servant maid, seeing this uncouth and dirty figure of a man, and not conceiving he could be one of the company who came to visit her mistresses, laid hold of his coat just as he was going up stairs, and pulled him back again, saying, "You fellow, what is your business here? I suppose you intended to rob the house." This most unlucky accident threw poor Johnson into such a fit of shame and anger, that he roared out, like a bull, for he could not immediately articulate, and was with difficulty at last able to utter, "What have I done? What have I done?" Nor could he recover himself for the remainder of the evening from this mortifying circumstance.

It is some relief to the mind, however, in contemplating the various anecdotes of this great genius, to perceive, that pride, envy, and vulgarity, were strong features in his general character. We might, indeed, say more; for he was frequently ungrateful and brutal, in his manners, to those most solicitous to afford him pleasure, and to do him honor.

It is somewhat remarkable to record, that Sir Joshua used to say: he will never make a painter who looks for the Sunday with pleasure as an idle day; but his practice confirmed the sentiment. When approaching the zenith of Fame, increasing in riches and in reputation, he was never so happy, as in those hours he passed in his painting room. His, was the true enjoyment of a profession; for he often confessed, that when he had complied with the flattering invitations of the nobility to pass some days of relaxation, at their country seats, where every luxury surrounded him, he, invariably, returned home, like one who had been kept a long time from his natural food. None of his hours were spent in idleness, or lost in dissipation; and on those evenings which he passed at home, he employed himself in looking over, and studying from, the prints of the old masters, of which he had procured a fine collection.

At his hours of leisure Mr. Reynolds considered it as necessary to his mental improvement, as well as to his professional interest,

to mix in learned and convivial society; and about this time, in order not only to enjoy it with freedom, but also more particularly with the kind intention of gratifying his venerable friend, he became the proposer, and with the assistance of Johnson, was the founder, of that club, still in existence, and for many years denominated the "*Literary Club*." This, however, was a title which they did not arrogate to themselves; a thing, indeed, in which Sir Joshua would have been the last person to join: but as I was not then in the metropolis myself, and feel so anxious for the literary fame of him whose friendship did me so much honour, as to wish to guard him against the imputation of affecting that which he really did possess, though some envious persons have denied it (I allude to his own literary merit), I consider myself as warranted in going to some length on the subject, from the authority of contemporary biographers.

Whilst writing the life too of the founder of the club, it will not be considered as out of place briefly to notice the original design which, as first declared at its institution, in February, 1764, was to confine the club to twelve numbers, consisting of Sir Joshua, then only Mr. Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Drs. Goldsmith, Nugent, and Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, Sir Robert Chambers and Sir John Hawkins, with Messrs. Burke, Langton, Chamiere, Dyer, and the Honourable Topham Beauclerk.

These were thus so judiciously selected, as Mr. Malone observes, and were men of such talents and so well known to each other, that any two of them, if they should not happen to be joined by any more, might be good company for each other. Such was the beginning of a society which has now existed for half a century, boasting of having had enrolled, on its list of members, many of the most celebrated characters of the last century.

We have no such club in our enlightened days! We have, indeed, racing clubs, gaming clubs, boxing clubs, fye-fye conversazioni, and other equally dignified institutions; but intellect and literature are obsolete.

The literary talents of Sir Joshua are strongly exemplified in the following anecdote.

'I make no doubt that Sir Joshua, in order to encourage Johnson in the business, at the same time offered to furnish him with the few notes on the text of Shakespeare, which he faithfully performed; and as these notes serve to show the clearness of perception and mode of thinking in Reynolds, it is surely requisite to insert them in this place.'

In *Macbeth*, act the first, scene the sixth. in the dialogue between the King and Banquo, is this passage—



*King* " This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This Guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the Heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze, buttress,  
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made  
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle : where they  
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air  
Is delicate.'

' On which Sir Joshua observes, ' this short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. This conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air ; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contracts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, what is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion ? Whereas, the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life.'

' On this note, the following observation has been made in a late edition by Mr. Malone, which, although expressing a difference of opinion, is yet highly complimentary to Sir Joshua.—' It is not without reluctance that I express my dissent from the friend whose name is subscribed to the preceding note ; whose observations on all subjects of criticism and taste are so ingenious and just, that posterity may be at a loss to determine, whether his consummate skill and execution in his own art, or his judgment in that and other kindred arts, were superior.'

These criticisms are extended, and evince great classic taste ; but, the text of Shakespear has been so analyzed by Malone, Stevens, Johnson, Warbuton, and others, that plain thinking men must doubt at every page they read. This, by the literati, is called the ingenuity of research ; but Shakespear—says Sir Joshua—

‘ Was continually changing his first expression for another, either stronger or more uncommon ; so that very often the reader who has not the same continuity, or succession of ideas, is at a loss for his meaning : many of Shakspeare’s uncouth, strained epithets may be explained by going back to the obvious and simple expression, which is most likely to occur to the mind in that state.’

Among Sir Joshua’s portraits, the most celebrated perhaps, are, Lady Sarah Banbury sacrificing to the Graces ; Lady Waldegrave, and Mrs. Collier, a celebrated beauty.

‘ The face is seen in profile, and has a pensive air, as if contemplating the death of a favourite sparrow, which appears laid on the table before her. The lines under the print are from Catullus :

‘ *Passer mortuus est meæ puellæ ;  
Passer delitiæ meæ puellæ ;  
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.*’

‘ The following couplets were written by a gentleman of Devonshire, a friend of Sir Joshua’s, and who knew the lady, on seeing the picture—

‘ The torture of a father’s breast  
Timanthes to conceal,  
Anguish too great to be express  
He covered with a veil.  
The lightning of bright Collier’s eyes  
Reynolds despaired to show,  
That vivid fire his art defies,  
So bade the tear to flow.’

Reynolds, now, attained the summit of his reputation, and maintained his dignified station to the close of his life. In 1768, the Royal Academy was instituted under the directions of Reynolds, and the immediate patronage of his majesty, who, for some time, aided the establishment with the annual contribution of five thousand pounds from his privy purse. But the sums raised by the exhibitions soon became so considerable, as not only to render the royal munificence unnecessary ; but even to accumulate a large surplus in the public funds, now, forming the basis of a liberal fund for decayed artists. For the first twenty years, the net produce, on an average, amounted to upwards of fifteen hundred per annum ; and it has since increased one thousand per annum.

‘ Professorships were likewise established, and Dr. Johnson was nominated professor of ancient literature ; an office, indeed, merely honorary, but conferred on him, as Sir John Hawkins hints, at the recommendation of Mr. Reynolds.

‘ Goldsmith also was not forgotten, he having received the complimentary appointment of professor of ancient history ; an office, like the preceding, without trouble or salary, and, as Dr. Percy observed, merely giving him a place at the annual dinner.

‘ Goldsmith himself, in a letter to his brother, says of it—‘ The king has lately been pleased to make me professor of ancient history in a royal academy of painting, which he has just established ; but there is no salary annexed ; and I took it, rather as a compliment to the institution, than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man that wants a shirt.’

The artist will find much valuable information in the discourses of Sir Joshua, addressed to pupils in the fine arts, and containing a systematic drill to store the memory and to direct the judgment, before the reins are given to the imagination, or genius may be permitted to wander in the wilds of enthusiasm.

In adverting to the different schools, Sir Joshua considers the Roman, Florentine, and Bolognese, as the three great masters of the epic style ; and, the best French painters, he describes, as a colony from the Roman ; but the Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch schools he ranks beneath the former, as all professing to depart from the great purposes of painting, and catching at applause by inferior qualities.

‘ It will be readily understood from this, that he esteemed the ornamental style as of inferior consideration in comparison with the other ; for as mere elegance was their principal object, particularly in the Venetian school, and as they seemed more willing to dazzle than to affect, so it could be no injury to them to suppose that their practice is useful only to its proper end ; for as what may heighten the elegant may degrade the sublime : so the simplicity, nay severity, of the great manner, is almost incompatible with this comparatively sensual style.

‘ He then boldly laid it down as a maxim, that ‘ such as suppose that the great style might happily be blended with the ornamental, that the simple, grave, and majestic dignity of Raffaele could unite with the glow and bustle of a Paolo or Tintoret, are totally mistaken. The principles by which each is attained, are so contrary to each other, that they seem in my opinion, incompatible, and as impossible to exist together, as that in the mind the most sublime ideas and the lowest sensuality should at the same time be united.’

'To mark the distinction, therefore, more strongly between the two principal styles, he added, that however contradictory it may be in geometry, it is yet true in matters of taste, that many little things will never make a great one; that the sublime impresses the mind at once with one great idea, as at a single blow; whilst the elegant may be, and is, produced by repetition, by an accumulation of many minute circumstances.

'After giving a professional and philosophical view of the various schools in these styles, Sir Joshua observed, that of those who have practised the composite style, and have succeeded in this perilous attempt, perhaps the foremost is Corregio; his style being founded on modern grace and elegance, to which is superadded something of the simplicity of the grand style; conspiring with which effect are breadth of light and colour, the general ideas of the drapery, and an uninterrupted flow of outline.

'He then allowed, that next to him, if not his equal, was Parmegiano, whom he described as dignifying the gentleness of modern effeminacy, by uniting it with the simplicity of the ancients, and the grandeur and severity of Michael Angelo. He confessed, indeed, that these two extraordinary men, by endeavouring to give the utmost degree of grace, have sometimes, perhaps, exceeded its boundaries, and have fallen into the most hateful of all hateful qualities, affectation.'

We shall conclude our review with a summary of the professional character of this great artist.

His learning in his art was great, his manner original; his style bold and free, his colouring natural, though not durable. His attitudes, generally, were full of grace, ease, and variety. He was a man of genius as well as an agreeable artist; and his works breathe a softness, that kindles pleasure in the beholder, with a glow of coloring that awakens rapture.....Mr. Northcote adds....

'With respect to his character as a man, to say that Sir Joshua was without faults, would be to bestow on him that praise, to which no human being can have a claim; but when we consider the conspicuous situation in which he stood, it is surprizing to find that so few can be discovered in him: and certainly he possessed an equanimity of disposition very rarely to be met with in persons whose pursuit is universal reputation, and who are attended and surrounded in their perilous journey by jealous competition. 'His native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even from surprize or provocation, nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct.' He was not annoyed by that fluctuation of idea and inconstancy of temper which prevent many with equal desire for fame from resolving.

upon any particular plan, and dispose them to change it, even after they have made their election. He had none of those eccentric bursts of action, those fiery impetuosities which are supposed by the vulgar to characterize genius, and which frequently are found to accompany a secondary rank of talent, but are never conjoined with the first. His incessant industry was never wearied into despondency by miscarriage, nor elated into negligence by success. All nature and all art combined to form his academy. His mind was constantly awake, ever on the wing, comprehensive, vigorous, discriminating, and retentive. His powers of attention were never torpid. He had a strong turn and relish for humour in all its various forms, and very quickly saw the weak sides of things. Of the numerous characters which presented themselves to him in the mixed companies in which he lived, he was a nice and sagacious observer, as I have had frequent occasions to remark.

'The Graces,' says a certain author, 'after wandering to find a home, settled in the bosom of Addison.' I think such a compliment would be equally, if not more applicable to Sir Joshua; for all he said or did was wholly unmingled with any of those inelegant coarsenesses which frequently stain the beauty of high exertions. There was a polish even in his exterior, illustrative of the gentleman and the scholar. His general manner, deportment, and behaviour, were amiable and prepossessing; his disposition was naturally courtly. He always evinced a desire to pay a due respect to persons in superior stations, and certainly contrived to move in a higher sphere of society than any other English artist had done before him. Thus he procured for Professors of the arts a consequence, dignity, and reception, which they had never before possessed in this country. In conversation he preserved an equal flow of spirits, which rendered him at all times a most desirable companion, ever ready to be amused, and to contribute to the amusement of others. He practised the minute elegancies, and, though latterly a deaf companion, was never troublesome.

'Although easy and complying in his intercourse with the world, yet in his profession, having by unremitting study, matured his judgment, he never sacrificed his opinion to the casual caprices of his employers, and without seeming to oppose theirs, still followed his own. He had temper to bear with the defects of others, as well as capacity to understand their qualities, and he possessed that rare wisdom which consists in a thorough knowledge, not only of the real value of things, but of the genius of the age he lived in, and of the characters and prejudices of those about him.

'Far from over-rating his own talents, he did not seem to hold them in that degree of estimation which they deservedly obtained from the public. In short, it may be safely said, that his faults were few, and that those were much subdued by his wisdom, for no man had ever more reverence for virtue, or a higher respect for unparalleled fame.

## 450 Northcote's *Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

‘As to his person; in his stature Sir Joshua Reynolds was rather under the middle size, of a florid complexion, roundish blunt features, and lively aspect; not corpulent, though somewhat inclined to it, but extremely active; with manners uncommonly polished and agreeable.

‘In conversation, his manner was perfectly natural, simple, and unassuming. He most heartily enjoyed his profession, in which he was both fortunate and illustrious, and I agree with Mr. Malone who says he appeared to him to be the happiest man he had ever known. He was thoroughly sensible of his rare lot in life and truly thankful for it; his virtues were blessed with their full reward.’

He died February 23d, 1792 in the 60th year of his age, after a long illness, supported with mild and cheerful fortitude; and his remains, having lain in state in the exhibition rooms at Somerset House, were conducted, in public funeral procession, to St. Paul's, where his pall was supported by the Dukes of Dorset, Leeds, and Portland; the Marquises of Townshend, and Abercorn; the Earls of Carlisle, Inchiquin, and Upper Ossory; Lord Viscount Palmerstone, and Lord Elliot, followed by a train of nobility, so crowded, that the last carriage, in the procession, had only began to move, as the City Marshal, who headed the ceremony, arrived at the door of the Cathedral!

His monument is in progress, under the skilful chissel of Flaxman.

Prefacing this work, Mr. Northcote has said, and the declaration ought to silence criticism, that....

‘It is my fixed opinion, that if ever there should appear in the world a memoir of an artist well given, it will be the production of an Artist; but as those rarely possess an eminent facility in literary composition, they have avoided the task; and the labour of writing the lives of painters has been left to depend solely on the skill and ingenuity of those who knew but little concerning the subject they had undertaken, in consequence of which their work is rendered useless and insipid.

‘I sensibly feel, that some parts of these memoirs may be judged tedious, some parts weak, and other parts not sufficiently connected with the original subject; but I was not so competent a judge of my own work as to make the proper selection: and I also apprehend that, in a variety of readers, some will be pleased with what others will despise, and that one who presumes to give a public dinner must provide, as well as he is able, a dish for each particular palate; so that if I have given too much, it is at my own risk, and from an earnest desire to satisfy every one.’

We cordially thank the worthy biographer for the pleasure he has afforded us.

**ART. II.**—*Travels in Caucasus and Georgia*, performed in the years 1807 and 1808, by command of the Russian Government, by Julius Von Klaproth, Aulic Counsellor to the Emperor of Russia, Member of the Academy of Sciences of Saint Petersburg, &c.; translated from the German, by Frederick Shoberl. Quarto. Pp. 421. Colburn. 1814.

THE alliance between Russia and Great Britain, and the personal regard evinced by the magnanimous emperor, both universally and collectively, for all ranks during his recent visit to this country, render the observations of our traveller in that vast empire particularly interesting.

The volume now before us, is well calculated to afford the most ample information respecting a country of which hitherto we have had imperfect accounts, and our author will lead the reader to an acquaintance with the manners and customs of the Cossacks, a brave and hardy race of northern warriors, who lately left their far distant homes to join their sovereign in repelling the common disturber of Europe, who had wantonly invaded their country. It will place them in a far different point of view to that in which we have been taught to regard them. The French, who distinguished them as 'barbarians,' and Buonaparte who called them 'the most contemptible cavalry in the world,' knew little of their character.

The vast chain of mountains, extending from the lesser Asia through the north of Persia, to India, which seem to have been intended by the great disposer of all things, as the separation of Europe from Asia, have been seldom explored by the scientific, or the intelligent traveller.

The Emperor Alexander, though engaged in war with France, was not unmindful of the internal regulations of his more distant territories. To this end he sent men of talents to explore through the snow-capt ridges, of the Caucasus, the regions of Georgia; which, since the invasion of Timour the Tartar, to the reign of the great Catharine, had not been penetrated by a military force. Russia has reopened this passage, and it is left to Alexander to finish the task began by his grandmother.

This work is rendered extremely pleasing by an easy familiar description of the countries and cities through which our traveller passed; and, independently of the object to be attained by the Russian government, the

greatest part of this large volume will be read with satisfaction as a work of topography.

Our traveller, Mr. Von Klaproth, set out on his expedition from St Petersburg, on the 15th of September 1807, in company of Boronzo the student, and provided with every necessary passport. Thus was he enabled to command attention through his long dangerous rout, and, when practicable, expedition; but these advantages are alone found by couriers and those who travel in the service of the crown:

‘To a foreigner,’ says Von Klaproth, ‘who is not accustomed to the Russian mode of travelling, it is extremely inconvenient, as he meets no inns except in the largest towns, and in the smaller, he is obliged to make provision for himself, a circumstance which subtracts much from the pleasures of his journey. It is indispensably necessary that he should take with him bedding and culinary utensils; and I, for my part, found a quantity of portable soup, and the English sauces in bottles, with which a palatable dish may be quickly prepared, extremely serviceable. I would, therefore, recommend every traveller in Russia to provide himself with these articles, unless he can make up his mind to live by the way on biscuit and Russian cole soup, or on eggs; for besides these, nothing whatever is to be had in the villages. In Lent, he will only find salt fish, or dishes dressed with hemp oil, which diffuse such a stench that it is scarcely possible to remain under the roof with them, and still less to taste such victuals.—It is easy to many to fasten a large bell to the front of every vehicle, which keeps constantly ringing with the motion, and gives notice to others coming the contrary way. When several carriages are travelling together, and each bell has a different tone, the music which they make in the woods is extremely agreeable.’

Our traveller proceeded first to Moskwa, slightly remarking upon the towns, villages, and passing objects: observing that the road from St. Petersburg] to Moskwa is one of the worst and most uninteresting in the whole empire; presenting but little variety, and in some parts the villages are so near to each other, that they form a long straggling town. He met a great number of Russian peasants and German colonists carrying their produce to market; and all of them singing, or rather bawling. He bitterly complains of the *black mud*, in wet weather, which in summer is converted into black dust, and greatly annoys the traveller. His near approach to Moskwa, we shall give in his own words.



It had rained the whole day, but towards evening the weather cleared up, so that our postilions could at least avoid the large ponds which stood in the road, and in which we were kept in continual fear of being overturned. When after a slow and cautious journey we were yet several wersts from the gates of Moskwa, I perceived a strong and extremely disagreeable smell, which, as I was assured, proceeded from the city, and grew more intolerable the nearer we approached it. In the streets, most of which are unpaved, the mud was nearly up to the axle (of the carriage), and it was with difficulty that with our weary horses we reached what is called the Polish inn.

As, according to my instructions, I was to wait at Moskwa for certain papers necessary for my journey, I was under the necessity of prolonging my stay there to several days: but I cannot say that this circumstance afforded me any particular pleasure; for the endless filth and stench in the streets prevented me from seeing many remarkable objects. For the rest, Moskwa presents a highly diversified and motley spectacle, as it is the last city in Russia which exhibits a mixture of European and Russian exterior but the latter considerably predominates.

Immediately after this unfavourable picture, the author describes the splendid carriages, state entertainments, and great hospitality of the higher order of the inhabitants. This certainly indicates wealth, and a certain sort of splendour; yet to see ladies, decked out in Russian finery dragged through the mud, *axle-tree deep*, to a banquet, or a ball, must withal be a matter of curious contemplation. Amid this foulness of air and depth of soil, however our traveller tells us that 'no where can more *correct notions* of the splendour and expence of the Russian nobility be acquired than there. As at Moskwa all persons of higher rank than collegiate councillor (colonel) have a right to drive six horses, it is not uncommon when the Governor-General gives a state dinner or supper, to see more than twenty coaches and six in the square before his house, the rest of which is completely covered with those drawn by four horses. Upon the whole there is scarce a city in the world where coaches are so much used as in Moskwa. That hospitality for which the Russians are celebrated, is here met in the highest degree, and is certainly exercised in a more generous manner than at St. Petersburg, for there it has sunk into a fashion. The only motive for receiving strangers and inviting them to table at St. Petersburg, is

ostentation. In Moskwa, on the contrary, the stranger is cordially received, both by the Russians and Germans, all vie with one another in rendering his residence among them as agreeable as possible.

The next twenty pages comprehend a history of the ancient wars between the Russians and the Poles, wherein it appears that the latter were generally the aggressors and gained many victories. Ultimately, however, by the valour principally, of the Cossacks, the Russians prevailed, and in the year 1765, the Empress Catharine erected her government at Charkow (Cracow).

The partition of Poland was first projected by the King of Prussia, who wished to possess himself of Polish or western Prussia. It separated his German dominions from Eastern Prussia, and the Poles might at any time prevent the communication between those parts of his territories; and from this he experienced the most fatal effects in his wars. By the acquisition of Western Prussia, his dominions would have been rendered compact; and his troops would thus be able to march from Berlin to Koningsburgh without opposition. When Poland became distracted by contending parties, he kept aloof, waiting an opportunity to share in the partition of that unhappy country, and the emperor of Germany seemed to be actuated by the same policy. At length superadded to civil commotions, the plague spread its baleful influence over the inhabitants of Poland. The latter misfortune formed a pretext for the King of Prussia extending his lines to prevent the spreading of the infection he advanced his troops into Polish Prussia, and occupied the whole district. The Emperor Joseph, under the like specious pretence, marched his army into the territory of the republic, while the Empress of Russia acted at open war; and these powers made a partition of Poland. The present changes in Europe have not been more surprising than the fate of Poland within the last half century. Prussia was in a state of vassalage to the republic; Russia once beheld its capital in the occupation of the Poles; and Austria, a little more than a century ago, was indebted to a sovereign from that country, for the preservation of its metropolis, and almost even for its existence. What fate attends the Poles in the present Congress at Vienna, is yet to be known.

Cracow, or Charkow, as it is called in the present work,

and where we must now suppose our travellers to have arrived, was once the capital of Poland, where their kings were crowned, and interred. It was the see of an archbishop and had a noble university. Of the latter our author says,

‘The idea of founding an university at Charkow, was not itself a bad one, because many opulent gentry whose sons might have benefited by it resided in its vicinity. But in Russia, there is too little taste for learning, and the old French mode of education is still too fashionable; on which account, people of rank and fortune very seldom avail themselves of the advantages offered by universities and other seminaries. It was likewise an exceedingly injudicious step to introduce knowledge into Russia by means of foreigners, and to raise a fabric which requires the labours of ages, as expeditiously as a triumphal arch may be patched up. The only method of effectually promoting the diffusion of science in Russia, would have been to have sent young Russians who had distinguished themselves in the ordinary schools to some good seminary in Germany, and thence to an university where they might have prepared themselves for their destined career. Such persons as these, at their return, would certainly have furnished the best teachers for the institutions of the promotion of learning.

‘At present, on the contrary, the whole course of instruction is radically faulty, because the encyclopedian method of teaching so prevalent in Germany has been introduced; by which method the pupil learns a little of every thing but nothing thoroughly, and at most, acquires an historical notion of each science, which, in the end proves no further use to him, and which he very soon forgets. As long as the sciences have been cultivated in Russia, the mathematical, have been considered as best adapted to the diffusion of knowledge in the country; but it was long since justly remarked by Schlozer, that no nation in the world was ever yet rescued from barbarism by the mathematics. Nature changes not her course, and it is by the arts and sciences, by the belles letters and poetry, that the Greeks, and the Romans, the Italians, French, English, and Germans attained to so high a degree of cultivation.’

‘Another almost insurmountable obstacle which will long prevent Russia from making any progress in the sciences, lies in the political constitution. As there is no middle class in this country, the whole nation is divided into two parts, masters and slaves; and at present, in another way, unto persons who are in the service of the state, and such as are not. To the latter belong the vassals and tradesmen, who have neither inclination nor opportunity to cultivate their minds. The others are much too anxious to obtain honours and titles, which the service alone confers, to devote much time to the sciences,

Every one strives at as early an age as possible to procure an appointment under the crown, for which he needs nothing but a good recommendation, and an acquaintance with the Russian style of doing business, and the laws of the country. He has no encouragement to study the sciences, of which he knows nothing, and for which he thinks he has no occasion. Till, then, a middle class of citizens shall arise in Russia, no real diffusion of knowledge can be reasonably expected.'

Of this city, once the scene of royal hospitality, and where happiness beamed no more in each countenance, we only find a repetition of our traveller's observations on mud and dirt. He is even here more severe than on Moskwa for he tells us that it would not be possible, as at Bourdeaux, to walk through the street upon stilts, and that he was compelled to make his visits in wide furred boots, which he could throw off at the bottom of the stairs where he visited. Even thus defended, he once unluckily stuck fast, and left his boot behind. Another time his carriage met the same fate, and could not be drawn out of this 'slough of the muses,' without some additional horses. The only remaining circumstance which happened to our traveller here, which we think worthy of repeating was a robbery wherein the thieves displayed an adroitness descriptive of our London house-breakers.

'Unfortunately for me,' continues our traveller, 'I was detained a considerable time at Charkow by various circumstances; for one evening when I was invited by the civil Governor to tea, and by Mr. Von Stoikowitz, who was then rector of the university to supper, some thieves getting in at the window of my apartment from the court yard, robbed me not only of my linen and clothes, but of a large sum of money which was locked up in the same room. This happened about ten in the evening, while Bodrinzo the student, and a police soldier assigned us by the Burgomaster as a guard were in the house. The affair made a considerable noise in the town, and in a wood near Charkow was found one of my uniforms, which was returned me quite torn in pieces; but none of the thieves have yet been brought to punishment; a circumstance which reflects the highest honour (we should apprehend the *greatest disgrace*) on the police of the town, by which the sentry had been appointed to attend me! I have since heard that one of the robbers was actually taken, but that he either soon escaped, or was set at liberty.'

At length we find our traveller arrived at Ischerkask the capital of the Don Cossacks; 290 German miles from

**St. Petersburg.** The character of these people is yet little understood; for Mr. Von Klaproth speaks of them as even of a superior race to most other Russians. Their city differs from all other towns in the mode of building. On account of the annual inundations which commonly last from April to June, most of the houses are erected upon high poles, so that when the inundation is over, there is a space under each, where they keep their cattle. In most of the streets there are lofty wooden bridges which run along the middle of them, and from which a smaller bridge runs to each house, which precludes riding in a carriage, or even upon horse-back. He describes spacious, well arranged shops, furnished with all sorts of domestic commodities, many foreign productions, Greek, and Turkish merchandize, which are sold at very moderate prices; also woollen cloth of home and foreign manufacture; tea, sugar, coffee, wines, and other strong liquors. The dress of the Cossacks, is thus described.

‘To a stranger visiting Tscherkassk for the first time, it is a striking spectacle to find a city peopled by Cossacks alone, and where all the male inhabitants wear the same costume, which consists of a blue cassock cloak turned up with red. Even great part of the foreigners, during their residence here, adopt this dress, which looks very neat. Besides the Cossacks, properly so called, the Tartars, who are upon the same footing as the Cossacks, occupy a whole suburb, and have likewise a well fitted up wooden market. The women, may upon the whole be pronounced handsome, and very shewy, especially upon holidays, with their half oriental costume. The use of paint is common in this place as it is all over Russia; but here I think I observed this disguise on the faces of middle-aged females only. The young women and girls have a fresh complexion, and seem to employ few artificial means of improving their natural beauty.

The origin of the Don Cossacks, dates not much earlier than the year 1570, for many refugees had for some time settled on the river Don and its branches, but it was not till after the building of Tscherkassk that their political constitution was settled: where after the manner of the Saporogians, they lived a long time without wives. Their losses were supplied by stragglers and unmarried men from the first colonies of the Don Cossacks: the troubles which soon after broke out in Russia continued to augment their numbers. These Cossacks soon after became troublesome to their neighbours, so that it was found necessary to flatter them and gain them with presents, to prevent them from committing depredations and driving

away the flocks in time of peace, and in war to secure the aid of such brave and serviceable troops. At present, all the Cossacks pay implicit obedience to the crown, and are as faithful subjects as any in the empire. Content with little, they patiently endure every kind of hardship, but they are the first in war, whenever there is an opportunity of plunder. Their country is not, strictly speaking, a Russian province, but it has its particular government and constitution, and is under an *Attaman* or commander-in-chief, who on all occasions that arise, communicates directly with St. Petersburg. This has inspired them with a manly love of freedom, which unfortunately is not to be found in the other Russians; but nevertheless, perfect submission to the orders of their superiors prevails among them.

In addition to the traits of civilization already adduced, Mr. Von Klaproth, mentions a university in their city.

'I little expected,' continues he, 'to have found so good a seminary among the Cossacks. During my stay there was a public examination, which was highly creditable to the institution; and truth obliges me to declare, that it may vie with any other in Russia. This circumstance of itself evinces that they are not of pure Russian descent. They are much addicted to intoxication, but are ashamed to suffer its consequences to be publicly seen, which is not the case in the rest of Russia; for there, when a man in reality reels along the streets after a debauch, no one takes the least notice of it, neither does it cast the slightest imputation on his character. The people of Tscherkassk choose rather to drink to excess at home, and the fair sex make no scruple to partake in the bacchanalian orgies.'

Of the rapid growth of civilization, Mr. Von Klaproth instances the little town of Nachtschiwan, a short distance from the Don Cossacks, which was built since the year 1780, by the Armenians who have emigrated from the Kyram. He speaks with rapture of this 'perfectly regular and handsome place.' The shops form a long row, and are stocked with all kinds of commodities: in front of them runs a broad and completely covered passage, which is lighted from above by windows, and has, on account of its light and elegance, an imposing appearance. According to the Asiatic custom, the mechanics work at shop, and all persons of the same trade live near one another; so that here you see a row of goldsmiths, there another of bakers, tailors, &c. Nachtschiwan is moreover, a very populous and lively place.

'My host, who was the chief magistrate, took a pleasure in conducting me about every where, and shewed me in the town house, the

licence for building the town confirmed by the Empress Catherine II., which, written in the Armenian language, and in large characters, adorns the crown of justice. Colonel Awramow, an Armenian by birth, has rendered great services to the town, and was one of the original founders. At his house I met with two Armenian archimandrites, who were on the way to the celebrated convent of Etschmidsm, near Eriwan. At night we had a truly cheerful ball, at which, however, but few Armenian females were present, because they live very retired, and seldom shew themselves to strangers.

I returned from Nachtschiwan to Tscherbassk, where I stayed but a few hours, and immediately made an excursion among the Calmucks settled on the opposite side of the Don. These, like the Don Cossacks, to whom they are accounted to belong, are divided into regiments of 500 men, each of which is under a colonel and major. Only one company of these Calmucks, under a Ssoitic, was encamped here in their ordinary military tents, and they appeared to be in indigent circumstances. These Calmuck Cossacks have by right the pasture between Don, the rival Ssal, and the great Manytsch, and are totally distinct from the Wolga Cossacks in the government of Astrachan.

Our author next enters into a diffuse history of the Calmucks and Mongols, nations nearly situated, and in some degree allied to the Don Cossacks. Several of the warriors of these nations served with, and are indiscriminately called Cossacks, in the recent victories over the French.

The Calmucks are a branch of the Mongol nation, which, even in modern times, has always, and even by several persons eminent for their historical researches, been confounded with the Tartar, though totally different from the latter in features and language. The ancestors of both the Mongols and the Calmucks now resident in Europe, dwelt, so lately as the beginning of the eleventh century of our æra, to the north on the borders of the Lake of Baikal in eastern Siberia, where they roved about with their herds of horses. The horse seems to have been the only domestic animal which they possessed, and they were strangers to the use of the metals with the exception of copper; for the words which in their language denote these objects, as well as the names of other (several) necessities of life, are all of Tartar origin; whence it is very probable that they derived their knowledge of those things themselves from the Tartars who inhabited the countries to the south of them, and who are rather more civilized than they. At that time the whole region between China and Siberia, from the upper Amur and the branches of

that river to the Caspian sea, was inhabited by nations speaking the Tartar language.

'The Mongols proper are divided into several tribes;—they are subject to Russia, pay a moderate tribute to the crown, and also serve without pay as Cossacks on the Chinese frontier. Some still have their petty hereditary princes; but there are cases when, on the failure of their issue, other opulent families, are raised to that rank. Most of them have for their chiefs *Ssaissans*, whose appointment as well as the confirmation of their high ecclesiastical dignities depends entirely on the Russian commanders in chief. Next to these come the *Schüllunga*, who are below the *Ssaissans* in rank, and who have under them inferior officers, denominated *Sassul*. These persons indeed administer justice among the tribes; but their authority is limited, inasmuch as every individual who possesses the means may appeal to the Russian magistrates. Many of these officers pay the tribute for the whole tribe in specie out of their own pockets, and in the hunting season collect with usury the quota of each person under their jurisdiction.

'No people in Asia are so strikingly distinguished by their physiognomy and the figure of the skull as the Mongols. They exhibit almost as wide a deviation from the ordinary conformation of a man, as the negroes in Africa; and it is truly remarkable that this cast of countenance is almost indelible even by long intermixture with other nations; and that where this singularity once prevails, it can scarcely ever be eradicated. A Mongol might carry an European woman in the midst of Europe, and his latest descendants would nevertheless retain the features of Mongols, as abundance of examples in Russia attest. The characteristics of this physiognomy are the corners of the eyes next to the nose running back rather obliquely, and completely filled up; small eye-brows, black, and but little arched; a remarkable broad but at the same time small and flat nose; prominent cheek bones; round face and head. The ears are large, and stand out from the head; the lips broad and thick; and the chin short. A beard composed of detached strong hairs, which soon turn grey, and entirely fall off in advanced age, is likewise a peculiarity of this nation.

'The Mongols are for the rest of middle size; the women may be pronounced small, but yet they are delicately shaped, there are scarcely any cripples among them; but crooked legs and thighs are a very common personal defect, which arises from the circumstance that infants already in their cradle are constantly placed across a kind of spoon, and, as soon as they go alone, are obliged to travel on horseback upon every removal to a fresh pasturage. The skin and complexion of the Mongols is by nature tolerably fair; at least this is the case with young children; but the customs of the other common people, whose children of



the male sex run about stark naked in the sun and in the smook of their tents, and among whom likewise the men generally sleep in summer with no other covering than their under garment, occasions their ordinary colour to be sallow brown. The women on the contrary are very white under their clothes, and among people of quality you meet with faces of a delicately fair complexion, still further heightened by the blackness of their hair, and which in these respects, as well as in the features themselves, bear a strong resemblance to the figures of Chinese paintings.

All the Mongols lead a roving life, and dwell in moveable tents. They are circular and of different dimensions, and rest upon lattice work about four feet high, which is held together by borders above and below, but may easily be taken to pieces. The skeleton of the habitation, which stands upon this frame, is composed of poles which meet at the top. These are covered with thick grey or white felt, which among the more opulent people, are worked at the borders with cords of plaited hair. They are tied round with hair ropes, which keep them fast, and only one opening is left for an entrance, which is closed externally with a felt curtain.

The Calmucks are a tribe of the Oirät, or Dorbon Oirät, that is, of the four confederates, called by the Mongols Oelüt. According to the ancient tradition current among them, the greatest and most powerful part of the Oelüt, having migrated westward and proceeded as far as Asia Minor, afterwards settled about the Caucasus.

The next fifty-two pages of these travels are entirely occupied by a description of the religion of the Mongols, the Lama, their temples, and sacred palaces; their furniture, altars, musical instruments, decorations, sacred books, ceremonies, prayers, priests, dress, &c. &c.

No people appear to be so truly and piously devoted to their religion as the Mongolians, and none are more honest to each other, or courteous to strangers who outwardly respect their various superstitious rites and ceremonies. The higher order of priests they hold sacred, whose lives, in general, are truly exemplary, and finely contrasted to many of the lazy voluptuous ministers of the catholic creed. Our limits will not allow us to follow our author through his minute descriptions of the temples and ceremonies of the disciples of Lama, which, indeed, are very curious; but we are tempted to transcribe a chapter on their domestic worship.

'Besides the public temples,' says our author 'and the numerous habitations of the priests in the country, which are in every respect the representatives of temples, all the Momadic tribes professing the Lama religion have in each habitation a holy place and altar, and certain sacred utensils for their domestic worship. This place is invariably on the sides of their huts opposite to the entrance, and a little to the left as you go in. Wealthy people keep in their spacious and neatly furnished dwellings large decorated altars and utensils for their service, which are not inferior to those in their temples in value and magnificence. So powerfully are these people influenced by the fear of God and a spirit of religion, that even the poorest Mongol cannot live without an altar or consecrated place in his habitation. However plain or even mean, these places may be, the owners mark with them the spot where they conceive the presence of God dwells in their tent. This consecrated place they consider as holy; no person approaches or passes it with indifference, or without lifting up his left hand in the most reverential manner. Early every morning the whole altar and all the articles belonging to it are cleaned with things which are never used for any other purpose, and the seven basins are filled with fresh water. This done, each person prostrates three or nine times before the altar, and at last bless themselves by touching it with their heads. At the domestic altars of the Lamas (chief priests) who live dispersed in the country, and those of the opulent, music is daily performed, as in the public temples. In the morning a lighted lamp is set upon the altar.

'As soon as any visitor, on entering the door perceives the altar, he never fails to make three prostrations, and it is not till then he salutes the family and sits down. The Calmucks pray before the altars of the priests only, and not at those in their own houses. Whoever is not too much occupied with business repeats his creed every morning, addresses the holy mother, or recites other penitential prayers and vows. In general, prayers and religious expressions flow quite naturally from the lips. Not only the clergy, but also the laity, learn the most part of the common prayers, as well in Tibetan language as in the Mongol text. From their youth they are assisted by their extraordinary memory; children of both sexes apply themselves, without compulsion, to the learning of their sacred books and prayers by heart, and are universally disposed to piety and religion. Whoever can read and pray, collects and writes down all the domestic forms of prayer. For the rest they deem it their duty to procure as many religious books as their circumstances permit, which they hold in high veneration; sometimes assembling the superior and inferior clergy to read to them in the same manner as in their temples. In every family you find at least one of the cleverest boys

destined for the ecclesiastical profession, for they consider it a religious duty to devote at any rate one of their children to the priesthood. Notwithstanding many inconveniences arising from the too great increase of the clergy of this nation, all the measures hitherto pursued for limiting their number have proved fruitless; their piety is so strongly inflamed by the Lamas, that all the preventatives adopted by government had produced the very contrary effect, and occasioned emotions among the clergy as well as among the laity. The clerical character is held by them in extraordinary respect; but the study of their real duties is here and there neglected.

Besides the daily exercises of devotion, the Mongols sometimes have a complete domestic service performed by the assembled clergy; on these occasions prayers are offered for the prosperity and happiness of their family, and they conclude with others soliciting blessings for the whole world. When any individual is sick or indisposed, they have religion before they call in a physician. At the first commencement of an illness, they have a bath prepared by priests, or, for want of them, by laymen learned in the scriptures; for they are convinced that all disease originates in pollution. When they have set fire to their incense, they repeat certain Tibetan or Mongol forms of prayer, and imagine that their petitions ascend with the perfumed smoke through the air to god. The patient sits exactly facing the priest, with his hands folded and raised, and his eyes fixed on the ground. After the water has been mixed with some milk, and consecrated by incantations, it is handed to the patient, who must first taste it, and then wash the forehead, the crown of the head, breast, belly and loins, in a bason. The remaining water, and that which is caught during the operation, is then poured out in a clean place, upon which none must afterwards tread. The same purificatory ceremony is used by the common people, with whom there is no greater solemnity than at the baptism of new born infants. Similar offerings are frequently repeated through life both by the high and the low, on all important occasions, and sometimes the whole family takes part in them. Among the common people you likewise meet with many prayer wheels\* and each person carries a rosary, when the father

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\* The prayer wheels is a cylindrical vessel of wood or metal either very small or of an immense size. In its centre is fixed an iron axle; but the interior of the cylinder, which is quite hollow; is filled with sacred writings, the leaves of which are all stuck one to the other at the edge, throughout the whole length. The paper is rolled tightly round the axis of the cylinder till the whole space is filled up. A close cover is fixed on at each end, and the whole is very neatly finished, painted on the outside with allegorical representations, or Indian prayers, and varnished. This cylinder is fastened upright in a frame by the axis, that the latter by means of a wheel attached to it below, may be set a going with a string, and with a slight pull kept in constant rotatory motion. When this cylinder is large, another twice as small, and filled with writing, is fixed for ornament at the top of it. The inscrip-

the mother, or any individual of the family feels an impulse to pray, especially during their leisure hours in the evening before they retire to rest, they repeat their *om-mu-nih-bad-ma-chum* in the most pathetic manner. The rosary and the prayer wheels are used on those occasions, and all join in singing away till they are tired in the same tone. This practice is common among all classes, particularly in cases of affliction, disease, or death. Whole volumes of commentaries have been written on the subject of this form of prayer; they consider it as the epitome of their whole religion, and ascribe to it an efficacy through which the spirit of the petitions may with the firmest confidence in God be pronounced secure from all annoyances both temporal and eternal. Whenever any person, even though it be a layman, of their own family, performing the most trifling religious office for them, they never fail to evince their gratitude by a present of greater or less value according to their circumstances. If several join in their devotions, they all contribute to the gift; for it is an express article of their religion never to dismiss an ecclesiastic, a physician, or any one who assists them in distress, without such a present.'

Having observed upon, and quoted so much respecting the religion of the followers of Lama, some account of the priests in concluding this subject will be looked for; and as this was our own impression when we had read far, we shall add another extract from this valuable work on that head: After describing the rigid examination of a candidate for priesthood, our author observes;

'All degrees of priests are enjoined to celibacy. Their principal personal duties are disinterestedness, toil, patience, constancy in devotion, continence, and wisdom. The priests are obliged to live separately from the laity, in order that they may lead irreproachable lives: and they receive from their disciples all the attendance they require. Each of them, when he awakes, before he goes to sleep, and at stated times of the day, repeats certain prayers for himself and for the welfare of all living beings. For the rest it is his duty to repair where soever he is

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tions on such prayer wheels commonly consist of masses for souls, psalms, and the six great general litanies, in which the most moving petitions are performed for the welfare of all creatures. The text they sometimes repeat a hundred or even a thousand times, attributing from superstition a proportionably augmentation of effect to this repetition, and believing that by these frequent copies, combined with their thousands of revolutions they will prove so much the more efficacious. They are on the habitations of the priests, on the whole roof of the temple in rows by way of ornament, over gates; even in fields, frames are set up for these praying machines, which instead of being there moved by a spring, are twined by means of four sails, shaped and hollowed out like spoons, by the wind.

summoned for the exercise of his spiritual functions. As the priests always study the ancient Indian science of medicine, and are the physicians of the country, they are kept constantly employed by the people. Whoever requires the assistance of a priest, dispatches a messenger with good saddle horses for himself and one of his disciples, by whom he is constantly attended, and victuals and drink must be provided for their refreshment. When the patient is unable to rise from his bed and pay the necessary obedience, he makes only a slight inclination with his head, at the same time raising his clasped and extended hands. The clerical physician then feels the pulse, inspects the wine, and administers some of the medicines that his disciple invariably brings with him; after which, this, like every other service that he renders, is rewarded with a present be it ever so small. The omission of this practise is deemed a violation of the law of gratitude. On the recovery of a person from a dangerous illness, he expresses his thanks to his physician by valuable presents, gives him a grand entertainment, and considers it his duty to make repeated acknowledgements as long as he lives to his saviour and benefactor. The Lamas behave not only to one another, but also to the laity, with extreme politeness. Among laymen of quality the utmost respect is always paid to a priest of the highest degree, and in company with Lamas, to him who is of the longest standing in the church. The priests converse together entirely in a higher scriptural dialect, which to those unacquainted with the sacred writings is almost unintelligible. As, excepting injudicial proceedings, the Mongols never speak standing to persons of quality in their habitations, so both the disciples of the ecclesiastic and the laity must always drop on one knee before a priest when they have any business to transact with him. All the victuals and drink set before a Lama whether at home or abroad, are sprinkled by his disciples with pure water by means of a small stick kept for this purpose at the altar. Before every repast, all the priests join in saying grace in the Tibetan language. Whenever they drink tea, a little basin destined expressly for their use is filled and placed before the domestic altar; and at every repast of animal food, some pieces are put in from three to five different places on the table, and afterwards eaten by the servants. Small offerings of food are never omitted, in testimony of gratitude for the bounty of providence which furnishes daily supplies of nourishment. Both among the priests and laity it would be considered highly indecent were a person to eat up all that is set before him be the quantity ever so small. They therefore not only purposely leave some portion, but during the repast share what they have with those to whom nothing has been served up. It is deemed a blessing by every individual to be able to give something to his neighbour, and it is always accepted with thanks. He whom in such cases is guilty of wilful or even unintentional neglect, renders himself liable to the keenest reproaches. After every repast, water is brought to the priests for the purpose of washing their hands. They themselves likewise carry about them a small

spherical, curiously wrought silver or copper vessel, provided with a spout and cover, with a little bag containing clean water to rinse their mouths, after eating animal food. The priests are moreover consulted on all occasions ; and as, through constant practise they are commonly the ablest politicians, the people apply to them in matters for advice, which they follow with implicit confidence.

‘ All ecclesiastics must live decently and cleanly, their house associates provide them with food. Every priest and clergyman of quality carries in his bosom a drinking bowl, neatly made of some fine wood, well varnished and wrapped in a good handkerchief, and makes use of it both at home and abroad. The disciples of the Lamas take care of these bowls for them, and servants for people of quality ; they fill them with meat and drink, and deliver them to their masters, because priests in particular must not take them from the table with their own hands. Strong liquors are forbidden them by the express injunctions of their founder (Schigimunih) who says, “ Whoever indulges himself in strong drink shall not be my disciple, and never will I have a debauchee considered as a servant of mine.”

The ordinary dress of the clergy is like that of the community. It is only at High Mass and other religious offices that they put on the priestly habit. Next to the skin they wear silk or cotton shirts, and instead of breeches, an apron, which comes no lower than the knees, and which on account of its numerous folds all round, is very wide and roomy. Their upper garment which reaches down to their heels, is covered on the outside with red or yellow Chinese silks, or cotton stuffs, and fastened round the waist with a very broad girdle. Over all they wear a red or yellow silk cotton scarf, three or four fathoms in length, and three spans in breadth, which they throw over the left shoulder, and wrap round the body. When a priest prays before the sacred furniture of the temples and before his domestic altar, he must every time take the two ends of this scarf in his hand, hold it up, and then touch the ground with his head upon the border of it as a sign that he is a legitimate priest. All their garments are deemed sacred by the people ; it is not lawful for others to use them, neither will one ride on the saddle of a priest. If they happen to meet when on horseback a priest of the highest order, they alight, while at a considerable distance, to salute and pay their obedience to him, and to receive his blessing by the imposition of hands. Among these sympathetic people, each individual contributes according to his circumstances to the relief of his

(distressed) neighbour, and thus in a short time they receive presents to a considerable amount. Many of the poor disciples, who are of indigent families, go about the country when they begin to be pressed by want. Every one treats them with kindness and compassion, is pleased with their talents for prayer, entertains them as long as it is requisite, and takes sincere delight in contributing to the relief of the necessitous. In this manner the needy ecclesiastics collect all kinds of provisions, butter, meat, vegetables, wool, hides, &c. in such profusion that they have a surplus to sell, and can thus procure a fresh stock of cattle. The other domestic occupation of the priests differ but little from the laity : but they are spared as much as possible the necessity of attending to them, that they may employ themselves in the study of the scriptures, in learning long prayers by heart, in copying their religious books, in medicine, in almanack-making, at which they are very expert, in drawing figures, painting pictures and the like.

(To be continued.)

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**ART. III.**—*Paris in 1802 and 1814.* By the Rev. William Shepherd. Second Edition. Octavo. Pp. 278. Longman. 1814.

The peace has conjured up a vast variety of authors. All the world must go to France; and half the world will write their travels.

The volume before us, is a mere journal; but as it professes to contain a view of Paris in 1802, contrasted with a view of that city in 1814, some objects of curiosity may be extracted from it.

In 1802, Bonaparte was at the footstool of his greatness; and the Parisians were beginning comparatively, to repose from the sanguinary tumults of republican horrors, and progressive atrocities of revolutionary despotism.

On a tedious journey, full of difficulties, we find our traveller in the month of June 1802, at St. Denis, in his road to Paris. This pleasant town, we are informed, at the time of the mortal antipathy which the great nation suddenly conceived against the whole army of the holy men, was rebaptized by the name of Franciade.

‘ Here we had a view of the magnificent gothic cathedral, which was formerly the cemetery of the kings of France. Few edifices have suffered more by the active hand of revolutionary violence than this cathedral. In pursuance of a decree of the convention it was visited by a number of commissioners, who proceeded systematically to strip it of the insignia of the Gallic monarchy, which formerly constituted its proudest ornaments. Under the direction of these political Goths the repose of deceased royalty was violated. Not only were the monuments of the kings demolished, but their coffins were torn from their receptacles, their remains were scattered abroad, and the lead in which their bodies had been enclosed was melted and converted into bullets. When the barbarians who had committed these outrages had finished their work of destruction, they address to their constituents a *proces-verbal*, describing the nature and extent of their operations, which is not one of the least interesting documents relating to the period of revolutionary fanaticism.

‘ At about five o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the walls of Paris. We found the barriers guarded by soldiers and officers of the police, two of whom ordered our carriage to stop, and demanded our passports. As we were waiting whilst these documents were examined, I could not help reflecting on the facility which the establishment of such checks upon the liberty of ingress and egress had afforded to revolutionary murderers, in the perpetration of the most atrocious crimes. Whenever Robespierre wished to destroy the virtuous senators, or the generous citizens, whose daring spirit prompted them to bear open testimony against his crimes, he issued the fatal mandate.—The guards stationed at the barriers were reinforced by revolutionary agents—Paris was hermetically sealed—the victims of the tyrant's rage were deprived even of the hope of escaping. For, if when driven from their asylums by the blood-hounds, who by means of domiciliary visits hunted down the devoted prey, they ventured to try their fortune at the gates of the city, the strict scrutiny which they there underwent almost infallibly betrayed them into the hands of their executioners. How many countenances have turned pale—how many hearts have ached at the sight of these horrid portals !’

Having provided lodgings &c.—our traveller proceeds to visit the *Chateau* of the *Thuileries*. Approaching the front, by the place de Carousel, he moralises on the positions occupied by the *Marsellois*, and the *Swiss*, on the dreadful 10th of August, 1792 ; and awefully impressed with recollection, ascends the grand stair case, which was deluged, on that fatal day, with the blood of its brave and loyal defenders.



These are not impressions calculated to invite pleasurable emotions in a visit of curiosity ; we will, therefore, hurry to the gardens, where immense crowds of people were indulging in the evening promenade. The females were well dressed ; but the men were slovenly in the extreme ; wearing the outward appearance more of journeymen friseurs, than of gentlemen. The façade of the Chateau, bore this inscription—*Liberté, Egalité, Indivisibilité de la République* ; and the entrance gates were flanked by two standards of iron work, after the model of the Roman ensign ; differing only in this respect, that it was surmounted by a cock instead of an eagle ; and F. R.—*Republic Française*—ornamented the tablet instead of S. P. Q. R.

Directing his course through the center alley, he proceeded to Place Louis XV, *alias* Place de la Revolution, *alias*, Place de la Concorde.

‘ In the middle of this square, the feeble and unfortunate Louis XVI. terminated his wretched existence by the axe of the guillotine. Here, too, the Brissots, the Vergniauds, the Guadets, the Carras, and the Sillerys, were taught by sad experience, that ‘ the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light ’—that in revolutionary struggles, those whose virtue renders them scrupulous about the means of preserving power, must sink in a conflict with the hardened adventurers, whose hearts are strangers to the emotions of pity or of shame. Here also Danton learnt, too late, that cowardly despotism bears no brother near the throne—and Robespierre beheld in the countenance of the multitude who witnessed his miserable end, the joy which enlivens the heart of a whole nation, when its oppressor is led forth to pay the forfeit of his atrocious deeds. The spot where the fatal engine of destruction has been so frequently erected, is marked by a wooden railing. I should like to dive into the emotion of Bonaparte, when he passes this ‘ field of Blood,’ where so many revolutionary chieftains have bowed their heads to the stroke of death.’

Little is said of the interior of the several palaces, till our traveller visits the gallery of the Louvre. These are his luminous observations.

‘ It is impossible for language to do justice to the wonderful *coup d'œil* afforded by this magnificent apartment, which forms a vista of 1300 feet in length, the sides of which are richly ornamented by the most exquisite productions of the pencil, selected by the eye of taste from the vast repositories of conquered Germany and Italy. Here

the *chefs-d'œuvres* of Raphael, Titian, Carracci, Domenichino, Poussin, Rembrandt, in short of all the most illustrious masters of the graphic art, are exhibited in such rich profusion, that in wandering through the maze of beauty, the eye knows not where to rest. A due examination of these inestimable pictures would occupy the leisure of a whole life—their value can be justly appreciated only by enlightened professors. It would therefore be highly presumptuous in the unlearned traveller to record more than the general impression which he received from this spectacle. I shall therefore only say, that, highly as my expectations had been wound up, by the perusal of the criticism made on many of these pictures by connoisseurs, who had travelled in the countries whence they had been lately removed, the paintings themselves left the conceptions of my imagination at an immeasurable length behind. After taking a survey of these treasures, I went into the apartments appropriated to the reception of antique statues. Here, when I found myself surrounded by the works of Praxiteles and Zeuxis, works which, for so many centuries before the christian æra, had excited the enthusiastic admiration of enlightened Greece, and which the bold spirit of the Romans durst not aspire to emulate, I could hardly persuade myself of the reality of the scene which was exhibited to my view,—and when I proceeded to gaze with minute attention on the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Mirmillo-morians, and the other pieces of sculpture with which the engravings and casts, that I consulted in the course of my classical studies, had made me familiar, I soon found that no copy was adequate to represent the spirit of the august originals. What a lesson does this collection give on the instability of human things! These breathing marbles were the splendid fruits of the victories gained by the armies of Rome over the degenerate Greeks. The Romans have degenerated in their turn; and the prize of valour has been wrested from their feeble hands, by the descendants of those Gauls, whom they once compelled to submit to the yoke of slavery. Who can deem it an impossible supposition, that, in the course of revolving years, it may be transferred by the hand of victory from, the Seine to the Neva, from Paris to Petersburg.

The administrators of the French government exercise the greatest liberality in facilitating the access of these galleries, which are open, without fee or reward, to strangers every day, from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon, and to the Parisians three days in the week. On these days they are crowded with visitants, many of which are of the lowest classes of the community. For the preservation of order, centinels are stationed at the doors of the apartments, and curators attend to prevent any one from damaging the pictures. Inscriptions, affixed at proper distances, warn the visitors to respect the national property; and in order to prevent accidents, gentlemen are obliged to leave their canes, and ladies their fans and parasols, at

the door, in the custody of a woman, who returns them to their owners when they quit the gallery. In order that the proprietor of each of these articles may be readily ascertained, the persons who deposit them take a ticket, the counterpart of which is affixed to their property, and on their exhibiting this ticket, they receive the cane or parasol which corresponds with its number.

At the Opera National, many compliments are offered to the magnificence of the scenery, the excellence of the music, the prevailing decorum, and the breathless admiration with which they audience received the dancing of Vestris ; but all these are every day observations, such as country cousins make on coming up to London to see the lions, who gaze without judgment, and describe without taste.

At the Comedie Française, the chief consul was present, but sat so far retired in his box, that it was difficult to catch a glimpse at him. Neither his entrance, nor his exit, excited any emotion in the audience.

This was the modesty of the novice consul—the tyrant monarch wore no blushing honors !

The volume leads through the different public buildings, and places of amusement, manufactures, &c. but in a very cursory way. Sometimes we stumble upon a remark.

‘ Our conductor having shewn us every thing which was likely to be interesting to us, we offered him a six-livre piece by way of gratuity. This present, however, he politely, but peremptorily declined accepting, observing that the consular guards never expected any reward for shewing civility to strangers. This is a punctilio which, I believe influences the conduct of few private soldiers in any service. At least, I greatly fear, that in a British grenadier it would have been completely drowned in the idea of a quart of ale.

‘ Almost every spot in Paris is revolutionary classic ground. From the hospital of the invalids, the insurgents of the fourteenth of July procured the arms which enabled them to take the Bastille. Opposite to the front of the *Ecole Militaire* is the *Champ du Mars*, where the king and the people of France took the famous oath of allegiance to the constitution—an oath, in the violation of which, both parties were so precipitate, that it is difficult to decide which led the way in the guilt of perjury. The elevation of the ground, in the shape of an immense amphitheatre, still marks the situation occupied by the vast multitude which performed and witnessed that striking ceremony.’

On a visit to Versailles, it is noted, that in an apartment of the palace, were still preserved several portraits of the

late reigning royal family. A young lady was seen, copying the portrait of the dauphiness, now, Duchesse d'Angoulême.

‘ While these indications of attachment to the Bourbons mark the sentiments of such of the inhabitants of Versailles as have suffered worldly loss in consequence of the downfall of royalty, their venturing to display their feelings is a proof of the strength of Bonaparte's government. Weakness is vigilant, suspicious, and severe. In the days of Robespierre, a sentiment of attachment to the house of Capet must have been cautiously repressed, or communicated ‘ in dreadful secrecy.’ ’

After—continues our traveller—we had contemplated these relics of royalty, we visited the state apartments ; these consist of the salon d'Hercule—salle de l'abondance—salon de Diane—salon de Mars—salon de Mercure—salon de la Guerre—and that the reader, may perfectly understand the style of their magnificent decoration, he is informed, that the examination would have required a minuteness, the traveller could not possibly bestow ; but proceeding, he indulges us with a slight of sentiment, in a walk to the petite trianon, the favourite retirement of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette.

‘ The gardens are divided into compartments, the one of which is laid out in the French, and the other in the English style. The former of these compartments is ornamented by an orangery, a music gallery, and a most elegant pavilion, lined with mirrors, and paved with marble. The *Jardin Anglois* is laid out with exquisite taste. Here we passed through shady walks, which wind about gentle declivities, till we reached a grotto, from which a short subterraneous passage conducted us to the top of an artificial mount. Descending from this, we pursued the course of a narrow streamlet, till we arrived at the Hameau, which consists of a farm house, a mill, and a church, all constructed in the true style of elegant rusticity, enveloped in trees and almost covered with ivy, vines, woodbines, and other species of climbing plants. Before the Hameau is a pool of water, fringed with reeds and bull-rushes. Beyond this is a gently sloping lawn ; and the view is terminated by the trees which conceal the winding walks. What must have been the sensations of the late owner of this charming retreat, when she contrasted the voluptuous days which she had spent in its seductive seclusion, with the terrifying solitude of the temple, and the fetid dungeon of the Bicêtre ? Evils are certainly heightened by contrast ; and though a king is but a man, and a queen a very woman, yet the woes of royalty must be attended.

with an anguish peculiar to themselves. The pleasure which I experienced in contemplating the delicious scenery of the petit trianon, was intermixed with these serious reflections. I left its shade, however, with reluctance. The day was far advancing, and we returned to Versailles, where we gladly partook of a comfortable dinner.'

Well done, John Bull! good eating and drinking, softens the asperities of thy reflections; and smooths the rugged paths of stern philosophy.—

Part II. In June 1814, our traveller proceeds to Dieppe. Journeying onwards, he encounters a wounded soldier on the road, he was a well looking youth of eighteen, and had been a conscript. He had been—he said—wounded at the siège of Antwerp, and suffered much pain, but, that if his emperor were enlarged, (*enlarge*) he would serve him as faithfully as he had done. This enthusiasm is contrasted, with the sober good sense of the landlady at the next inn. How—asked Mr. Shepherd—do you relish the late changes which have taken place in your government? the character of Louis—she replied—must be tried, before it can be pronounced, but this was on the road to Normandy.

'The road from Tôtes to Rouen is the most beautiful I ever travelled, and was rendered still more interesting by groups of peasants, who in every village were singing and dancing *à la ronde*, in honour of the saint of the day. The approach to Rouen is delightful; nature and art have combined to adorn the prospect. A country richly variegated with wood and water, hill and dale, is studded with châteaux, houses, and manufactories, giving the most decisive tokens of comfort and affluence. The city is situated in a valley, watered by the Seine, which flows on the right hand; and the road into it is bordered by foot-walks, which extend into the country for upwards of a mile, and are shaded by rows of flourishing trees.'

'After breakfast we went to call upon a Mr. M., a merchant of Rouen to whom Mr. Y. had a letter of introduction. We found him living in very good style. In the *remise* I observed two carriages, and the rest of his establishment seemed to be upon a proportionable scale. He received us with the utmost politeness, and entered freely into conversation; in the course of which he remarked with apparent jocularly, but I think with real chagrin, upon the disposition of late years, manifested by the English, to monopolize all the trade of the world. He acknowledged that our exertions, during a long series of hostilities, had been wonderful; but gave it as his opinion, that we had arrived at the *acmé* of our glory as a nation, and that our commercial prosperity would soon decline. He founded this opinion upon the circumstances of the pressure of our national debt, which, he

CRIT. REV. Vol. VI. November, 1814. 2 K

said, would keep up the price of labour in England and enable the French and other nations to contend with, and undersell us. In reply to him I endeavoured to maintain the position that supposing the continent of Europe flourished according to his prediction, that very circumstance would ultimately prove favourable to the English; as a set of wealthy customers was most desirable to a trading community; that as to the rest, I relied much on the ingenuity of my countrymen, and the difficulty of removing staple manufactures from one place to another; and with regard to the national debt, I had been so much accustomed at home, to hear sinister prognostics on that subject, that I really did not regard them. Lastly, I observed, that if we found that a state of peace was injurious to our commercial interests, though I should by no means vindicate such a principle of action, pretexts were never wanting for the kindling of war, to the commencement of which Englishmen were never adverse. Like doughty disputants we both remained unconvinced. But on one topic we cordially agreed, namely, in reprobating the article in the treaty of Paris, which revived the African slave trade. This article, Mr. M. said, was not intended for the benefit of France; the French merchants had not sufficient capital to carry on the slave trade. It was inserted for the purpose of gratifying certain interests in England, which would soon, by means of the easy intercourse between the two countries, be deeply embarked in the abominable traffic. I hope this is one of those refinements in speculation, in which Frenchmen are so apt to indulge themselves. If Mr. M.'s remarks are founded in truth, every honest man will join, with aggravated indignation, in reprobating all parties concerned in an arrangement, calculated to give rise to so much wickedness and misery.'

The town of Rouen is of considerable extent, and its general aspect gives strong indications of the industry and wealth of the inhabitants. It is situated on the Seine, which gives it commerce. The population is extended to 80,000. Its manufactures of linen, cloth, and light stuffs, continue in great estimation.

The following conversation takes place on the road with a captain of the imperial guard.

'We discoursed some time upon cavalry equipments. Though he was not unwilling to do justice to the power of the British cavalry, he preferred, for the details of a campaign, the lightness and activity of the French. Turning from this topic, which I did not feel myself qualified to discuss, I touched him on the subject of the Emperor. This I did very gently, by observing, that Napoleon was a man of extraordinary genius. On hearing his late master thus characterized, the soldier's eyes immediately glistened with pleasure; and he requested that I would do him the favour to drink a glass of his wine, which he had left to look after his horse. I told him I had not yet

dined; but that if he would become my guest, I should be happy to see him. He accordingly accompanied me to our apartment. On his recurring to the subject of Buonaparte's character, I thought it my duty to qualify what I had said in commendation of his talents, by remarking that his ambition was so unbounded, that while his power lasted it was impossible for his neighbours to rest in security. This drew from my new acquaintance a vehement philippic against Talleyrand and the Senate, who, he said, had instigated Napoleon to every mischievous act which he had committed; and after involving him in difficulties had basely deserted and betrayed him.—“But the seizure of the sceptre of Spain?”—That was the suggestion of Talleyrand.—“And the expedition to Russia?”—Was suggested by Talleyrand; and after all it only failed in consequence of the premature setting in of the frost. In short, I found that Napoleon could do no wrong; and that for every error into which he had fallen, and for every crime of which he had been guilty, his minister was to be made responsible. But on the contrary Louis XVIII. could do nothing right. He had falsified, said the plain-spoken soldier, every promise he had made on his accession to the throne. He had accepted a constitution, but had violated every article of it. He had solemnly engaged to continue the constituted authorities as he found them, but he had made the most capricious changes; he had flattered the army with assurances that he had the most perfect reliance on their support, and yet he had sent the Imperial Guard away from Paris; he had diminished their privileges and appointments, and intended to revive the old establishment of the *Gardes Suisses*. To say all in a word, he had given himself up to the guidance of “those rascally priests,” whose evil counsel had brought his brother to the scaffold. He was also led into error by the returning *émigrés*, men who deserted their country at a period when their services were most needful, and now had the audacity to lay claim to the most distinguished honours. With considerable humour *Monsieur le Capitaine* mimicked the air and manner of one of these characters, an old man of seventy, whom he had lately heard declare his intention of serving under the new regime in a military capacity, under the idea that he could make his marches, and even his charges in a cabriolet. He then asked me what we thought of Louis in England; to which I replied that he had lived so much in retirement, that little or nothing had been said among us of his habits or proceedings, till the late events had summoned him from his retreat, ‘*Je vous comprends*,’ rejoined he, ‘*il a bien mangé et bien dormi, et voilà de grands préparatifs pour conduire les affaires d'un grand royaume.*’ In short he was full of grief and bitterness of spirit; and on my suggesting to him the probability of his incurring peril in consequence of his freedom of speech, he said he had no fears on that head, for he spoke the sentiments of thousands, as I should find when I arrived at Paris, which city he said was very sad, and very discontented. This man had undergone the horrors of the campaign of Moscow.

On the left and in the centre of the prospect we saw St. Denis and Paris; and on the right Malmaison, St. Cloud, and the district of Versailles. On the ever memorable 30th of March, this spot was crowded with people, who distinctly saw, with various and indescribable emotions, the battle which preceded the surrender of Paris. We found the palace, which is a gloomy and inelegant brick building, surrounded by stone walls and a deep ditch, over which, opposite the gate, was thrown a draw-bridge. The whole edifice had the air of a state prison; and, on enquiry, we found, that it might well class with buildings of that description. It was Napoleon's principal military school; and his method of supplying it with pupils, affords an instance of that tyranny in detail, which was, no doubt, one of the primary causes of his ruin. Whenever he was apprised, by his agents, that any individual of rank or wealth had a son who was strong, active, and spirited, and the youth had attained the age of sixteen or seventeen, the Emperor addressed a letter to the parent, congratulating him on the early promise of his child, and graciously offering, if he destined him for the army, to admit him in to his school at St. Germaine; and promising, on his good behaviour, to cause him to make his way rapidly in the service. This letter was well understood to be a command. The young man was accordingly severed from his domestic connections. He was shut up in the palace, where, for the space of three years, he was precluded from personal communication with his friends and employed from five in the morning till ten at night, in studying, scientifically and practically, the military art. At the expiration of that time he was liberated from confinement, and sent, with a commission in his pocket, to join the regiment to which it was thought expedient to attach him. When we consider the waste of life which was occasioned by Buonaparte's campaigns, we may easily conceive that the pupils of his military academies were regarded as for ever lost to their relatives and friends. Four hundred youths were at this time immured in the palace, and were to be restored to their parents on the breaking up of the establishment, which we understood was to take place in two days from the period of our visit. What a subject must this gaol-delivery afford to the pen of a sentimental traveller should any such character witness the transaction! Our guide, from whom we obtained this information, was a retired soldier who had an allowance as an invalid, of eight sous a day. He acknowledged that most of the military were friendly to Buonaparte, but still was of opinion that the sentiments of the nation at large would preclude his re-establishment on the throne.

We particularize these anecdotes, as descriptive of Buonaparte's character, in his elevation, and of the opinions of the people on his downfall. We greatly fear he has too many partisans.

Our readers will form some opinion of Mr. Shepherd's classical taste from the judgment he passes on the statue of



the Medicean Venus, added to the Louvre gallery, since 1802.

'I was disappointed,' says this amateur in the fine arts; 'my preconceived notions of grace and beauty were by no means fulfilled. The execution of this statue seemed to be so far from excellent, that I thought I had seen some copies equal to the original. And, in this opinion, I was confirmed by frequent subsequent examinations. In truth, the Venus fades into insignificance when compared with the Apollo Belvidere. The form is indeed beautiful; but it is beauty terrestrial....the latter, in form, attitude, and countenance, appears to be something superhuman.

We beg to submit to our Cicerone the following passage. It was written at Florence by a female traveller of no small celebrity.

'The more I see of study, the more I am persuaded, that the Italians have a style (if I may use the expression) in every thing, which distinguished them, almost essentially, from all other Europe. Where they have got it....whether from natural genius, or ancient imitation and inheritance, I shall not examine; but the fact is certain. I have been but one day in the gallery, that amazing repository of the most precious remains of antiquity; and which, alone, is sufficient to immortalize the illustrious house of Medici, by whom it was built and enriched, as we now see it. I was so impatient to see the famous Venus of Medicis, that I went hastily through six apartments in order to get a sight of this divine figure, purposing when I had satisfied this ardent curiosity, to return and view the rest at leisure. As I, indeed, passed through the great room which contains the ancient statues, I was stopped short at viewing the Antinous, which they had placed near that of Adrian; to revive the remembrance of their preposterous lives, which, I suppose, the Florentines rather look upon as an object of envy, than of horror and disgust. This statue, like that of the Venus de Medicis, spurns description: such figures my eyes never beheld....I can, now, understand, that Ovid's comparing a fine woman to a statue, which I formerly thought a very disobliging similitude, was the nicest and highest piece of flattery. The Antinous is entirely naked; all its parts are bigger than nature: but the whole taken together, and the fine attitude of the figure, carry such an expression of ease, elegance, and grace, as no words can describe. When I saw the Venus, I was rapt in wonder....and, I could not help casting a thought back upon Anti-

nōus. They ought to be placed together. They are worthy of each other. If marble could see and feel, the separation might be prudent....if it could only *see*, it would, certainly, lose its coldness, and learn to *feel*; and, in such a case the charms of these two figures would produce an effect quite opposite to that of the gorgan's head, which turned flesh into stone. Did I pretend to describe to you the Venus, it would be only to set your imagination atwork to form ideas of her figure, and your ideas would no more resemble that figure, than the Portuguese face of Miss R — who has enchanted our knights, resembles the sweet and graceful countenance of lady — his former flame. The description of a face or figure is a needless thing, as it never conveys a true idea; it only gratifies the imagination with a fantastic one, until the real one is seen. So my dear, if you have a mind to form a true notion of the divine features of the Venus and Antinous, come to Florence.'

At the Theatre Français, the following scene took place.

'During the interval between the first and second acts, Mr. Y. asked me which was the royal box. I pointed it out to him, and said that twelve years ago I had seen it occupied by the First Consul. Yes, said a French gentleman who sat on my right hand, and three months ago you might have seen it occupied by the Emperor.' 'In that space of time,' said I, wonderful changes have taken place 'and these changes have been principally effected by the persevering valour of the English.' On this, a person who sat behind him, said in a surly tone—'The English are a presuming people; they arrogate much more to themselves than they are entitled to.' As he seemed to address this speech to me, I begged him to recollect that his observations were totally unprovoked on my part, as I had arrogated nothing either to myself or my country; and that I did not come to Paris to involve myself in political discussions, since my principles led me to wish that every country might manage its own concerns.

'This appeal was commended by the bye-standers, but did not satisfy my antagonist, who, drily replied, that it would have been well for France and for all Europe if my countrymen had acted upon this principle in the year 1793. I was glad to retreat from this discussion, into a conversation with another gentleman upon the subject of London actors, but could hardly retain the requisite gravity, when, suddenly digressing from this topic, he asked me whether it was true that the Princess Charlotte had refused the hand of the Prince of Orange, and that she was soon to be married to the Duke de Berri? I answered him that the former circumstance was true; but that the latter could not possibly be so, as such a match would be contrary to our constitution: and, continued I, "we English respect our constitution." He understood the emphasis with

which I uttered these words, and said though my remark conveyed an indirect censure on the fickleness of the French, that censure was too well merited by their conduct.'

We will conclude in our next. The value of the remarks in this work must be estimated by the author's own words ....his journey was occasioned by a love of literature and the fine arts!!!

ART. IV.—*The Eden of Imagination*; a Poem. By J. H. Reynolds. Quarto. pp. 41. Cawthorn, 1814.

O! that, For me, some Home like this would smile!

With this sentiment, borrowed from Campbell, Mr. Reynolds has given the rein to imagination, fancying a terrestrial paradise, which he introduces to the public, as the Eden of Imagination.

We cannot pronounce this effusion to be a good poem; but it contains several descriptive passages of merit; and as we are always pleased to encourage talent, we will extract from the author's muse, the objects of our commendations.

The reader is to understand, that fancy creates a beautiful spot on the sea side, which it ornaments as a summer retreat,

' The rill that wanders down yon mountain's side,  
And seeks in laziness the Ocean's tide,  
Shall flow through meadows where the cowslip grows,  
And kiss the grass, and prattle as it flows.  
The speckled inmate of the waters then  
May cleave the element unharmed by men;—  
May, when the evening sun-beam gilds the brook,  
Rise at the fly, nor feel the treacherous hook.  
The moor-hen, undisturb'd, may lonely lave  
In the clear deeps, and breast the little wave.  
The wild-duck, where the sedges fringe the tide,  
In wat'ry solitude may gladly hide;—  
Nor fear the spaniel's yelp—the sportsman's gun,  
But plume its feathers in the silent sun.

' There when the day is past, and evening comes,—  
What time the bee returning, gladly hums;—  
I'll thread the mazes of the winding way,  
Breathe o'er again the pleasures of the day,  
Twine the young shrubs that need the fresh'ning shower,  
And read a moral in the smallest flower;  
There view the linnet, startled at the breeze,  
On wing of wildness, flutter through the trees;

Or hear the dove, at distance, and alone,  
 Give to the air her melancholy moan :—  
 See 'mid the thicket which the woodbine waves,  
 The little red-breast, blushing through the leaves ;—  
 The bird in youth so sacred, and so dear,  
 The summer's ornament—the winter's cheer,—  
 Our garden favourite, ever sought and blest,—  
 A thing of life—a gay and welcome guest !

There may the maiden of my bosom bring  
 Her lute, and lightly touch the answering string ;  
 There may she bid her voice divinely float,  
 And give a sweetness to each lingering note.  
 Oh ! Fancy pauses now, and listens long,  
 To trace the tone she touches—hear the song,—  
 That lovely lute, she ever plays to please.  
 Perchance may echo to such words as these.

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SONG.

I.

THE lights in the summer-house brightly were burning,  
 The lady sang mirthfully o'er the guitar,—  
 Her lover sat by her, nor thought of returning  
 From the bower of his beauty, to mountains afar :  
 And fondly he listen'd, and sweetly her finger  
 Snatch'd a melody, lightly to answer the lay ;—  
 But the star of the morn still'd the beautiful singer,  
 And lighted the hope of her bosom away.

H.

Ah ! Ione was the day, to this fair Eastern Flower,  
 Her lover fled far when the sun-beam was bright ;  
 In the day on the mountain, at eve in her bower,  
 He went with the morning, and came with the night ;—  
 And dear was his presence to her at the Even,—  
 A tear told her bliss, which he kiss'd as it fell ;  
 But the star of the morning came smiling in heaven,  
 And she sigh'd on his bosom a silent farewell.

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Here too late friendships come,—without its aid—  
 In vain this scene of happiness were made ;  
 The heart would languish 'mid the sweets alone,  
 For some kind, gentle one to rest upon :—  
 Some faithful friend to turn the inspired leaf,  
 To smile in mirth, and shed the tear in grief ;  
 To check the wild enthusiastic mind,  
 And keep alive the love of human-kind.

Oh ! for some mystic power,—some fairy hand,—  
 To form what Fancy hath so richly plann'd ;  
 To lead the rill, and arch the sparry grot,  
 Twine the sweet eglantine, erect the cot,  
 Throw the rude bridge across the prattling stream,  
 And trace, and finish my luxurious dream.  
 Oh ! nothing then were left to fret the breast,  
 In such a scene of lusciousness and rest ;—  
 From every wish,—from every sorrow freed,—  
 All—all so richly perfect !—I might lead,  
 While Summer scatter'd round her laughing lights,  
 A life of Eastern days and Fairynights !

ART. V.—*The History of Fiction* ; being a Critical account of the most celebrated prose works of fiction, from the earliest Greek Romances to the novels of the present age. By John Dunlop. 3 vols. Octavo. pp. 416. 409. 436. Longman, & Co. 1814.

[Continued from p. 372.]

We resume this subject, which informs us, that at an early period, the story of Merlin became popular in most of the countries in Europe. The French Romance, from which we gave an extract in our last, was translated into Italian, by Antonio de Tedeschi, a Venetian ; and was written by him, while a prisoner for debt in the gaol of Florence. The history of Merlin appeared also, in a metrical form, in which the incidents are nearly the same with those in the French romance.

Nor have the fables connected with Merlin been confined to idle tales or romances of chivalry, but have contributed to the embellishment of the finest productions. In the romantic poems of Italy, and in Spenser, Merlin is chiefly represented as a magical artist. In the *Orlando Innamorato*, (l. 3), the fountain of love is said to have been formed by Merlin ; and in the 26th canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, there is described a fountain of Merlin, one of four which he formed in France. It was of the purest marble, on which coming events were portrayed in the finest sculpture. In the same poem, Bradamante arrives one night at the lodge of Tristan (*Rocca di Tristano*), where she is conducted into a hall adorned prophetic paintings, which demons had executed in a single night under the direction of Merlin.

In the third canto of the *Rinaldo*, the knight of that name arrives with Isolero at two equestrian statues ; the one of Lancelot, the other of Tristan, both sculptured by the art of Merlin. Spenser represents Merlin as the artificer of the impenetrable shield, and other armour of Prince Arthur (Faery Queene, b. i. c. 7), and of a mirror in which a damsel viewed her lover's shade. But Merlin had

nearly obtained still higher distinctions, and was on the verge of being raised to the summit of fabulous renown. The greatest of our poets, it is well known, before fixing on a theme more worthy of his genius, intended to make the fabulous history of Britain the subject of an epic poem, as he himself announces in his *Epitaphium Damonis* :—

“ Ipse ego Dardánias Rutapina per aquora puppes  
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
Breannumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Bellum,  
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude lograen,  
Mendaces vultus assumptaque Gortois arma  
Merlini dolus—”

‘ It has been mentioned, in the abstract that has been given of the romance of Merlin, that when the magician, who is the chief character in the work, prepared the round table at Carduel, he left a place vacant for the Sangreal, or holy blood. The early history of this relic, the quest of which is the most fertile source of the adventures of the knights of the Round Table, is related in the romance of the *Sangreal, or St. Graal*.

‘ This work is one of the dullest of the class to which it belongs ; it seems written with a different intention, and on a different plan, from the other romances of the Round Table, and has much the appearance of having come from the pen of an ecclesiastic. The name of the author, however, and the sources whence his composition was derived, are involved in the same darkness and inconsistent information, which obscure the origin of so many similar productions.’

The tales of Perceval, and other knights of the Round Table, follow ; all strongly tinged with the marvellous of romance, interwoven with exploits of chivalry.

We have been accustomed to the adventures of knights, and damsels in distress ; the latter of whom are usually paragons of beauty. Perceval presents us with a female of another order.

Her neck and hands, says the romance, were brown as iron, which was the least part of her ugliness. Her eyes were blacker than those of a moor, and little, in the shape of those of a mouse ; she had the nose of a cat or an ape ; and lips like an ox ; her teeth were red like the yolk of eggs ; she was bearded like a goat ; was humped, behind and before, and had both legs twisted. This extraordinary Heroine makes her excuses to King Arthur for not tarrying at his court, as she had a long journey before her, but points out a castle, where five hundred and seventy knights, each with his lady, were held in captivity.

Here was an adventurer ! the deliverance of these persons is, however, effected by prowess and enterprise ; and ends to the detail of the wonderful adventures of the cap-

tives. These romances have furnished ample materials for the Italian poets. Many passages may be traced to the Orlando Furioso, and other works of the imagination. This account of the romances of the fabulous history of Britain, closes with the life of Arthur, and, to them, all subsequent histories of fairies, giants, dwarfs and enchantments, appear to owe their origin, with the whole etcetera of marvellous embellishment.

On adventure we must particularly notice on account of its singularity.

A young princess is about to be married, but having previously indulged in forbidden pastime, she fears detection on her wedding night. Her provident mamma, however, contrives an expedient to salve the honor of her house. A young peasant girl becomes the purchased substitute of the royal bride; who, having played her part, till the bridegroom falls asleep, arises and admits the princess to the bridal couch. This artifice succeeds, the husband is happy and the lady is esteemed virtuous!

We leave it to the reader to comment on this adventure, and merely add, that those accustomed to associate ideas of purity with the manners of chivalry, would be greatly disappointed in these tales. In their moral tendency, most of them are highly reprehensible, one knight who is engaged with the approbation of all, in a love intrigue with the wife of his friend, or of his sovereign, another, carries on an amour, throughout the work, with the queen of his benefactor and king.

“The whole pleasure of these bookes,” says Ascham, with some truth and naïveté, “standeth in two specyall poyntes, in open mans slaughter and bolde bowdrie, in which bookes those be counted the noblest knights that doe kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulteries by sutlest shifts, as Syr Launcelott with the wife of Kyng Arthure his maister; Syr Tristram with the wife of Kyng Marke his vncl; Syr Lamerbecke with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunte. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at.”

The court of Charlemagne, like that of Arthur, occupies its portion in this work. Spiritual romances follow. Among the latter, entituled “*Gesta Romanorum*,” we find the following; from which Parnell must have borrowed his beautiful poem of the Hermit.

“One of the most celebrated stories in the spiritual tales, is “*De l’Hermite qu’un Ange conduisit dans le Siècle.*” It is not in the

collections of Comsi, but occurs in the *Vies des Pères*, whence it has been abstracted by Le Grand.

‘A hermit, who had lived in solitude and penance from his earliest youth, began at length to murmur against Heaven; because he had not been raised to one of those happy and brilliant conditions of which his quest for alms had sometimes rendered him witness. Why, thought the recluse, does the Creator load with benefits those who neglect him? Why does he leave his faithful servants in poverty and contempt? Why has not he, who formed the world, made all men equal? Why this partial allotment of happiness and misery?’

‘To clear these doubts, the hermit resolved to quit his cell and visit the world in search of some one who could resolve them. He took his staff and set out on his journey.

‘Scarce had the solitary left his hermitage when a young man of agreeable aspect appeared before him. He was in the habit of a *sergent*, (a word used to denote any one employed in military or civil service,) but was in fact an angel in disguise. Having saluted each other, the celestial spirit informed the hermit that he had come to visit his friends in that district, and as it was tiresome to travel alone, he was anxious to find a companion to beguile the way. The recluse, whose project accorded wonderfully with the designs of the stranger, offered to accompany him, and they continued their journey together.

‘The travellers were overtaken by night before they had extricated themselves from a wood: fortunately they perceived a hermitage, and went to beg an asylum. They were hospitably received by the solitary inhabitant, who gave them what provisions he could afford; but when the hour of prayer was come, the travellers observed that their host was solely occupied in scouring a valuable cup from which they had drunk during the repast. The angel noted where the hermit had laid it, rose by night, concealed it, and in the morning, without saying a word, carried it off with him. His companion was informed on the road of this procedure, and wished to return, for the purpose of restoring the goblet. ‘Stay,’ said the angel, ‘I had my reasons for acting thus, and you will learn them soon; perhaps in my conduct you may again find cause of astonishment, but whatever you may see, know that it proceeds from a proper motive.’ The hermit was silent, and continued to follow his mysterious companion.

‘When tired with their journey, and wet with rain which had fallen during the whole day, they entered a populous town; and as they had no money, they were forced to demand shelter from gate to gate in the name of God. They were everywhere refused an asylum, for Dom Argent, whom the English minstrels style Sir Penny, was then (says the tale,) as he still is, more beloved than God. Though the rain still continued they were forced to lie down on the outer stair of a house which belonged to a rich usurer, who would scarce have given a halfpenny to obtain Paradise. He at this moment appeared at the window. The travellers implored an asylum, but the miser shut the casement without reply. A servant, more compassionate than her



master, let them in, suffered them to lie on a little straw spread under the stair, and brought them a plate of peas, the relics of her master's supper. Here they remained during night in their wet clothes, without light and without fire. At day-break the angel, before their departure, went to pay his respects to their landlord, and presented him with the cup which he had stolen from his former host. The miser gladly wished them a good journey. On the way the hermit, of course, expressed his surprise, but was commanded by the angel to be circumspect in his opinions.

The evening of the third day brought them to a monastery, richly endowed. Here they were sumptuously entertained, but when they were about to depart the angel set fire to the bed on which he had lain. On ascending a hill at some distance the hermit perceived the monastery enveloped in flames. When informed that this also was the work of his fellow-traveller, he cursed the hour in which he had been associated with such a wretch, but was again reprimanded by the angel for his rash conclusions.

On the night of that day they lodged with a wealthy burgess. Their host was a respectable old man, who had grown grey with years, but lived happily with a beloved wife and an only son of ten years of age, who was his chief consolation. He entertained the travellers with much kindness, and bade them on the morrow an affectionate adieu.

To reach the high road, however, it was necessary to pass through the town, and to cross a river. On pretence that he was unacquainted with the way, the angel persuaded the old man to allow his son to accompany them to the bridge, and point out to them their paths. The father awakened his child, who joyfully came to conduct the travellers. In passing the bridge the angel pushed him into the stream, by which he was instantly overwhelmed. 'My work is accomplished,' said the angel, 'are you satisfied.' The hermit fled with the utmost precipitation, and, having gained the fields, he set down to deplore his folly in having left his cell, for which God had punished him by delivering him up to a demon, and rendering him the accomplice of his crimes.

While engaged in this lamentation he was rejoined by the heavenly messenger, who thus addressed him :—In thy cell thou hast arraigned the secret counsels of God : Thou hast called in question his wisdom, and hast prepared to consult the world on the impenetrable depth of his designs. In that moment thy ruin was inevitable, had his goodness abandoned thee. But he has sent an angel to enlighten, and I have been commissioned for this ministry. I have in vain attempted to show you that world thou hast sought, without knowing it ; my lessons have not been understood, and must be explained more clearly. Thou hast seen the care of a goblet occupy the mind of a hermit when he ought to have been fully engaged in the most important of duties : now that he is deprived of his treasure, his soul, delivered from a foreign attachment, is devoted to God. I have bestowed the cup on the usurer as the price of the hospitality I

granted, because God leaves no good action without recompence and his avarice will one day be punished. The monks of the abbey, which I reduced to ashes, were originally poor, and led an exemplary life; enriched by the imprudent liberality of the faithful, their manners have been corrupted; in the palace which they erected, they were only occupied with the means of acquiring new wealth, or intrigues to introduce themselves into the lucrative charges of the convent. When they met in the halls it was chiefly to amuse themselves with tales, and with trifles. Order, duty, and the offices of the church, were neglected. God, to correct them, has brought them back to their pristine poverty. They will rebuild a less magnificent monastery. A number of poor will subsist by the work, and they, being now obliged to labour the ground for their subsistence, will become more humble and better.'

'I must approve of you in all things,' said the hermit, 'but why destroy the child who was serving us, why darken with despair the old age of the respectable father who had loaded us with benefits?' 'That old man,' replied the angel, 'was formerly occupied with doing good, but as his son has approached to maturity he has gradually become avaricious, from the foolish desire of leaving him a vast inheritance. The child has died innocent, and has been received among the angels. The father will resume his former conduct, and both will be saved; without that, which thou deemest a crime, both might have perished. Such, since thou must know them, are the secret judgments of God amongst men, but remember that they have once offended thee. Return to thy cell and do penance. I reascend to Heaven.'

'Saying thus, the angel threw aside the terrestrial form he had assumed and disappeared. The hermit, prostrating himself on earth, thanked God for the paternal reproof his mercy had vouchsafed to send him. He returned to his hermitage, and lived so holily, that he not only merited the pardon of his error, but the highest recompence promised to a virtuous life.'

In the times, says our editor, which succeeded the early ages of Christianity, the gross ignorance of many of its votaries rendered them but ill qualified to relish the abstract truths of religion, or unadorned precepts of morality. The plan was accordingly adopted of adducing examples, which might interest the attention, and speak strongly to the feelings.

And nothing, surely, can more forcibly appeal to the heart than the moral of the tale we have just recited. It shews us that "the ways of heaven are dark and intricate," impervious to the view of short sighted humanity. That it is the duty of all to be content with their lot; and, that the heaviest apparent afflictions, often lead to our supreme good,

Unfortunately, however, romantic inventions of the spiritual order, have too well served the purposes of superstition ; and fettered ignorance in the chains of bigotry. They do so at the present hour. The lives of the saints, the miracles performed by their relics, and the wonders attributed to the Holy Virgin, continue to be a prevalent feature in the Catholic creed. Nor are they, always, of a moral tendency. In most of them the perfection of christianity is represented to consist in a mechanical recital of mass, in fasting, and in corporeal punishment. And they serve to inculcate this dangerous doctrine, that, persons of the most profligate lives may be saved by repetition of numerous *Ave Maria's*.

\* A young and handsome nun was the vestry-keeper of her convent, and part of her daily employment was to ring for matins. In her way to the chapel for this purpose, she was obliged to pass through a gallery, where there was an image of the Virgin, which she never failed to salute with an Ave. The devil, meanwhile, who had plotted the ruin of the nun, insidiously whispered in her ear that she would be much happier in the world, than detained in perpetual imprisonment ; that, with the advantages of youth and beauty, which she possessed, there were no pleasures she might not procure, and that it would be time enough to immure herself in a convent when age should have withered her charms. At the same time the tempter rendered the chaplain enamoured of the nun he had been thus seducing, who, having been prepared for love solicitations, was easily persuaded to elope with him. For this purpose, she appointed the chaplain a rendezvous on the following night at the gate of the convent. She accordingly came to the place of assignation ; but, having as usual said an ave to the Virgin, in passing through the gallery, she met at the gate a woman of a severe countenance, who would not permit her to proceed. On the following night the same prayer having been repeated, a similar obstacle was presented. The chaplain having now become impatient, sent an emissary to complain and having learned the reason of his mistress not holding her appointment, recommended to her to pass through the gallery without the wonted Ave Maria, and even to turn away her head from the image of the Virgin. Our nun was not sufficiently hardened to follow these instructions literally, but proceeded to the rendezvous by a different way, and of course met with no impediment in her elopement with the chaplain.

\* Still the aves she had said from the time of her entrance into the convent were not thrown away ; Our Lady was determined that the shame of so faithful a servant should not be divulged. She assumed the clothes and form of her votary ; and, during the absence of the fugitive, assiduously discharged all her employments, by guarding the vestments, ringing the bells, lighting the lamps, and singing in the quire.

After ten years spent in the dissipation of the world, the fugitive, nun, tired of libertinism, abandoned the companion of her flight, and conceived the design of returning to the monastery to perform penance. On the way to her former residence, she arrived one night at a house not far distant from the convent, and was charitably received. After supper a conversation having arisen on various topics, she took an opportunity of enquiring what was said of the vestry-keeper of the neighbouring monastery, who had eloped about ten years before with the chaplain. The mistress of the house was much scandalized at the question, and replied that never had pure virtue been so shamefully calumniated; that the nun to whom she alluded was a perfect model of sanctity; and that Heaven itself seemed to bear witness to her merits, for that she wrought miracles daily.

This discourse was an enigma for the penitent; she passed the night in prayer, and in the morning repaired, in much agitation, to the porch of the convent. A nun appeared and asked her name. 'I am a sinful woman,' she replied, 'who am come hither for the sake of penance;' and then she confessed her elopement and the errors of her life. 'I,' said the pretended nun, 'am Mary, whom you faithfully served, and who, in return, have here concealed your shame,' the Virgin then informed her that she had discharged the duties of her office, exhorted her to repentance, and restored her the religious habit she had left at her elopement. Then the Virgin disappeared, and the nun resumed her functions without any one suspecting what had happened. Nor would it ever have been known had she not herself disclosed it. The sisters loved her the more for her adventure, and esteemed her doubly, as she was manifestly under the special protection of the Mother of God.

In this tale, of which there are different metrical versions, and which also occurs in the *Tresor de l'Ame*, it will be remarked that the Virgin acts as a housemaid; in another story she performs the part of a procuress, and in a third she officiates in an obstetrical capacity to an abbess, who had been frail and imprudent. In general, she is represented as performing the most degrading offices, and for the most worthless characters.

But these "*Contes Devotes*," with all their merits, or demerits, have been transmitted from age to age; and from the seclusion of the monastery, where they had their birth, have travelled into the bosoms of private families.

We have, now, to consider the origin and progress of comic romances.

Rabelais, whom Sir William Temple has styled the father of ridicule, is the first modern author celebrated for his comic, or satirical works.

There are four things, continues our editor, which Rabelais seems to have proposed to himself to ridicule, first, the refined and crooked politics of the period in which he lived,

secondly, the vices of the clergy, the Romish superstitions, and the religious controversies at that time agitated; thirdly, the lying and extravagant tales then in vogue; fourthly, the pedantry and philosophical jargon of the age.

At the time when he appeared, extravagant tales were in the height of their popularity. As he had determined to ridicule the most distinguished persons, and every thing that the rest of mankind regarded as venerable or important, he clothed his satire somewhat in the form of the lying stories of the age, that under this veil he might be sheltered from the resentment of those whom he intended to deride. By this means he probably conceived that his work would, at the same time, obtain a favourable reception from others, who, though they should not discover his secret meaning, might be entertained with the fantastic stories which bore some resemblance to those to which they were accustomed.

With this view, Rabelais availed himself of the writings of those who had preceded him in satirical romance, and imitated in particular the true History of Lucian. His stories he borrowed from previous facetiae and novellettes. Thus the story of Hans Carvel's ring, of which Fontaine believed him the inventor, is the 133d of the Facetiae of Poggio, and entitled Visio. Francesci Philelphi. With a view of adding to the diversion of the reader, he has given a mixture of burlesque and barbarous words from the Greek and Latin, a notion which was perhaps suggested by the Liber Macaronicorum of Teofilo Folengi, published under the name of Merlinus Coccaius, about twenty years before the appearance of the work of Rabelais. An infinite number of puns and quibbles have also been introduced amongst the more ingenious conceptions of the author. In short, his romance may be considered as a mixture, or olio, of all the merry, satirical, and comic modes of writing that had been employed previous to the age of the author.

But as the application of Rabelais Satire is not always known, obscurity has thrown an almost impenetrable veil over many of his works; for the spirit of allusion cannot be estimated, when the customs and incidents referred to are forgotten. We must be acquainted with the likeness before we can relish the caricature.

These remarks will equally apply to Butler's Hudibras. His wit vanished with the genius that inspired it. His works, notwithstanding, convince us, that he had much good sense intermixed with brilliancy of wit. Warburton, speaking of him, says, he is sometimes wonderfully fine, both in his sentiment and expression; as when he defines the proud man to be a 'a fool in fermentation;' and when, speaking of the antiquary, he says, "he has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged, that they have outlived their employments.

CRIT. REV. Vol. VI. November, 1814. 2 L

' No satirical writings have suffered more by lapse of time than those of Rabelais ; for, besides, being in a great measure confined to temporary and local subjects, he was obliged to write with ambiguity, on account of the delicate matters of which he treated, the arbitrary and persecuting spirit of the age and country in which he resided, and the multitude of enemies by whom he was surrounded. Accordingly, even to those who are most minutely acquainted with the political transactions and ecclesiastical history of the sixteenth century, there will be many things from which no meaning can be deciphered, and to most readers the works of Rabelais must appear a mass of unintelligible extravagance. Even the outline of the story which he has chosen as the frame of his satire, has furnished matter of dispute, and commentators are not agreed what persons are intended by the two chief characters, Gargantua and Pantagruel. Thus it has been said by some commentators, that Gargantua is Francis I. and Pantagruel Henry II. while, in fact, there is not one circumstance in the lives, nor one feature in the characters, of these French princes, which appear to correspond with the actions or dispositions of the imaginary heroes of Rabelais.'

His commentators, notwithstanding, have endeavoured to find a key to most of his works.

The account of the manner in which Rabelais Gargantua was brought up, alludes to the mode in which the princes of Navarre passed their childhood, especially Henri IV. who was inured by his grandfather to every hardship. And Shakespeare, very probably, has taken his pedantic character in ' *Love's Labour Lost*,' from the education of Gargantua which is received as a satire on the tedious and scholastic mode of instruction in those days prevalent at Paris. This key is very ingeniously applied by our editor, whose work altogether, proclaims much reading and tasteful application.

The tale of Bertoldo which elevates a peasant to the highest situation in his country, by a species of grotesque humour, and a singular ingenuity in extricating himself from the difficulties into which he is particularly involved, may have served as a model for the creation of the admirable character of Sancho Panza. We give an abstract.

' We are told, near the beginning of the work, that in the sixth century king Alboino reigned over Lombardy in his capital of Verona. At the same time there lived, in a small village in the neighbourhood, a peasant called Bertoldo, of a strange and ludicrous aspect. His large head was round as a foot-ball, and garnished with short red hair; had two little blear eyes, fringed with scarlet; a flat broad nose; a mouth from ear to ear, and a person corresponding to the charm of his countenance.

' But the deformity of Bertoldo's appearance, was compensated

by the acuteness and solidity of his understanding. His neighbours preferred his moral instructions to those of their pastor; he adjusted their differences more to their satisfaction, than the lord of the territory or the judge, and he made them laugh more heartily than the mountebanks, who occasionally passed through the village.

One day Bertoldo took a longing to see the court and capital. On entering Verona, he observed two women disputing on the street, about the property of a mirror, and followed them to the hall of audience, whither they were summoned to receive the judgment of the king, who had over-heard their quarrel. The singularity of Bertoldo's figure, and his presumption in chusing a seat reserved for the chief courtiers, attracted the attention of the monarch, and his curiosity was farther excited by the peculiarity of the answers he returned to the first questions of the king, concerning his situation, age, and residence. His majesty, in consequence, persisted in a series of interrogatories; he asked which is the best wine? 'That which we drink at the expence of another.' Who caresses us most? He who has already deceived us, or intends to do so,—an idea that has been expressed by Ariosto:

Chi mi fa piu carezze che non suole,  
O m' ingannato o ingannar mi vuole.

Bertoldo now listened to the pleading in the cause concerning the mirror. The king ordered it to be broken in two, and divided it between the disputants; She of the parties who opposed this arrangement, and prayed that it might be given entire to her adversary, had the whole bestowed on her. The courtiers applauded this happy application of the judgment of Solomon; but Bertoldo pointed out those specialities of the case, from which he conceived that that decision ought not to be held as a precedent, and concluded with some satirical reflections on the fair sex, to which the king replied in a studied eulogium. These sarcasms, and a device by no means ingenious, to which he had recourse, in order to convince the king that his majesty entertained too favourable an opinion, induced the queen to avenge the injury offered to her sex. On pretence of rewarding Bertoldo, she sent for him to her apartments. 'What a ridiculous figure you are,' remarked her majesty. 'Such as it is,' replied Bertoldo, 'I have it from nature—I neither mend my shape nor counterfeit a complexion.' Perceiving that the queen, and the ladies who attended her, were provided with switches, and thence suspecting their hostile intentions, he informed them, that, being somewhat of a sorcerer, he was not only aware of their designs, but foresaw that she would give the first blow. who had least regard to her own and her husband's honour. Bertoldo escaped unhurt by this device, which is similar to that in the 30th of the *Cento Novelle Antiche*,

The drollery of Bertoldo excited the jealousy of Fagotti, who had been long the unrivalled buffoon of the court. The author relates a number of absurd questions, which Fagotti put with the view of exposing his enemy, and the triumphant answers of our hero. 'How would you carry water in a sieve?' 'I would wait till it was frozen.'

'When could you catch a hare without running?' 'When it is on the spit.'

About this time his old foes, the court ladies, insisted on admissions into the councils of state. His majesty was somewhat embarrassed by the application, till, by the advice of Bertoldo, he appeared to acquiesce in the demand, and sent a box to the wife of the prime minister, desiring her to keep it in the garden till next day, when the ladies and ministers were to deliberate on its contents. The minister's wife opened it from curiosity, and the bird, which was enclosed, flew off. She thus demonstrated how ill qualified her sex was to be entrusted with secrets of state.

'The ladies resolved to be revenged on Bertoldo, for the disappointment they had sustained by his means. He was a second time summoned to the queen's apartments, but, before proceeding thither, he put two live hares in his pocket. On his way it was necessary to cross a court, which was guarded by two monstrous dogs, intentionally unchained. Bertoldo occupied their attention by setting loose the two hares, and, while the dogs were engaged in the chase, he arrived safe in the apartments of the queen to the utter mortification of her majesty and her attendants.

'Perceiving that Bertoldo eluded all stratagem, the queen insisted that he should be hanged without further ceremony, to which the king readily consented. Our hero acceded to the proposal with less reluctance than could have been expected, but stipulated that he should be allowed to choose the tree on which he was to expiate his offences. He was accordingly sent forth, escorted by the officers of justice and the executioner, in order to make his election, but cavilled at every tree which was recommended to his notice. During the search he made himself so agreeable to his guards, by his pleasant stories that they allowed him to escape, and he returned to his native village.

'Her majesty repented of her cruelty, and, on being informed that Bertoldo was still alive, was the first to request he might be recalled to court. With a good deal of difficulty he was persuaded to return, and was made a privy counsellor. Owing, however, to the change in his mode of life, he did not long survive his elevation.'

The adventures of Bertoldo are illustrated by a series of paintings, by J. M. Crespi.

We are next introduced to the inimitable Cervantes, whose *Don Quixote* appeared a few years posterior to the life of Bertoldo. We are much interested in the account presented of the origin of this celebrated work.

'At a time when the spirit of practical knight-errantry was extinguished, but the rage for the perusal of relations of chivalrous extravagance continued unabated, Cervantes undertook to ridicule the vitiated taste of his countrymen, and particularly, it is said, of the duke of Lerma, whose head was intoxicated with the fictions of romance. His work accordingly is not intended, as some have imagined, to expose the quest of adventures, the eagerness for which had ceased not only at the time in which Cervantes wrote, but in which



Don Quixote is feigned to have existed. Indeed, if this had not been supposed, the merit of the work would be diminished, as a considerable portion of the ridicule arises from the singularity of the hero's undertaking. Don Quixote, therefore, was written with the intention of deriding the folly of those whose time, to the neglect of other studies and employments, was engrossed with the fabrication or perusal of romantic compositions. The author indeed informs us in his prologue, that his object, "era deribar la Maquina mal fundada de los libros caballerescos y deshacer la autoridad y cabida que tenian en el mundo y en el vulgo."

"With this view the Spanish author, as all the world knows, has represented a man of amiable disposition, and otherwise of a sound understanding, whose brain had become disordered by the constant and indiscriminate perusal of romances of chivalry : a fiction by no means improbable, as this is said to be frequently the fate of his countrymen towards the close of their days :—*Sur la fin de ses jours Mendoz devint furieux, comme font d'ordinaire les Espagnols.*" (*Thuana, &c.*) The imagination of Don Quixote was at length so bewildered with notions of enchantments and single combats, that he received as truth the whole system of chimeras of which he read, and fancied himself called on to roam through the world in quest of adventures with his horse and arms, both for the general good, and the advancement of his own reputation. In the course of his errantry, which is laid in La Mancha and Arragon, the most familiar objects and occurrences appear to his distempered imagination, clothed in the veil of magic and chivalry, and formed with those romantic proportions to which he was accustomed in his favourite compositions : And if at any time what he had thus transformed, flash on his understanding in its true and natural colours, he imagines this real appearance all delusion, and a change accomplished by malevolent enchanters, who were envious of his fame, and wished to deprive him of the glory of his adventures.

"These two principles of belief form the basis of the work, and, by their influence, the hero is conducted through a long series of comical and fantastic incidents, without entertaining the remotest suspicion of the wisdom or propriety of his undertaking. In all his adventures he is accompanied by a squire, in whom the mixture of credulity and acuteness forms, in the opinion of many, the most entertaining part of the composition : Indeed, if laughter, as has been said by some persons, arise from the view of things incongruous united in the same assemblage, nothing can be more happy than the striking and multifarious contrasts exhibited between Sancho and his master. The presence of the squire being essential to the work, his attendance on the knight is secured by the promise of a government of an island, and the good luck of actually discovering some pieces of gold on the Sierra Morena. At length, one of Don Quixote's friends, with the intention of forcing him to return to his own village, assumes the disguise of a knight, attacks and overthrows him ; and, according to the conditions of the reconter, insists on his retiring to his home, and

abstaining for a twelvemonth from any chivalrous exploit. This period Don Quixote resolved to pass as a shepherd, and lays down an absurd plan of rural existence, which, though written by the author of *Galatea*, is certainly meant as a satire upon pastoral composition, which, in the times of Cervantes, began to divide the palm of popularity with the romances of chivalry.

'In the work of Cervantes there is great novelty of plan, and a species of gratification presented to the reader, which is not afforded in any previous composition. We feel infinite pleasure in first beholding the objects as they are in reality, and afterwards as they are metamorphosed by the imagination of the hero. From the nature of the plan, however, the author was somewhat circumscribed in the number of his principal characters: but, as Milton has contrived to double his dramatis personæ, by representing our first parents in a state of perfect innocence, and afterwards of sin and disgrace, Cervantes, has in like manner assigned a double character to Don Quixote, who is a man of good sense and information, but irrational on subjects of chivalry. Saúcho, too, imbibes a different disposition, when under the influence of his master's frenzy, from that he received from nature. The other characters who intervene in the action are represented under two appearances,—that which they possess in reality, and that which they assume in Don Quixote's imagination.

'The great excellence, however, of the work of Cervantes, lies in the readiness with which the hero conceives, and the gravity with which he maintains the most absurd and fantastic ideas, but which always bear some analogy to the adventures in romances of chivalry. In order to place particular incidents in these fables in a ludicrous point of view, they were most carefully perused and studied by Cervantes. The Spanish romances, however, seem chiefly to have engaged his attention, and *Amadis de Gaul* to have been used as his text-book. Indeed, there are so many allusions to romances of chivalry, and so much of the amusement arises from the happy imitation of these works, and the ridiculous point of view in which the incidents that compose them are placed, that I cannot help attributing some affectation to those, who, unacquainted with this species of writing, pretend to possess a lively relish for the adventures of Don Quixote.'

We do not wholly subscribe to this concluding opinion. All who read Don Quixote must be captivated with the wit and humour of the story, as well as delighted with the beauty of his episodes; and this, separably from an acquaintance with *Amadis de Gaul*, or other books of chivalry; although the rest may be considerably heightened with those who have perused them.

The first part of Don Quixote, which is the best, appeared in 1605, the second, not until six years after. This work was confusedly, and severely criticised by *Avellaneda*, the

contemporary rival of Cervantes. Our editor details these circumstances with his wonted accuracy.

The deserved popularity of this work gave birth to a variety of imitations. Of these, says the editor, *Hudibras* is the best. Here we pause—the idea may have been borrowed by Butler, but we do not acknowledge the imitation. Smollet's *Sir Launcelot Greaves*—the female *Quixote* by Mrs. Lennox, and Weiland's *Sylvio de Rosalva*, are much closer imitations.

Another work of much popularity appeared almost the same time, called "*Gusman Alfarache*."

Whether this romance may claim the distinguished honour of giving birth to *Gil Blas*, it was at least the origin of a swarm of Spanish works, concerning the adventure of beggars and the lowest wretches, such as the *Life of Lazarillo de Tormes*, which was written by Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, ambassador from Spain to the republic of Venice, and printed at Tarragona in 1586. The *Life of Paul the sharper*, by Quevedo, is of a similar description. It contains the history of a young man, who is at first gulled by others, but soon learns to cheat in his turn, and becomes a member of a fraternity at Madrid, which exists by what has been called raising the wind. The scenes described are in the lowest abyss of vice and misery. One incident that occurs while Paul is attending his young master at Alcalá, has evidently suggested the story of the parasite, who eats the omelet of *Gil Blas*—l'ornement d'Oviedo, le flambeau de la philosophie, la huitième merveille du monde.

On the subject of the *Roman Comique* by Scarron.

The earliest and most celebrated is Scarron's

*Roman Comique,*

so called from its relating the adventures of a troop of comedians, or strolling players, during their residence in Mans, and its neighbourhood. The idea of writing a work of this description first occurred to the author on his arrival at Mans, to take possession of a benefice to which he had been presented. It was suggested by some striking peculiarities of local scenery, and some ludicrous incidents which happened to a company of actors who were there at the time. Nor were persons of this description so far beneath the notice of genius and refined satire, nor were the talents of the author so misemployed, as in this age and country we may be apt to imagine. In the time of Scarron these persons were treated with absurd attention and respect, in the families who inhabited those districts through which they passed. Their consequent extravagance and conceit provoked and merited chastisement, and was not considered undeserving the satire of such writers as Scarron and Le Sage.

The work commences with a grotesque description of the equipage of a company of strolling players, who arrive at Mans on their

way to Alençon, having been forced to leave the town in which they had last performed, on account of the heroism of their door-keeper, who had murdered one of the officers of the intendant of the province. They agree to act for one night in the tennis court; but, as the whole company was not expected till the following day, a difficulty is started by those who had engaged them, from the smallness of their number, which consisted of a young man, called Destin, who usually performed the heroes and lovers; Rancune, and a single actress. This objection is obviated by Rancune, who observed that he had once performed a play alone, acting a king, queen, and ambassador, in the same scene. Another difficulty, however, occurs from one of the other division of the troop having the key of the wardrobe. M. Rappiniere the *Lieutenant de Pivot*, who had examined them on their arrival presents the actress with an old robe belonging to his wife, and the male performers are invested with the garments of two young men, who were playing a match at tennis.

'In a few minutes every thing is arranged. The spectators having taken their places, a dirty sheet rises, and Destin is discovered in the character of Herod lying on a mattress, with a basket on his head for a crown, and repeating in the tones of Mondori,

*Fantome injurieux, qui troubles mon repos!*

The actress performs the part of Mariamne and Salome, while Rancune gives universal satisfaction in all the other characters of the piece. In the most interesting scene of the tragedy, however, the two young men who had now finished their match at tennis, rush on the stage to vindicate the habits worn by Herod and Phrera. Some of the spectators espouse one part, and some another; and the tragedy concludes with distresses more real, though less heroic, than the death of Mariamne, and the despair of the Jewish monarch.

'After this affray follows an amusing account of a supper given to the players by one of the inhabitants of Mans. On the following day the rest of the company arrive, and among others Mad. L'Etoile the *soi-disant* sister of Destin, and Leander, his valet, who already aspired to the first situation in the company. They continue to act for sometime at Mans, and one day are invited to perform at a villa in the neighbourhood; but a short while before the entertainment commences, one of the actresses is forcibly carried off while reciting her part in the garden. The other performers set out in quest of her, and the second part of the work chiefly consists of the adventures they meet with in their pursuit.

'Of this romance the most serious part relates to the amours of Destin and Mad. L'Etoile, and the story of Leander, who proves to be a young man of fashion, who, captivated with the beauty of one of the actresses, had associated himself to the strolling company. The more comical portion consists in the delineation of the characters of Rancune and Ragotin, and an account of their absurdities. Of these the former, as his name imports, was distinguished by his malice and envy. He found something to blame in every one of his own profe-

sion ; Bellerose was stiff ; Mondori harsh ; Floridor frigid—from all which he wished it to be inferred that he himself was the only faultless comedian. At the time when the pieces of Hardi were acted, he played the parts of the nurse under a mask, and since the improvement in the drama, had performed the confidants and ambassadors. Ragotin was an attorney, who, falling in love with Mad. L'Etoile, attached himself to the company ; he wrote immeasurable quantities of bad poetry, and on one occasion proposed reading to the players a work of his own composition, entitled *Les Fautes est Gestes de Charlemagne en vingt quatre Journées*. A great part of the romance is occupied with the ridiculous distresses into which this absurd character falls, partly by his own folly, and partly by the malice of Rancune. These are sometimes amusing, but are generally quite extravagant, and exceed all bounds of probability.

In the representations of Scarron, the provincial manners of the age of the author have been delineated, and he has exhibited in lively and striking colours, what has been termed, 'le ridicule Campagnard.'

The history of this celebrated man is so curious, that we hope to gratify our readers in its perusal.

Paul Scarron was born at Paris in 1610. He was of a respectable family, and was son to a man of considerable fortune. After the death of his mother his father again married. Scarron became an object of aversion to this second wife, and was, in a manner, driven from his paternal mansion. He assumed the clerical habit, which was by no means consonant to his disposition, travelled into Italy, and at his return continued to reside in Paris. A great part of his youth was passed in the society of Marion de Lorme and Ninon L'Enclos, whose gaiety, joined to their mild and accomodating morality, may have contributed, in some degree, to form the disposition of Scarron. The excesses in which he engaged destroyed his constitution—an acrid humour is said to have distilled on his nerves, and to have baffled all the skill of his physicians. At the age of twenty-seven he was seized with the sciatica and rheumatism, and the most singular complication of painful and debilitating disorders ; the approach of these distempers is said to have been accelerated by a frolic, in which he engaged during a carnival, in which he disguised himself as a savage, and being hunted by the mob, was forced for some time to conceal himself from his pursuers in a marsh. Whatever may have been the cause, he was, at the age of thirty, reduced to that state of physical reprobation, which he describes in a picture he

has drawn of himself. "My person was formerly well made, though little; my disorder has shortened it a foot; my legs and thighs first formed an obtuse angle, and at length an acute angle; my thighs and body form another angle; and my head reclines on my breast, so that I am a pretty accurate representation of a Z; in a word, I am an abridgement of human miseries. This I have thought proper to tell those who have never seen me, because there are some facetious persons who amuse themselves at my expence, and describe me as made in a different way from what I am. Some say I am a *Cul de Jatte*; others that I have no thighs, and am sent on a table in a case; others, that my hat is appended to a cord, which, by means of a pulley, I raise and let down to salute those who visit me. I have, therefore, got an engraving, in which I am accurately represented; indeed, among your wry-necked people, I pass for one of the handsomest."

'With a view of alleviating his sufferings, Scarron visited different baths in France, but always returned to Paris in the same state of distortion in which he had left it. In addition to his other calamities he now found himself much embarrassed in his circumstances. After his father's death he and his full sisters became involved in a law suit with his stepmother and her daughters, which he lost. The case, or *factum*, which he drew up for the occasion, is entitled "Petition, or whatever you please, for Paul Scarron, Dean of the sick people of France. Anne and Frances Scarron, all three much incommoded in their persons and circumstances, Defenders, against the Husband of Magdalene Scarron, &c. all whole and healthy, and making merry at the expence of others.' The remainder of the petition is in a style of absurdity corresponding to the burlesque of the title. To add to his burdens, his two full sisters now consented to reside with him at Paris; of them he used to say, 'que l'une aimoit le vin, l'autre les hommes' considerably relieved in his circumstances.' At length he was considerably relieved in his circumstances by a pension from Cardinal Richelieu and another from Anne of Austria. In 1646 he also obtained a living in the diocese of Mans from the bishop, and, as we have already seen, he began his *Roman Comique* on going to take possession of it.

'Soon after his return to Paris, he became acquainted with Mademoiselle D'Aubigné, who lived with her mother in indigent circumstances, in a house opposite to the one in which Scarron resided; and in two years after the first

formation of this acquaintance, he was united to the young lady, who was now sixteen years of age. By this marriage Scarron lost his benefice at Mans, but still derived from it a considerable annual revenue, as he had sufficient interest to procure it for the *valet de chambre* of his friend Menage, who received the clerical tonsure for the occasion.

Scarron had formed expectations of a pension through the interest of the Cardinal Mazarine, and had dedicated to him one of his poems. In this hope he was totally disappointed, and accordingly wrote a satire, and suppressed an eulogy, of the minister. His house became a frequent place of rendezvous for those who were discontented with Mazarine, and who, collectively, have been so well known under the appellation of the *Fronde*. His most frequent visitors were Menage, Pellisson, and Sarrazin. In the society which resorted to the residence of her husband, Mad. de Scarron probably acquired those accomplishments of person and character, which laid the foundation of her future destiny.

The infirmities of Scarron daily increased; but he still continued to occupy himself in writing *Vers Burlesque*. His principal composition in this style is the *Virgil Travestie*, on which his celebrity, for some time after his death, almost entirely rested. The chief pleasure now felt in the perusal of these productions, arises from our knowledge of the severity of the author's sufferings at the time he wrote them, and our admiration at his unalterable gaiety in the midst of so many misfortunes. But, indeed, in all ages—*les gens qui font le plus rire sont ceux qui rient le moins*.

Scarron was at length finally released from all his miseries in October, 1660. Every one knows that after his death his widow went to reside as an humble companion with a lady, at whose house she became acquainted with Mad. de Montespan. She was thus introduced to the notice of Lewis XIV., with whom she so long lived under the name of Mad. de Maintenon. Perhaps the elevation to which Mad. Scarron attained, might be the reason why none of his numerous friends wrote the life of her husband, nor collected the anecdotes current, concerning him, as his remembrance was by no means agreeable to his widow; and till the last moment, her flatterers abstained from every thing that might tend to revive the recollection. "On a trop affecté," says Voltaire, "d'oublier dans son epitaphe le nom de Scarron; ce nom n'est point avilissant; et l'omission ne sert qu'à faire penser qu'il peut l'être."

We must still postpone the conclusion of this review in which we are so greatly interested; and from which we collect, that our best modern authors have been confirmed plagiarists.

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ART. VI.—*The Life of Luther*; with an account of the early progress of the Reformation. By Alexander Bower, pp. 468. 12s. Octavo. Robert Baldwin. 1813.

To trace, says our author, the course by which providence was pleased to accomplish a wonderful revolution, is the task proposed in the following pages; a task which involves the relation of events of the highest interest to the members of the protestant communion, and not unprofitable, we may hope, in regard to the improvement of our personal conduct.

This undertaking we consider laudable, and its accomplishment exemplary. Veneration will we ever attach to the character of that extraordinary man, who, obscurely alone, and unaided, save by the powerful inspirations of holy meditation, subverted a hierarchy of absolute dominion, founded in the habitual belief of many ages, and supported by the concurrence of many sovereigns. Yet, by the blessing of the omnipotent, strength was bowed down by weakness, the humble triumphed over the lofty!

Endeavouring to discover the means employed by providence to effect this important change, Mr. Bower directs his attention chiefly to these objects. First, the state of the times; and secondly, the character of him who was the principal agent in the great cause.

‘In regard to the former, the revival of learning, recent as it was, had operated sufficiently to render the understandings of men equal to the comprehension of an improved doctrine. The progress of civilization, though not rapid, was sufficient to demonstrate the grossness of many of the practices of the Romish church. The season for crushing the advocates of a new creed by treachery and assassination was past. Germany and a considerable part of Europe were in a condition to appreciate and to welcome that information, which, a century before, would have been branded, by general consent, as a dangerous and damnable heresy. Nor must it be forgotten that the prince, under whose protection Luther was destined to act, took greatly the lead of the majority of his contemporaries in discretion and sound judgement.

‘In the personal character of Luther we discern many qualities calculated to enable him to discharge with success the important duty to which he was called. A constitutional ardour for devotion, a



boundless thirst of knowledge, and a fearless zeal in communicating it, were prominent characteristics of this extraordinary man. At the age when others indulge sanguine expectations of success in life, Luther withdrew from the flattering prospect, and secluded himself in the recesses of a monastery. Here, on discovering a copy of the Bible, he forsook all other employments and became immersed in the study of the neglected volume. Called afterwards to teach others from the pulpit and the professor's chair, he soon departed from the beaten track, and promulgated his discoveries without the slightest fear of civil or ecclesiastical power. An unvaried perseverance in theological research led him to detect farther errors, and to relinquish, step by step, many of his early opinions. In all situations Luther is the same,—pursuing indefatigably the knowledge of the word of God, and never scrupling to avow his past mistakes whenever the confession could facilitate the inquiries or confirm the faith of others. It was in vain that the head of the church and the chief of the German empire combined to threaten and proscribe him—he braved with equal courage the vengeance of either power, and continued to denounce, with an unsparing hand, the prevalence of corruption.

With these leading features, we find the subject elucidated; and occasional observations are interspersed with the narrative, on Luther's theological, and controversial writings.

The volume opens with Luther's birth and parentage. He was born 10th November, 1483, at Eisleben, an obscure town in the county of Mansfield, and electorate of Saxony. He was baptized on the day following his birth and called Martin, after the saint to whom that day is dedicated in the Roman calendar. His father, at this period, was employed in the mines; but his remarkable assiduity, elevated him in a few years from this humble situation; and he eventually became, with some property, a local magistrate.

‘The foundation of that devotional ardour which formed the prominent feature of Luther's character appears to have been laid by the careful tuition of his mother. “*In matre Margareta, cum ceteræ erant virtutes, tum verò præcipue lucebat pudicitia, timor Dei et invocatio; intuebanturque in eam ceteræ mulieres ut in exemplar virtutum.*” The impressions of maternal care received confirmation at the school of Eisleben, where Luther was placed under the care of a pious teacher of the name of George Omilius. Notwithstanding the corruption of the church of Rome, and its indifference or rather opposition to the progress of a knowledge of the Scriptures, it was customary to teach the youth catechisms containing the elementary principles of Christianity. At the age of fourteen, Luther was removed to a school at Magdeburg, alone with a youth of the name of John Reineck, who eventually rose to distinction, and with whom Luther continued during life in habits of close

intimacy. After remaining a year at Magdeburg, he was sent to a school of great repute at the town of Issenach or Eisenach, and placed under the protection, it is said, of his mother's relations. Here the foundation of his future eminence was laid. The charge of educating youth was, in that age, entrusted to the Romish clergy, or rather to the different monastic orders established in that communion. There prevailed among these orders a considerable degree of competition and rivalry; for by presiding over seminaries of education, and by displaying zeal in teaching, opportunities were afforded them of disseminating their own particular tenets.

The school at Issenach was conducted by Franciscans, and the name of Luther's master was John Trebonius. Rude and tedious as was the mode of teaching in that age, it is probable, that in regard to this seminary, some diminution of difficulty was produced by the care of Trebonius, and the lessons held forth in the instructive writings of Erasmus. "*Erasmi scriptis, jam invitata erant juctutis studia ad Latinæ et Græcæ linguæ cognitionem. Monstrato jam dulciore genere doctrinæ, multi, bonis et liberis ingeniis præditi, abhorreere a barbarica et sophistica doctrina monachorum incipiebant.*" At this early age Luther, we are told, applied to the study of grammar with all the ardour which characterized his subsequent exertions. His exercises were superior to those of his school-fellows, and afforded, by their animation and fluency, an assurance of his future eloquence. This was strikingly exemplified in the composition of Latin verses, which formed the subject of emulation between him and his young associates.

Having gone through with much applause the ordinary course at school, Luther repaired to the university of Erfurt in the beginning of 1502. The state of the universities in that age was worse, if possible, than that of the schools; the mode of teaching philosophy being much more liable to corruption than the simpler process of explaining the elements of language. Though the writings of the Greek and Roman authors had been, by this time, introduced into circulation by means of the art of printing, the general taste was formed on very different models. The highest honours that learning could bestow had for ages been connected with proficiency in a refined and subtle logic, which consisted of little else than an accumulation of metaphysical quibbles. The writings of Aristotle were believed to contain all the science that human genius was capable of acquiring. No latitude was allowed to the exercise of the inventive powers in the cultivation of other departments of knowledge. Even the studies of the Peripatetic school were prosecuted under incalculable disadvantages from perverted translations of the works of its founder, and from commentaries still more intricate than the originals. Year after year was spent by the student in acquiring a familiarity with the complicated rules of the school logic; while physics and ethics were regarded only as convenient materials for the exercise of syllogistic ingenuity. Instead of aiming to arrive at truth by the patient course of inductive reasoning, the ambition of the age was to seek

distinction by a dexterous application of syllogism to the solution of all enquiry.

Luther being directed, like the other pupils, to labour in this unprofitable field, became remarkable in it, as in the languages, for close assiduity and rapid progress. His teacher of logic was an enthusiast in that science. He was named Iodocus, and in compliance with the fashion of the age assumed the additional title of 'Doctor Issenacensis.' Not content with promulgating his doctrines from the professorial chair, this indefatigable advocate of Aristotle ventured afterwards to publish a work entitled '*Summa Philosophiæ Naturalistæ*.' This took place in 1517, by which time Luther was rising fast into reputation, and had begun to expose the absurdity of the scholastic theology. It happened that Iodocus did not long survive his publication; and Luther appears to have apprehended that the tranquillity of his latter years had been disturbed by the rude attacks which his favourite science had received from the hands of his former pupil.

Though obliged to waste a great deal of time in the construction of barbarous syllogisms, Luther found means to prosecute the study of Latin, and to read Virgil, Livy, Cicero, and other classics. His preceptor in this department was of the name of Grieff, or with the addition of the termination common in these days of classical pedantry, Gryphius. Whether Luther began to learn Greek when at Erfurt or afterwards, has not been ascertained. In most universities Greek and Hebrew were unknown. At the university of Wittenberg, Melancthon was the first professor of Greek. His appointment took place at a date considerably subsequent to the time we are treating of, viz. in 1518, and Luther, though then occupying the station of a professor, did not scruple to avail himself of the classical attainments of his friend and colleague, to extend his knowledge of the Greek language.

Luther took the degree of master of arts in 1503. The reputation, which he had acquired by the successful prosecution of his studies, induced his relations to urge him to embrace the profession of the law, a sure road, as they imagined, to the attainment of wealth and honour. He was prevailed on to make a beginning in that study, but his serious and ardent cast of mind soon tended to lead him in a different course. That alteration of his pursuits which the course of inclination would have produced in the progress of years, was accelerated by the occurrence of a most extraordinary circumstance. In the year 1504, walking out one day with a young friend of the name, it is said, of Alexius, they were overtaken by a dreadful thunder-storm; and Alexius was struck dead at his side. The fall of a friend whom he ardently loved, and the awful scene around him, raised in Luther's mind a succession of serious meditations. He saw, or he thought he saw, in a stronger light than ever, the vain and fleeting nature of all terrestrial enjoyments, and determined at once to withdraw himself from their pursuit. Prompt

in all his resolutions, he vowed upon the spot, that, if God were pleased to deliver him from the danger of his situation, he would enter a monastery, and spend the remainder of his life sequestered from the world and its temptations. It was in vain that his parents, unwilling that he should relinquish the fair prospect before him, endeavoured to dissuade him from this sudden determination. He persisted in his purpose, and regarded the impression of his mind as a special command of the Almighty.'

At this period, Luther resisting the strong social affections of his disposition, vowed secretly to become a monk. This resolution he, afterwards, communicated to his parents; and, in 1505, he entered the Augustinian Monastery at Erfurth.

Thus we see a man, in the heighday of two and twenty, possessing cheerfulness of temper, and playfulness of humour, united with the attractive accomplishments of a tasteful musician, a self-devoted victim to seclusion. In this monastery, his religious principles were cherished; and here he formed his creed, on the leading doctrines of the Gospel, before he had any opportunity of access to the fountain head, for as yet, he had not seen a copy of the Scriptures.

Luther, ardent in his vows, was impatient to conform, in the strictest sense, to the severities of his new profession. He found himself mistaken in his opinion, that no intrusion of worldly cares would interfere with his perfect devotion to his maker. He was soon taught, that drudgery was the associate of monkish humility; and, that, as his order professed independence from all external assistance, many menial and degrading offices were inseparable from his noviciate. At one time, Luther stood porter at the monastery gate; at another, he was ordered to beg throughout the town. And, as monks professed abject poverty, the avowal that they lived by alms, was not their mortification.

The mind of Luther, however, was too independent, to be suddenly reconciled to these employments, his former cheerfulness yielded to melancholy; and created impressions on his mind, as to his doom in a future state, of a most gloomy complexion. Ignorant, as yet, of those truths of christianity which, alone, can afford relief in such a situation, he sought advice and consolation from others.

With this view, he disclosed his mental sufferings to Staupitz, who was the head of his order in Germany, and, withal, a man of superior understanding. Staupitz readily undertaking to restore him to tranquillity, recommended

submission ; and, assured him, that such trials could not fail to advantage him, adding, as it is \* said, THAT GOD WAS TO MAKE USE OF HIM FOR THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF IMPORTANT PURPOSES !

\* It was in 1507 (2d May) and in Luther's twenty-fourth year that he entered into orders and celebrated his first mass. This date is the more remarkable, because he discovered about the same time a Latin copy of the Bible lying in the library of the monastery. He eagerly laid hold of this neglected book, and persevered in studying it with so much diligence, that he was able in a short time to refer with ease and promptitude to any particular passage. In the present day, we can with difficulty conceive how a copy of the Bible could remain un-noticed by the whole of a religious fraternity, or that a person so respectably educated as Luther, should be unapprised that the whole of the Scriptures was not read to the people in the public service of the church. It was with no small surprise that he discovered that there were many passages in the New Testament that were not thus read. The most striking of these Luther committed to memory, and treasured up, with equal diligence; many parts of the Prophetic Scriptures. The history of Hannah and Samuel made, we are told, a strong impression on him: Samuel had been dedicated to God from his infancy ; and Luther, in the fervour of his devotional zeal, seems to have regretted that an equally early consecration had not fallen to his own lot.

In this zealous prosecution of his studies, he had little opportunity of deriving assistance from the labours of others. The writings of the fathers, with the exception of those of Augustine, were wholly unknown to him. His knowledge of Greek was very imperfect, and with Hebrew he was entirely unacquainted. Besides, the only copy of the Scriptures as yet in his possession was the Latin vulgate. Erasmus had not yet published his edition of the New Testament, and since the days of Jerome, no very eminent example had been given of the application of sound criticism to the sacred canon. Deprived thus of information from the researches of others, Luther would often spend a whole day in meditating on a few particular passages. To this he was prompted equally by thirst of information, and the disquieted state of his mind. Before his acquaintance with the Bible, he had, like other persons, been satisfied with the current doctrines, and had never thought of examining a subject in which he suspected no error. Now, however, he was sufficiently advanced to perceive that his early creed must be abandoned, without having gone far enough to find another in its place. His former melancholy returned, and continued to do so at intervals, until his views of divine truth acquired clearness and consistency. During his state of uncertainty, when reflecting

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\* Seckendorff, p. 19.

on the ways of God, and on the extraordinary examples of punishment recorded in Scripture, he was sometimes struck with such terror, as almost to faint away. "I have seen him," says Meiancthon, "so much agitated by eagerness of temper when engaged in a dispute on doctrine, as to find it necessary to throw himself on a bed in an adjoining chamber, where he would fall down in prayer and frequently repeat these words: 'He hath concluded all in unbelief that he might have mercy upon all.'"

In those agitations of mind, Luther's resort was to the works of Augustine, who was in his eyes an oracle of equal price as Jerome in those of Erasmus, when we consider that these fathers had long been raised to the rank of saints, while their writings were regarded as on a level with the Scriptures, we shall find little cause of surprise at the extent of the predilection, however extravagant, of Erasmus and Luther. It required the lapse of another century, and the labour of future reformers, to show the comparative unimportance of the authority of the early ecclesiastic writers. This was first done with success by the celebrated French protestant John Daille, in his valuable treatise concerning the use of the fathers, published in 1631; since which, it has been generally understood that the proper defence of christianity is to be sought in the Scriptures alone.

Luther, absorbed in study, and averse to consume time in the destructive routine of Romish ceremonies, became unmindful of the forms of the monastery. He would read and write with such ardour for days together, as to overlook the hours prescribed for divine service by the canons. He was, on the other hand, rigid in the observance of the penance enjoined to his profession. Under the absurd impression that uncommon virtue is attached to abstinence, the Catholic priest and his people are directed, on pain of excommunication, to celebrate mass fasting. Those who act up to the letter of the law, make it a rule to abstain from food from midnight to noon, Luther, strictly conscientious, was accustomed to read mass in the course of his duty without partaking of nourishment; and it appears, that he was sometimes induced to try his power of abstinence so far as to fast for three days successively, an experiment unavoidably attended with the most debilitating effects. These, joined to excess of sedentary application, brought on an illness which had nearly assumed a fatal aspect. The terrors of divine wrath, and the horrors of perpetual punishment, bewildered his imagination, and despair had nearly overpowered him, when the soothing interpretations of an old brother of the order brought consolation to his distracted mind. This venerable monk conversed with him at great length, taking as his text the article in the creed; 'I believe in the remission of sins; and impressing him with the conviction that a justification was of grace by faith.' The perusal of a discourse of Barnard, on the 'Annunciation,' tended farther to confirm Luther the reception of this doctrine. It became a favorite subject with in his future writings, and his opinion of it is explained at large in commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, a work which he

was accustomed to prefer to all his other publications. In this point, as in many others, his belief was founded on the reasoning of his admired Augustine.

It is but fair to the Augustinians to remark that, amid the general ignorance of the age, they were not altogether so inattentive to the study of divinity as the other religious orders. This is proved by several circumstances. At the reformation of the theological faculty or college at Paris, towards the beginning of the 16th century, the Augustinian monks were selected to furnish the college of divinity with a scriptural bachelor. Luther, too, found in his Augustine superior, Staupitz, a zealous adviser of the study of the scriptures, in preference to any other pursuit. In the technical language of the times, Staupitz recommended to him to become a good '*Textualis et Localis*,' by which he meant the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of the texts of scripture, and an expertness in quoting them. Stimulated by this advice, and by his own ardour, Luther did not confine himself to solitary study, but frequently preached and did other duty for the clergymen settled in the neighbouring villages. This exercise answered the double purpose of instructing the people, and of giving him that facility in public speaking which is to be attained by practice only.

From 1408 to 1517, we find Luther appointed to a professor of logic at Wittemberg, on a public mission. He visits Rome; exchanges the philosophical, for the theological chair at Wittemberg.—Pursues his studies, and begins to question and to oppose prevailing tenets. In this progress, we meet many valuable observations, on the prevailing scholastic philosophy of the Platonists, the Aristotilians, the Positiri, Sententiariæ, and Mystici.

At Rome, Luther, little acquainted with the corrupt ways of the world, imagined that on visiting the holy city, the residence of the Vicar of Christ, he was about to become a witness of the exercise of every christian virtue. How great, then, may we presume his astonishment to have been, when he beheld luxury, licentiousness, and debauchery pervading all ranks of society.

The following year is pregnant with events. Luther is excommunicated by the pope....is summoned to the diet at Hermes, to which he proceeds regardless of impending dangers. He is committed to the castle at Wartberg by his enemies, where he continues to write and to publish.

Henry VIII. of England writes against him. That monarch had, in the early part of his life, paid some attention to the study of scholastic theology, and was flattered into a belief by his courtiers, that he might attain an easy triumph over Luther.

his ardours were wholly devoted to the diffusion of religious truths, and the reformation of the Romish church. His natural temper led him to conceive strongly, and his triumphs over the Romanists powerfully seconded this constitutional tendency. The same warmth led him to avail himself of the aid of whatever weapons were calculated to goad his adversary. Sarcasm, in all shapes, raillery, ridicule, direct personality, even punning, abound in his controversial tracts. The freedom of his language, addressed to the great, was dictated by nature, and the all-powerful claims of truth. His attitudes were lofty, but untinged by personal vanity. In treating of the Scriptures, he considered himself as acting in the presence of God, whose majesty and glory were so infinitely exalted above all created beings, as to reduce to one, and the same level, all artificial distinctions of worldly institutions.

Under this conviction, the king, or the prince, who ventured to oppose what Luther considered the work of God, seemed to him no more exempted from severity, than the humblest of his adversaries. To this independence of tone, he added a peculiar fluency of argument, and familiarity of illustration, that divested serious topics of any forbidding aspect of study, and gave to them the smiling attraction of amusement.

To his undaunted spirit, he was indebted for his usefulness and his celebrity; his courage was firm, deliberate, and founded in conviction. He was unmoved by the threats of his foes, or by the expostulation of his friends. He persevered steadily, in his course; and, looking forward, with patience and confidence, awaited the hour when he was to 'reap in joy, what he had sown in tears.'

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### THEOLOGY.

ART. 8.—*Creed Philosophic*, or Immortality of the Soul. By Nathaniel Cooke, Esq. London. 1813. Stockdale. Quarto. Pp. 115.

This gentleman has taken a great deal of pains, by a variety of ingenious arguments, so prove what is almost universally admitted the converse of the doctrine of Epicures and Lucretius; but, however superfluous such lucubrations may appear at first sight, on mature reflection, they will be admitted to be useful and laudable; and if well executed, as the work before us certainly is, deserve the approbation and encouragement of all well disposed persons; for



if we can suppose that one unhappy Sceptic or Atheist may be enlightened and convinced of a truth, which appears evident to a Savage in a state of nature, by the unanswerable arguments which our author has collected and arranged, surely too much labour could not be expended to effect so happy a consummation: and, in our opinion, if all Atheists were obliged, or if they could be induced to read and study the work before us, a very great portion of them would become converts to that doctrine, which constitutes the basis of every religion.

### EDUCATION.

**ART. 8.**—*Five hundred Questions*, deduced from Goldsmith's History of Rome, calculated to enable young persons to form correct leading ideas of the character, conduct, and constitution of the Romans. By J. Gorton, 18mo. pp. 72. Souter. 1814.

This little work is introduced to the public, by an admirable preface, which assures us, Mr. Gorton has talent to aspire at greater undertakings. The only impressions of our youth are, perhaps, the least delible and the most cherished. To awaken the mind, therefore to objects so important as the political rise and fall of a vast empire, is to preface the after opinions of the adult, to contemplate with judgement, the passing events of his own times.

‘With respect, says the author, to the mode of answering these questions, a more proper one can scarcely be suggested, than that of having them written out, either in the language of Goldsmith, or of the student, as may best suit the proficiency of the latter with a strict attention to the more obvious rules of composition, spelling and pointing. To produce a facility in recollection and reference, it might be useful, occasionally, to put the questions verbally, in which case, clearness of idea should be much more attended to, than elegance of expression.’

We recommend the work.

### NOVELS.

**ART. 9.**—*Conduct*, a Novel, in three volumes. Pp. 231, 204, 239. Newman & Co. 1814.

The author's motive of offering these volumes to the public, must soften the severity of criticism. A widow, with seven children, seek support from its sale, may its circulation be five fold to the list of subscribers whose name preceed the work!

With this sentiment had we nothing to commend, we should certainly close; but we have pleasure to say that the work abounds with passages worthy of commendation.

The sentiments are chaste—the tale affecting—and the language

superior to that of the common class of novels, Most of the characters are correctly drawn; and those of the *clergymen* and *captains* are well contrasted; and the manners of Town and of country are naturally depicted. We therefore, feel it a pleasing duty, to recommend 'Conduct' to the attention of our novel readers.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

**ART. 10.**— *A Proposal* for improving the system of Friendly Societies, or, of Poor Assurance Offices; and, by increasing their Funds, rendering, in process of time, on the Principles of Accumulation, all Parochial Taxation for the Relief of the Poor unnecessary. Most respectfully submitted to the Landed Interest of that part of the United Kingdom, called England, by Jerome Count de Salis, Of the Holy Roman Empire, F. R. S. Octavo. Pp. 91. 1814. Reynolds.

This is a philanthropic as well as patriotic work, and it is entitled to the most serious consideration.

The author, anxious to better the condition of the indigent, and, at the same time, to reduce parochial poor rates, aims to set forth a plan calculated to insure these desirable objects. Friendly societies, he tells us, are established throughout the kingdom, by which associations, tradesmen, mechanics, and labourers, promote by means of certain stipulant payments, to receive so much per week when sick, infirm, or otherwise incapacitated from labour. At this suggestion, he proposes an improved plan to be sanctioned by the legislature, under whatever name or designation may seem most meet.

On this subject Mr. Pitt was very eloquent in the House of Commons on the 12th of July, 1806, when a bill for regulating the wages of labourers was laid before the house.

'If such means could be practised, as that of supplying the necessities of those who required assistance by giving it in labour, or affording employment, which is the principle of the act of Queen Elizabeth, the most important advantages would be gained. They would thus benefit those, to whom they afforded relief, not only by the assistance bestowed, but by giving habits of industry and frugality and furnishing a temporary bounty, enable them to make permanent provision for themselves. By giving effect to the operation of Friendly Societies, individuals would be rescued from becoming a burthen upon the public, and if necessary, be enabled to subsist upon a fund which their own industry contributed to raise. These great points of granting relief according to the number of children, preventing removals at the caprice of the parish officer, and making them subscribe to Friendly Societies, would tend in a very

great degree to remove every complaint to which the present partial remedy could be applied, (meaning Mr. Whitbread's bill for regulating the wages of labourers). Experience has already shewn how much could be done by the industry of children, and the advantages of early employing them in such branches of manufacture, as they are capable to execute. The extension of schools of industry was also an object of material importance. If any one would take the trouble to compute the amount of all the earnings of the children who are already educated in this manner, he would be surprised, when he came to consider the weight, which their support by their own labour took off the country, and the addition which by the fruits of their toil, and the habits to which they were formed, was made to its internal opulence. The suggestion of these schools was originally drawn from Lord Hale and Mr. Locke, and upon such authority he had no difficulty in recommending the plan to the encouragement of the legislature. Much might be effected by a plan of this nature, susceptible of constant improvement. Such a plan would convert the relief granted to the poor into an encouragement to industry, instead of being, as it is by the poor laws, a premium to idleness, and a school for sloth.

And the plan proposed by this pamphlet is in perfect unison with the sentiments of Mr. Pitt.

'I will here subjoin some extracts from the regulations from the Castle Eden Friendly Society, established under the auspices of Rowland Rourdon, Esq. M. P. whose spirited example, it were much to be wished, the noblemen and gentlemen of Great Britain would follow. These regulations are published by the desire and at the request of the Society for bettering the condition, and increasing the comforts of the poor, with view to facilitate similar establishments; they were drawn up by Michael Scarth, steward of that society, and stand as the *first* article in the first volume of these valuable reports.

'Extracts from the castle Eden friendly society regulations, Article 35: 'that any member of this society, wishing to make a provision for his children, under 12 years of age, may be allowed to enter such of them, as he may think proper, on the following terms:

“If under four years of age when admitted, to pay 4d. monthly for such child, till it attain 12 years of age.

“If four and under seven years when admitted, to pay 3d. monthly.

“If seven and under ten years when admitted to pay 2d. monthly.

“If any such member so contributing for his children, shall die and leave any child or children, under 12 years of age, 1s. a week shall be applied out of the funds of this society, towards the maintenance of such child so contributed for, till it attains the age

of 12 years; but no child shall be admitted to any benefit unless entered and paid for 12 calendar months before such member's death; and any member choosing to contribute the sums above mentioned shall be allowed to do so; and, in that case, the children shall be entitled to double allowance, in case of the father's death, as aforesaid.' It is here observed in a note, that the contributions for children may be thought rather low, in proportion to the sum to be paid, but the chance of the child dying in its father's life time, or afterwards under 12 years, and also the great probability of the father's living, are to be calculated. But even supposing the contribution to be too low, it is a very useful application of the fund. When the capital of a friendly society admits of it, or the father's earning enable him to subscribe for one or more of his children, such a laudable spirit in him should be encouraged; and though I mentioned in a former part of this treatise, that apprentices could not be expected to subscribe, as they earned nothing, yet if it happens that lads bound apprentices are already members their subscriptions should, certainly, be continued.

'I shall now insert an account of the contributions paid by the subscribers to the Castle Eden Society, as well as of the plan of annuities to persons advanced in years. Article 15, page 18, rule of the society; 'that the funds of this society shall be in the nature of shares amongst its members for the time being, and the sum to be contributed and paid, by each member, for, or in respect of, each single share in the said society, shall be after the following rates: (that is to say),'

<i>Ages at Admission.</i>			<i>Per Month,</i>	
			<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
If the member be under	22 years	.....	1	0
If above 22 and under	23	.....	1	0½
23	24	.....	1	1
24	25	.....	1	1½
25	26	.....	1	2
26	27	.....	1	2½
27	28	.....	1	3
28	29	.....	1	3½
29	30	.....	1	4½
30	31	.....	1	4½
31	32	.....	1	5
32	33	.....	1	5½
33	34	.....	1	6
34	35	.....	1	6½
35	36	.....	1	7
36	37	.....	1	7½
37	38	.....	1	8
38	39	.....	1	8½

<i>Ages at Admission.</i>		<i>Per Month</i>	
		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
39	40	1	9½
40	41	1	10
41	42	1	10½
42	43	1	10½
43	44	1	11
44	45	1	11½
45	46	2	0

Each member under 45, may pay for as many shares as he pleases, and shall be entitled to a proportionable relief. It is also one of the regulations of the Castle Eden society, that if any person above the age of 22, who shall be admitted a member of this society, shall be desirous of being put upon the same footing in point of monthly contributions, as if he had been admitted a member under that age, he shall only contribute the sum of 1s per month during his life, if such person do pay on admission, or at the next monthly meeting afterwards, a gross sum, according to his age, for each share he may chuse to take : that is to say,

<i>Ages at Admission.</i>		<i>Per Month.</i>		
		<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
If above 22 and under 23 years		0	5	0
23	24	0	10	0
24	25	0	15	0
25	26	1	0	0
26	27	1	5	0
27	28	1	10	0
28	29	1	15	0
29	30	2	0	0
30	31	2	6	0
31	32	2	12	0
32	33	2	18	0
33	34	3	4	0
34	35	3	10	0
35	36	3	18	0
36	37	4	6	0
37	38	4	14	0
38	39	5	2	0
39	40	5	10	0
40	41	6	0	0
41	42	6	10	0
42	43	7	0	0
43	44	7	10	0
44	45	8	0	0
45	46	8	10	0

The funeral expences of the members are also made up in the castle Eden society, in the following manner, which I think might be adopted by other friendly societies with advantage, where the circumstances of the contributors, and their numbers admit of it, viz.

each member to pay sixpence for each share, or threepence for each half share, to which he may be a contributor, on the decease of every member for whose funeral the society shall have any disbursements to make.

‘The monthly contributions continue for life, and may be paid in advance for three months; and if a member should die before the expiration of the term, a proportionable part shall be refunded to his widow, or legal representative.

‘There is a regulation also, which would be worth the attention of parochial committees; which is, that when the monthly contributions, fines, and all other sums, should amount to 20*l.* the half should be invested in the public funds, or placed out to interest on real or personal security, to be approved of by the stewards, directors, and committee, by some writing under their hands. It will surprize many, to be told, that 500*l.* at 5 per cent. compound interest, will amount to 64,060*l.* in a century, and to upwards of a million in 160 years. From this the reader will of course form an idea that the principle of accumulation of the funds of Friendly Societies being strictly adhered to, will enable the committees to encr.ase the allowances in case of sickness or infirmity, and that the fund itself may become so large, as from its interest entirely to do away all necessity of any parish rate, even the quotas to county rates, and the relief of soldiers and militiamen's wives, and the casualties incident to parochial expences, might be defrayed out of the interest of these funds in process of time.

‘The following are the benefits in sickness to which the members of the Castle Eden Friendly Society are entitled for each share, and so in proportion for each half share:—to six shillings a week when confined in bed, or to the house, and incapable of performing any kind of work;—and to three shillings a week when he is able to labour in any degree, so to continue until he can follow his usual occupation. It is observed in a note to the substance of this article, that the allowance in sickness is about one third higher than Dr. Price's calculation: but by the rules of this society, members receiving aid from it in sickness, are debarred from annuities for the same shares, and on account this allowance may be afforded.’

‘The sum of five pounds for each share, and fifty shillings for each half share, shall be paid at the death of each member to his widow; or if no widow, to any person appointed by him in writing to receive the same; and if none be appointed, then to his legal representative. But the steward, directors, and committee, shall, if they chuse, have liberty to expend two guineas of such allowance upon the expences of the funeral of the deceased. A provision for the funeral of each member being appointed by the 17th article, it would be better that the option of the two guineas be not left to them in case there be a widow or children, but the whole of the share either left to her, or applied by the stewards towards educating and clothing the children, or putting them out as apprentices.

‘The widow of a member of the Castle Eden Society; who shs

have died after having contributed to the fund for fifteen years, for any number of shares or half shares, without having received an annuity or any other relief from this society, shall, if she has been married to him for one year, be entitled to claim and receive, during the time she may continue his widow, a clear annuity of four pounds a year for each whole share, and half that sum for each half share. In case such member shall die without leaving a widow, but leaving an orphan child or children, under the age of twelve years, the like annuity shall be applied for such child or children's benefit, at such times and in such a manner as the steward, directors, and committee shall think proper, until the youngest of such children shall obtain the age of twelve years.

To this 24th article a note is added, that this allowance to widows and orphans of four pounds a year on each share on which the member shall have received no benefit after subscribing for fifteen years, is a great inducement not to claim benefit when in sickness when it when it is possible to avoid it, which will thereby swell the fund, and enable it to make good the payment.

And each woman belonging to the Castle Eden Society, after having contributed for fifteen years, shall be entitled to receive an annuity of four pounds a year for each share, after attaining the age of fifty years; and she until she attains the age of sixty years, to be paid in the manner mentioned in the 25th article, for the payment of annuities to commence at sixty years of age. It is here remarked, that women are allowed to receive an annuity ten years sooner than men, in consequence of their not receiving in sickness, and of the whole of their contributions being sunk at their death, without the payments of annuities to their widowers or orphan children. If they were not to receive any annuity until they were 60 years of age, very few men would contribute for their wives.

The 25th article provides, that if the members of this society, of or above 60 years of age, who in sickness, or infirmity shall prefer an annuity to weekly payments, shall be entitled to claim and receive progressive annuities, as follows :

Age.		An Annuity of	
		£ s. d.	
If 60 and under 70 years	..	6	0 0
70 ..... 80	..	8	0 0
80 ..... 90	..	10	0 0
90 or upwards ..	..	12	0 0

These annuities to continue during the natural lives or members entitled to them.

A sum of money, not exceeding 10*l.* nor less than 5*l.* is also lent by to this society to any of the members for the purpose of purchasing a cow, on his giving a promissory note, signed by himself and two respectable householders, for the repayment, with interest, by instalments at the rate of 2*s.* a week, or such other rate as may be agreed upon.

‘ There are also excellent regulations to prevent frauds or impositions, visitors being appointed to attend, and see the sick members and certify their condition to the steward, and their allowance to them. And with respect to absent members, certificates are required to be produced, signed by the physician, surgeon, minister, churchwardens or overseers of the parish or place, where the member may reside.’

The society at Castle Eden, extends to their parishes, and is under the direction of the principal persons resident within them; and the rectors, curates, and resident Magistrates are appointed Trustees, for the funds of the society: and their functions have some resemblance with those of the parochial or district connections,

The above extracts will shew that the improvements proposed, by our author, in Friendly Societies, are not visionary, but supported by facts, we wish every success to this laudable undertaking and conclude, on the words of Mr. Colquhoun.

‘ A well regulated system, judiciously promulgated under the sanction of government, would work wonders in promoting provident and careful habits amongst the labouring people, which is indeed what is principally wanted to ameliorate their condition, and to render them happy and comfortable; and perhaps through no other medium, will it be possible to establish a hedge or barrier against the misfortunes of indigence.

‘ We live in an age when insurances upon contingencies are ramifying in all directions, and we have seen in the operations of the singing fund, that inestimable prop to the national credit, by what rapid strides large capitals may be made to accumulate, if placed under a proper guidance. Supposing such a guidance to exist, and that 3,500,000 of the labourers, handicrafts, mechanics, and inferior tradesmen in England, were to place in this deposit, (meaning that of Friendly Societies) on an average, only three shillings and four pence a month, extending from one shilling to ten, according to their circumstances, the aggregate would amount to seven millions sterling a year. Of the seven millions, supposing five sufficient in each year for the contingencies which would arise, and the remaining two millions to accumulate as a capital, what would be the result in twenty or thirty years. The capital would unquestionably be immense, an encouragement would be held out to provident habits, which would give a new character to the mass of the people.

‘ I answer to those persons who would object to me the impracticability of the plan I propose, I shall reply by another quotation from the same works, page 122. ‘ Difficulties will no doubt occur in carrying such a scheme into execution; but where is the difficulty which has not been overcome, when the pressures of the nation required the exertion of the genius and talents of statesmen to procure revenues which could not have been supposed a few years back to have been practicable.’



**ART. 11.** — *A slight sketch of Paris; or, some account of the French capital, in its improved state, since 1802. By a Visitor.* Octavo. pp. 100. 4s. R. Baldwin, 1814.

As we are, really, unequal to form an opinion of this book of travels we beg our readers to judge for themselves.

But it is not one play-house only that catches the living manners and alludes to all that is passing, and that has passed, on the national stage. Funet, the actor at the Varieties, gave offence, in treating the President des Cantons de la Suisse too jocosely, and mistaking him, to the great delight of his audience, for a Chinese, as asking, on his appearing as President des Cantons, "Qui est ce Chinois là?" from that moment every thing, in dress and habit, manner and air became Chinese.

On the thirtieth of July came out *La Route de Paris, ou Les Allans et Venans*. The road to Paris, or the Goers and Comers, in one act, en vaudevilles, or sing-song. The scene is laid at an inn on the road, a short distance, of three leagues, or about eight miles and a quarter from Paris. The stage represents the inside of the courtyard of the Fleur-de-Lis Inn, which is on the actor's right; in front are tables under a trellis; to the left is a lamp-post, to which is suspended a reverbère: in the court are two gates opposite each other. The inn is kept by Margaret, the widow Le France. The first character is Vincent, a courier from Paris, with extraordinary dispatches, who is in a violent hurry to be served, calls lustily about him and curses the waiter for stopping the king's messenger, when Margaret comes out, and asks him how long he has been so zealous in his Majesty's service, and tells him in a pointed vaudeville, that she remembered him on the road, when he made short steps, and long meals; that the trade of a messenger is, no doubt, a hard fatiguing occupation, but the way to soften it is d'être courier sans courir. "Poh, poh," says Vincent, "you are talking of last year, now out of date, the times are much altered;" then he sings to the same tune as Margaret's: "When I was the bearer of laws that bit hard every individual, I was the messenger of sorrow, I then went a snails pace; but now I carry the dispatches of a wise and just prince, if I did not gallop, I should keep the unfortunate lingering in their misery. I remember full well, when I brought the news of the general peace, with a branch of olives in my hat, full dressed in a habit of ceremony, a new whip in my hand, sic flac, sic flac, all the way, I rode sixty posts in thirty-six hours, and by the blessings of God, only killed five horses." After some farther dialogue of the smart kind, in which he admires Margaret's sign as the emblem of innocence, and the hearts of Henry, Louis, the good kings of France, and tells her that he sighs as he gallops with love of her behind him, and rides off, parodying Beilcau's Horace:

*L'amour monte en croupe, et galope avec moi.*

she calls after him, "Don't kill your horse for me, he sto s to

answer, "You are a wicked, good for nothing woman:" "And you," she rejoins, "the only one that says so."

## SCENE III.

**Margaret.** Mons. de Cadiac, a gasconading solicitor, who wonders his carriage is not arrived, pretends to be on his way to court, to congratulate the king. Margaret asks him what wine he'll have; he calls for a glass of water, tells M. that he is a bachelor, and kisses her hand, when Madame Cadiac comes unexpectedly upon him reproaches him with his infidelity, and adds "It was for this then you left the boat, la patache." This blows him up with Margaret: "What" says she "is this the carriage that you are going to court in." "It is," says he, "by order of my physician, who prescribes *let coche d'eau* as good for the digestion, in order to assist a weak stomach." Madame Cadiac, a *bas bleu*, complains bitterly of being left in the lurch, like *Diana* in the island of *Naxos*, and falls gracefully into an arm-chair in a fainting fit.

'In the fifteenth scene Milord and Milady come upon the stage who are welcomed by the hostess with a remark on the length of time since she has seen any English. Milord and Milady amuse the parterre and boxes exceedingly with his bad French and her English veil. Milord says, 'give me a beef-steak.' Milady praises every thing French, *la soupe de Jena*, *le haché d'Austerlitz*, et *la creme de Meringue*; and they both join in admiring the lily, and rejoice that during its exile of twenty years from its native land, Albion was the happy conservatory where it found shelter from the storm. Milady sings.

Quand on voulut l'exiler de la terre,  
Pendant vingt ans d'un orage ennemi,  
Albion fut l'heureuse serre,  
Ou le lys trouvoit un abri.

Milord cries, "Goddem—vive la paix!" Milady observes—"The French and English were always near enough to shake hands."

## SCENE XVIII.

Folville just] come from Paris—Margaret asks him—"What news from Paris?" *Fol.* 'The Dog of Montargis at his fifty-seventh night.' *Marg.* 'that all?' *Fol.* 'there are charactures of Napoleon on the thirtieth of March, the day before the Allies entered, looking at the *Affiches des Theatres*, on which are announced for that evening, *Les Evenemens Imprevus*.

*Le Tartuffe.*

*La derniere Representation du Valen Maitre.*

*Le Tyran Corrigé.*

*Les Caprices de la Fortune.*

*La Revanche forcée.*

*Cambaceres et sa suite sortant par la porte de derriere.*

*Un cochon Anglaise de 18 Louis, qui ne vaut pas un Napoleon.*

*Marg.* 'If Paris be so amusing, why did you leave it?'

“ ‘If there had been nothing but women I should not have left it, but unfortunately it is crowded with the envious, the jealous, and the discontented, wicked journalists, and importunate creditors, which last have determined me to visit foreign parts.’

N. B. The Dog of Montargis alluded to is a play du theatre de illa Gaité, founded on a story mentioned by Olivier de la Marche in his Treatise on Duels, 1437.

Julius Scaliger de Exercitatione, fol. 272. edit. 1557.

Belle Forest—Histoires Prodigieuses. Claude Expilly dans son Plaidoyer sur l'edit. des Duels. p. 843.

Bernard de Montfoucon Monumens de la Monarchie Française, tom. iii. p. 70.

Marc de Wilson Sieur de la Colombiere dans le vrai Theatre d'Honneur, et de Chevalerie, edit. 1648. tom. iii. p. 600.

St. Noix Essais Historique sur Paris, edit. 1778. tom. iii. p. 181.

p. Sainte Palaye, Memoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie, tom. iii. 337.

**ART. 8.—*Primum Mobile*** with Theses of the theory, and canons for practice: wherein is demonstrated from Astronomical and Philosophical principles, the nature and extent of celestial influx upon the mental faculties and corporeal affections of man—containing the most rational and best approved mode of direction, both in zodiac and mundo, exemplified in thirty remarkable nativities of the most eminent men in Europe, according to the principles of the author, laid down in his ‘Celestial Philosophy.’ Originally written in Latin, by Didacus Placidus de Titus, mathematician to His Serene Highness Leopold William Archduke of Austria. The whole carefully translated, and corrected from the best Latin editions, illustrated with notes and an appendix, containing several useful additions to the work. By John Cooper, teacher of the mathematics. Pp. 462. Davis. 1814.

Judicial Astrology is no longer studied as a science in civilized countries: this new version of a very old work is a well arranged and elaborate system of the exploded hypothesis; and may be considered as a curious relic of ancient literature, from the time of Ptolemy to the 16th century of the Christian era.

## LIST OF BOOKS.

**NOTE.**—bd. signifies *bound*—h. bd. *half-bound*—sd. *sewed*—The rest are, with few exceptions, in *boards*. ed. signifies *edition*—n. ed. *new edition*.

<p>Abernethy's (John, F. R. S.) surgical Observations, Part II. on Diseases resembling Syphilis, and on Diseases of the Urethra, third edit. 8vo. 6s.</p> <p>Alpine Sketches, in a short tour,</p>	<p>through parts of Holland, Flanders France, Savoy, Switzerland, and Germany, during the summer of 1814, by a member of the University of Oxford 8vo. 8s.</p>
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best Historians, for the use of Schools, new ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Hogg's (James) Queen's Wake, a Legendary Poem, third ed. 8vo. 12s.

Huntingford's (Henricus, L. L. B.) Pindari Carmini juxta Encomplar Heynjanum et Lexicon Pindaricum, 8vo. 11. 10s.

Damii Lexicon Pindaricum 8vo. 12s.

Lawton's (Hugh, Esq.) Poems, royal 4to. 11. 5s.

Letter (a) to Lord Liverpool on the probable effect of a great reduction of Corn Prices by Importation: the State and its creditors; and of debtors and creditors in general, 8vo. 3s.

Life, Euler's, 12mo. 3s.

Lithgow's (William) Travels and Voyages through Europe, Asia, and Africa, for nineteen Years, twelfth ed. 8vo. 12s.

London (The) Catalogue of books with their sizes and prices. 1814. 8vo. 8s. half bd.

Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown's General Catalogue of valuable and rare old books, Part III. which contains the Classes of facetia, or books of wit and drollery, humour and fancy; magic, witchcraft, &c. 1s. 6d.

Meeke (Mrs.) Spanish campaign, a Novel, 3 vol. 12mo. 18s.

Merriman's (Samuel, M. D.) Synopsis of the various kind of difficult Parturition, second ed. 12mo. 6s.

McPhail's (Rev. William) Great Things which the Lord hath done for us, a sermon preached in the Scotch Church at Rotterdam, on the day of Thanksgiving for a General Peace, 8vo 3s. ed.

Modern Dunciad, a Satire, with notes. Biographical and Critical, foolscap. 5s. 6d.

Nutt's complete Confectioner 7th ed.

by J. J. Machet, 12mo. 8s. 6d. h. bd.

Observations on Objects interesting to the Highlands of Scotland, particularly to Iverness and Iverness-shire 8vo. 9s.

Orton's (Job) Discourses on Practical Subjects, n. ed. 8vo. 9s.

Parry's (C. H. M. D. F. R. S.) Cases of Tetanus and Rabies Contagiosa, or Canine Hydroobia, 9vo. 6s.

Persia a Poem with notes, 8vo. 3s.

Powers (Alexander) New Orthographic Exercises, with the correct Orthoepy of every word, 12mo. 2s. bd.

Recluse of Norway, (The) by Miss Ama Maria Porter, 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 4s.

Records of a noble Family, by Jane Harvey, 4 vols. 12mo. 18s.

Roberts (Mrs.) Duty, a novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 12s.

Rose and Emily, Sketches of Youth, 12mo. 5s. 6d. hd.

Strahan's Pearl Bible, smallest ever printed. 18s.—in silk 19s.—red morocco 11. 4s.

Surveyor's Guide (The) being a complete Directory to the Appointment and Discharge of that Office, 4to. 3s.

Tardy's (L'Ablé) Explanatory Pronouncing Dictionary, in French and English, a n. ed. 12mo. 7s. bd.

Thomson's (John, M. D.) Pharmacopoeias of the London, Edinburgh and Dublin Colleges, translated into English, with an Appendix, 8vo. 8s.

Transactions, Medico Chirurgical, by the Medical and Chirurgical Society, with plates, 8vo. 18s.

Vossian's (E. J. Key) to Chambard's Exercises, being a correct translation of the various Exercises contained in that Book, third ed. 12mo. 4s. bd.

Midsworth's (William) Excursion, 4to. 21. 2s.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received Mr. George Frederick Busby's communications respecting his intended lecture, on a work speedily to be published, under the title of '*Junius Discovered*.' We lament that we cannot insert so interesting an article; but will be very glad to review the work when published.

I. B. P's communication may he had of our publisher. The work which he reviewed had been already noticed by us.

X. Q. was received too late for insertion in this number, but his favour shall meet with due attention.

THE

# CRITICAL REVIEW.

*SERIES THE FOURTH.*

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No. VI.                      DECEMBER, 1814.                      Vol. VII.

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**ART. I.—***Quarrels of Authors.*; or some Memoirs for our Literary History, including Specimens of Controversy, to the reign of Elizabeth. By the Author of *Calamities of Authors*. 3 vols. Octavo. Pp. 308, 316, 320. Murray. 1814.

OUR author has founded this work on the assumption of my Lord Bacon, whose quotation says.... 'The use and end of this work I do not so much design for curiosity, or satisfaction of those that are the lovers of learning; but chiefly for a more grave and serious purpose; which is, that it will make learned men wise in the use and administration of learning.'

We view it then as a collection of classic anecdotes, from which our literary history may be compiled. These Quarrels of Authors do not resemble the memorable quarrels of Physicians in *Gil Blas*. They are not quarrels recited with a view to excite impertinent mirth, or to provoke marked contempt; they are not designed to wound the literary character, but to chasten it.

The arrows of wit are too frequently winged with ridicule, when shot from the bow of criticism; and, sometimes with the venom of malignity. Rivalry begets calumny, engenders evil prepossessions, and cherishes jealousy and hatred. By exposing, our author aims to correct these unjust conclusions; and he has chosen literary controversy, as best suited to illustrate principle....to pourtray character....or to investigate causes.

Crit. Rev. Vol. VII. Dec. 1814.

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‘ I have always,’ he continues, ‘ considered an author as a human being, who possesses, at once, two sorts of lives.... the *intellectual*, and the *vulgar*. In his books, we trace the history of his mind ; and, in his actions, that of human nature. It is this combination which interests the philosopher and man of feeling : it provides the richest materials for reflection ; as well as those original details, which open the constituent principles of man. Johnson’s passion for literary history, and his great knowledge of the human heart, inspired, at once, the first and the finest model in this class of composition. Our author proceeds to analyze the philosophy of literary history in his preface, and, then, introduces us to Warburton.

‘ The name of **WARBURTON** is more familiar to us than his works : thus was it early, thus it continues, and thus it will be with posterity ! The cause may be worth our inquiry. Nor is there, in the whole compass of our literary history, a character more instructive for its greatness and its failures ; none more adapted to excite our curiosity, and which can more completely gratify it.’

At an early period of life, Warburton was the articled clerk of an attorney in an obscure provincial town. He was, afterwards, a wine merchant in the Borough, and crept into notice, as the orator of a disputing club. But in all his shapes, says our author, he was still keen in literary pursuits, without literary connections. Struggling with all the defects of a desultory and self-taught education, but of a bold aspiring character, he rejected either in pride, or in despair, his little trades, and took Deacon’s orders. This change, and the motives of Warburton, who soon after became a literary adventurer, who was to win his way by earning it from patronage, is illustrated by copious notes containing communications from select writers, on his religious principles, his taste, and his diction.

In his literary debut, Warburton was not forgetful of his dedications.

‘ When **WARBURTON** was considered as a *Colossus of Literature*, Ralph, the political writer, pointed a severe allusion to the awkward figure he makes in these dedications. ‘ The Colossus himself creeps between the legs of the late Sir Robert Sutton ; in what posture, or for what purpose, need not be explained.

‘ Churchill has not passed by this circumstance of Warburton’s humility even to meanness, combined with pride which could rise to haughtiness.

'He was so proud; that should he meet  
The twelve Apostles in the street,  
He'd turn his nose up at them all,  
And shove his Saviour from the wall.'  
Yet this man

——— 'Fawned through all his life,  
For Patrons first, then for a wife,  
Wrote dedications, which must make  
The heart of every Christian quake.'

'The Duellist.

'It is certain that the proud and supercilious Warburton long crouched and fawned.'

But his art at dedication led to his preferment, and may be termed the foundation stone of his aspiring fortunes. Till his thirtieth year, continues our author, Warburton evinced a depraved taste, but a craving appetite for knowledge. His mind was constituted to be more struck by the monstrous than the beautiful: much like that Sicilian prince who furnished his Italian villa with the most hideous figures imaginable. The delight arising from harmonious and delicate forms, raised emotions of too weak a nature to move their obliquity of taste; raised, however, by the surprise excited by colossal ugliness.

With these sentiments we perfectly accord. Warburton was, indeed, a giant of his days, but is now reduced to the ordinary stature of man. His name, once, was surrounded in splendour, but time has eclipsed that brilliancy; and if his memory be at all cherished by posterity, he is probably more indebted to his posthumous letters, than to all his other works. Those letters are chiefly from Warburton to Hurd, and commenced when the former was in the fifty-first year of his age, and the latter in the thirty first.

Warburton, at that period, was in the zenith of his fame. Hurd was just peeping out of obscurity, and their friendship commenced in the praise Hurd had bestowed on Warburton's *Horace*. With this praise Warburton appears to have been awakened to rapture, and he devoted his whole heart to the author of this elegant panegyric.

Warburton's works are enumerated, and criticised throughout this volume; and contemporary petulant jealousies are illustrated by critical notes. We will speak of his *Divine Legation*....a work of so much temerity, that it raised up a host not only of infidels, but of christians against him: Lowth told him....'You give yourself out as a demonstra-

ter of the divine legation of Moses....it has often been demonstrated before....a young student in theology might undertake to give a better, that is, a more satisfactory and irrefragable demonstration of it, in five pages, than you have done in five volumes. On this subject our author says,

‘ The intrepidity of this vast genius appears in the plan of his greater work. The omission of a future state of reward and punishment, in the Mosaic writings, was perpetually urged as a proof that his mission was not of divine origin: the ablest defenders were straining at obscure or figurative passages, to force unsatisfactory inferences; but they were looking after what could not be found. Warburton at once boldly acknowledged it was not there! at once adopted all the objections of the infidels, and roused the curiosity of both parties, by the hardy assertion, that this very omission was a demonstration of its divine origin.

‘ The first idea of this new project was bold and delightful, and the plan magnificent. Paganism, Judaism, and Christianity, the three great religions of mankind, were to be marshalled in all their pomp, and their awe, and their mystery. But the procession changed to a battle! To maintain one great paradox, he was branching out into innumerable ones. This great work was never concluded: he wearied himself, without however, wearying his readers; and, as his volumes appeared, he was still referring to his argument, ‘ as far as it is yet advanced.’ The demonstration appeared in great danger of ending in a conjecture; and this work, always beginning and never ending, proved to be the glory and misery of his life. In perpetual conflict with those numerous adversaries it roused, Warburton often shifted his ground, and broke into so many divisions, that when he cried out, Victory! his scattered forces seemed rather to be in flight, than in pursuit!

The controversies thus kindled, preyed on Warburton’s mind; and although he boldly attacked in return, his heart was accustomed to sicken in privacy. But Pope, in his last moments, exhorted Warburton to proceed with his divine legation. ‘ Your reputation,’ said the dying poet, ‘ as well as your duty, is concerned in it. People say you can get no further in your proof. Nay, lord Bolingbroke himself bids me expect no such thing.’

‘ The same secret principle led him to turn the poetical narrative of *Æneas* in the infernal regions, an episode evidently imitated by Virgil from his Grecian master, into a minute description of the initiation into the Eleusinian Mysteries. A notion so perfectly new, was at least worth a trivial truth. Was it not delightful, to have so many particulars detailed of a secret transaction, which even its con-



temporaries of two thousand years ago did not presume to know any thing about ? Father Hardouin seems to have opened the way for Warburton, since he had discovered that the whole *Æneid* was an allegorical voyage of St. Peter to Rome ! When Jortin, in one of his 'Six dissertations,' modestly illustrated Virgil by an interpretation inconsistent with the strange discovery, it produced a memorable quarrel. Then Hurd, the future shield, scarcely the sword, of Warburton, made his first sally; a dapper, subtle, and cold-blooded champion, who could dexterously turn about the polished weapon of irony. So much our *Railleur* admired the volume of Jortin, that he favoured him with 'A seventh dissertation, addressed to the Author of the sixth, on the delicacy of friendship,' one of the most malignant, but the keenest pieces of irony. It served as the foundation of that new school of criticism, where the arrogance of the master was to be supported by the pupil's contempt of men, often his superiors. To have interpreted Virgil differently from the modern Stagirite, was, by the aggravating art of the ridiculer, to be considered as the violation of a moral feeling. Jortin bore the slow torture, and the teasing of Hurd's dissecting knife, in dignified silence.

'At length a rising genius demonstrated how Virgil could not have described the Eleusinian Mysteries in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. One blow from the arm of Gibbon shivered the allegorical fairy palace, into glittering fragments.'

As a commentator, Warburton has proved himself an able inventor of double senses, discovering the most fantastical allusions, and making men of genius, but of confined reading, learned with all the lumber of his own unwieldy erudition.

'When the German Professor Crousaz published a rigid examination of the doctrines in Pope's *Essay on Man*, Warburton volunteered a defence of Pope. Some years before, it appears that Warburton himself, in a literary club at Newark, had produced a dissertation against those very doctrines ! where he asserted 'that the *Essay* was collected from the worst passages of the worst authors.' This probably occurred at the time he declared that Pope had no genius ! Bolingbroke really wrote the *Essay on Man*, which Pope *versified*. His principles may be often objectionable ; but those who only read this fine philosophical poem, for its condensed verse, its imagery, and its generous sentiments, will run no danger from a metaphysical system they will not care to comprehend.

'But this serves not as an apology for Warburton, who now undertook an elaborate defence of what he had himself condemned, and for which purpose he has most unjustly depressed Crousaz—an able logician, and a writer ardent in the cause of Religion. This Com-

mentary on the *Essay on Man*, then, looks much like the work of a sophist, and an adventurer ! Pope who was now alarmed at the tendency of some of those principles he had so innocently versified, received Warburton as his tutelary genius. A mere poet was soon dazzled by the sorcery of erudition ; and he himself having nothing of that kind of learning, Pope believed Warburton to be the Scaliger of the age, for his gratitude far exceeded his knowledge. The Poet died in this delusion : he consigned his immortal works to the mercy of a ridiculous commentary and a tasteless commentator, whose labours have cost so much pains to subsequent editors to remove. Yet from this moment we date the worldly fortunes of Warburton. Pope presented him with the entire property of his works ; introduced him to a blind and obedient patron, who bestowed on him a rich wife, by whom he secured a fine seat ; till, at length, the mitre crowned his last ambition. Such was the large chapter of accidents in Warburton's life !

There appears in Warburton's conduct respecting the editions of those great Poets which he afterwards published, something quite systematic ; for he treated the several editors of those very poets, Theobald, Hammer, and Grey, who were his friends, with the same odd sort of kindness ; when he was unknown to the world, he cheerfully contributed to all their labours, and afterwards abused them with the liveliest severity. It is probable, that he had himself projected these editions as a source of profit, but had at first contributed to the more advanced labours of his rival editors, merely as specimens of his talent, that the public might hereafter be thus prepared for his own perfect Commentaries.

Alluding to Warburton's notes on Shakespeare, our author continues.... 'When these extraordinary specimens of emendatory and illustrative criticism appeared, with general readers, they excited all the astonishment of perfect novelty. It must have occurred to them, that no one as yet understood Shakespeare ; and, indeed, that it required no less erudition than that of the new luminary, now rising in the critical horizon, to display the amazing erudition of this most recondite poet. Every striking passage was wrested into a new meaning. Here, words were to be changed quite opposite to what they were....here, one line was rejected ; and here an interpolation, inspired alone by critical sagacity, pretended to restore a lost one....finally, a source of knowledge was opened in the notes, on subjects which no other critic suspected could, in the remotest degree, stand connected with Shakespeare's text.'

These critical extravaganzas are scarcely to be paralleled with

Bentley's notes on Milton. How Warburton turned 'an allegorical mermaid' into 'the Queen of Scots';—shewed how Shakespeare, in one word, and with one epithet, 'the majestic world,' described the *Orbis Romanus* alluded to the Olympic games, &c. : yet, after all this discovery, the poet seems rather to allude to a story about Alexander, which Warburton happened to recollect at that moment;—and how he illustrated Octavia's idea of the fatal consequences of a civil war between Caesar and Anthony, who said it would 'cleave the world,' by the story of Curtius leaping into the chasm;—how he rejected; 'allowed with absolute power,' as not English, and read 'hallowed,' on the authority of the Roman Tribuneship being called *Sacra-sancta Potesta*;—how his emendations often rose from puns; as for instance, when, in *Romeo and Juliet*, it is said of the Friar, that 'the city is much obliged to him,' our new critic consents to the sound of the word, but not to the spelling, and reads *hymn*; that is, to laud, to praise!—when Armado bids his page Moth to 'follow,' Moth replies, 'like the *requel*;' a humorous reply for the urchin, and a jest upon a *sequel*, perfectly understood till the new critic poured a note to shew it alluded to *La sequelle*, which, in French means a great man's train; and the jest is that a page was all his train!—These, and still more extraordinary instances of perverting ingenuity and abused erudition, would form an uncommon specimen of criticism, which may be justly ridiculed, but which none, except an exuberant genius, could have produced.—The most amusing work possible would be a real Warburton's Shakespeare, which should contain not a single thought, and scarcely an expression, of Shakespeare!

Had Johnson known as much as we do of Warburton's opinion of his critical powers, it would have gone far to have cured his amiable prejudice in favour of Warburton, who really was a critic without taste, and who considered Literature as some do Politics, merely as a party-business. I shall give a remarkable instance. When Johnson published the first critical attempt on 'Macbeth,' he commended the critical talents of Warburton; and Warburton returned the compliment in the preface to his Shakespeare, and distinguishes Johnson as 'a man of parts and genius.' But, unluckily, Johnson afterwards published his own edition; and, in his editorial capacity, his public duty prevailed over his personal feelings: all this went against Warburton; and the opinions he now formed of Johnson were suddenly those of insolent contempt. In a letter to his polished sycophant Hurd, he writes: 'Of this Johnson you and I, I believe, think alike!' And to another friend: 'the remarks he makes, in every page, on my *Commentaries*, are full of insolence and malignant reflections, which, had they not in them as much folly as malignity, I should have reason to be offended with.' He consoles himself, however, that Johnson's notes, accompanying his own, will enable even 'the trifling part of the public' not to mistake in the comparison.

• Nichol's Literary Anecdotes, vol. v. 595.

‘And what became of Johnson’s noble preface to *Shakespeare*? Not a word on that!—Warburton, who himself had written so many spirited ones, perhaps did not like to read one finer than his own,—so he passed it by! He travelled through Egypt, but held his hands before his eyes, at a pyramid!

The fact is, that Warburton wrote for Warburton, and not for Shakespeare. The same principles were pursued in his edition of Pope. His commentary on the essay on criticism, was calculated to prove, that admirable collection of precepts to have been constructed by a systematic method, which it is well known, the poet never designed. And the same instruments of torture were used, as in the *Essay on Man*, to reconcile a system of fatalism to the doctrines of revelation

‘Warburton was probably aware, that the **SECRET PRINCIPLE** which regulated his public opinions might lay him open, at numerous points, to the strokes of Ridicule. It is a weapon which every one is willing to use, but seems terrified when pointed against himself. There is no party, or sect, which have not employed it in their most serious controversies: the grave part of mankind protest against it, often at the moment they have been directing it for their own purpose. And the enquiry, whether Ridicule be a test of Truth, is one of the large controversies in our own Literature. It was opened by Lord Shaftesbury, and zealously maintained by his school. Akenside, in a note to his celebrated poem, asserts the efficacy of Ridicule as a test of Truth: Lord Kaimes had just done the same. Warburton levelled his piece at the Lord in the bush-fighting of a Note; but came down in the open field with a full discharge of his artillery on the luckless Bard.

‘The supercilious Critic, under the sneering appellation of ‘The Poet,’ and of his ‘sublime account,’ insultingly reminding him of ‘his Master,’ and shrewdly hinting that he was ‘a man of taste;’ a new term, as we are to infer, for ‘a Deist;’ or, as Akenside alluded to Spinoza (merely for illustration) that he might be something worse.—He loudly protests against the practice of Ridicule; but in attacking its advocate, he is himself an evidence of its efficacy, by keenly ridiculing him and his opinions. Dyson, the patron of Akenside, nobly stepped forwards to rescue his Eagle, panting in the tremendous grips of the Critical Lion. His defence of Akenside is an argumentative piece of Criticism, on the nature of Ridicule, curious, but wanting the graces of the genius who inspired it.

‘I shall stop one moment, since it falls into our subject, to record this great literary battle on the use of Ridicule, which has been fought till both parties, after having shed their ink, divide the field without

victory or defeat, and now stand looking on each other. After the opposite arguments, a short conclusion may be drawn; and if I fall on the right one, all that I can say will be,

‘I suffer for the Truth, Sir; for Jacquenetta is a true girl.’

Love's Labour Lost, A. 1. S. 1.

‘The advocates for the use of RIDICULE maintain that it is a natural sense or feeling bestowed on us for wise purposes by the supreme being, as the others are of beauty, or of sublimity—to detect the deformity or absurdity of an object; and that no real virtues, such as wisdom, honesty, bravery, or generosity, can be ridiculed.

‘The great adversary of ridicule replied, that they did not dare to ridicule the virtues openly; but, by overcharging and distorting features, they could laugh at leisure. ‘Give them other names; call them but temerity, prodigality, simplicity, &c. and your business is done. Make them ridiculous, and you may go on, in the freedom of wit and humour (thus Shaftesbury distinguishes ridicule) till there be never a virtue left to laugh out of countenance.’

‘The ridiculous acknowledge that their favourite art may do mischief, when *dishonest men obtrude circumstances foreign to the object*, and we are so inadvertent, as to allow these circumstances to impose upon us. But, they justly urge, the use of reason itself is full as liable to the same objection: grant Spinoza his false principles, and his conclusions will be considered as true. Dyson has thrown out an ingenious illustration. ‘It is so equally in the Mathematics; where, in reasoning about a circle, if we join along with its real properties, others that do not belong to it, our conclusions will certainly be erroneous. Yet who would infer from hence, that *the manner of proof* is defective or fallacious.

‘Warburton urged the strongest case against the use of Ridicule, in that of Socrates and Aristophanes. In his strong and coarse illustration he shews, that by clapping a fool's coat on the most immaculate virtue, it stuck on Socrates like a San Benito, and at last brought him to his execution: it made the owner resemble his direct opposite; that character he was most unlike. The consequences are well known.’

Of the Warburton school our author says,

‘The Warburtonian school was to be supported by the most licentious principles; by dictatorial arrogance, by gross invective, and by airy sarcasm; but the bitter contempt, and its many little artifices of towering an adversary in the public opinion, was more peculiarly the talent of one of his aptest scholars, the cool, the keen, the sophistical Hurd. The lowest arts of confederacy were connived at, prodigal of praise to themselves; and retentive of it to all others; the world was to be divided into two parts, the *Warburtonians* and the *Antis*.

‘To establish this new government in the literary world, this great Revolutionist was favoured by fortune with two important objects;

the one was a *Machine*, by which he could wield public opinion ; and the other a Man, who seemed born to be his minister, or his Vice-soy.

The *Machine* was nothing less than the immortal works of Pope ; as soon as Warburton had obtained a royal patent to secure to himself the sole property of Pope's Works, the public were compelled, under the disguise of a commentary on the most classical of our Poets, to be concerned with all his literary quarrels, and have his libels and lampoons perpetually before them ; all the foul waters of his anger were deposited here as in a common reservoir.

Thus, is the literary character of this great author discussed ; and the ample notes which accompany the texts, give us the opinions, spleen, and satire of contemporary writers, justly entitled the ' the quarrels of authors.'

In the same way, these volumes treat of Pope, Addison, Bolingbroke, Mallet, and other authors of celebrity. It also includes quarrels among the royal society....Davenant and a club of wits....Paper wars of the civil wars....Political criticism on literary compositions....and literary quarrels from personal motives.

Each subject would occupy its respective review ; we, therefore, confine ourselves to the first, and invite our readers to partake the amusement and instruction we have derived from the perusal of this well compiled work. It will shew, that the personal likes and dislikes of wittymen come down recorded to posterity, by whom they are often mistaken for just satire ; whereas, after all, they are nothing more than literary quarrels, seldom founded in truth, often in falsehood, and always in jealousy. These quarrels are occasionally kept up by the petulance of marked contempt ; the gall of witty satire ; or by licentiousness, unbounded, as splenetic.

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ART. II.—*Travels in Caucasus and Georgia*, performed in the years 1807 and 1808, by command of the Russian Government, by Julius Von Klaproth, Aulic Counsellor to the Emperor of Russia, Member of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, &c. ; Translated from the German by Frederick Shoberl. Quarto. Pp. 421. Colburn. 1814.

[Concluded from page 467.]

WE now follow our intelligent author to Donskaja, at the foot of the first mountains of the Caucasus. This town has

a fortress on the brook Taschle, is considerable, and inhabited by cossacks and peasants. Here he was so near in appearance, that the first ranges concealed the highest; which in serene weather may be seen at the distance of sixty German miles on a straight line; and from Ssarepta on the Wolga, not less than seventy (210 English) miles.

If Mr. Klaproth is here correct, one would suppose that these mountains must surpass the Alps or the Andes. The great fall of Niagaria from which ascends a thick mist forming a large and high dense cloud that may be seen at the distance of 54 English miles, in clear weather, from Lake Erie. This phenomenon appeared to the observer, at that distance, 'a small white cloud in the horizon, over-hanging Niagaria; all other light clouds flitting away to another part of the horizon, whereas this one remains steadily fixed in the same spot; and on viewing it through a telescope, it is seen that the shape of the cloud varies every instant, owing to the continual rising of the mist from the cataract beneath.'

If we might form any comparison in contemplating this stationary cloud, and the summit of the mountain; or by computing the distance from which the latter is seen, with the accounts of those already named; the Caucasus must appear to us the highest land yet discovered. This, if we admit the traditionary accounts, still current among the inhabitants of these parts that Noah's Ark first grounded upon the Caucasus, but was driven to Ararat, must be in some degree confirmed; and yet our author, in another place, speaks of them all 'little inferior to Mount Blanc.'

Near as we are supposed to be to the first object of our research, we find our traveller still ascending from Donskaja to Moskwskaja, into the first range of mountains, or *Dark Forest*; from whence we shall follow him some distance further, in his own words.

Proceeding 31½ wersts further, we arrived about noon on the 22d of November at the town of Stawropol, a considerable place for the Caucasian government, seated on an eminence at the source of the rivulet Atschile, (in Tartar, *limpid clear*), which runs to the north-east, and at the distance of about 55 wersts discharges itself into the left side of the Kalaus. Stawropol was formerly but a strongly garrisoned fortress belonging to the Caucasian line, but in 1785 it was raised to the rank of a city. It is populous, has spacious streets, and a large market-house where all sorts of commodities may

be procured. Here a market is held twice a week, and attended by the peasants of the whole adjacent country. The soil is very fruitful, and the neighbouring woods and copses abound in game, which is frequently shot by the inhabitants for sale. We bought wild boar's flesh at the rate of three copper copecks a pound, and partridges at fifteen copecks a brace. Provisions in general are very cheap here, and the neighbouring Atschile yields perch (in Russia *Okun*, in Tartar *Alabughah*) and carp (in Russia and Tartar *Sassan*) of excellent flavour. Besides the Cossacks there is in this town and its environs a fine regiment of dragoons, then commanded by General Puschkin, whose head-quarters are at Stawropol. This town is governed by a burgomaster, (*Gorodnitschi*;) who is likewise charged with the levying of recruits from the adjacent country. Though it was so near the end of November, we had not much reason to complain of cold, by which we were also less incommoded in the level *steppe* than by the piercing north and east wind.

In the country between Stawropol, the Ckuban and the Upper Kuma, as well as about the sources of the rivulets Donguale and Buywalla, which discharge themselves into the latter, rove the Tartar hordes of the Kasbulat, Kiptschak, Mangut, Jedissan, Dshambulat, Jedikul, and Nawrus, amounting together to 5849 kibitkes or felt-tents. These are the small remains of the once celebrated Nogays or Ckuban Tartars, who were transplanted by the Chans of the Kryn to the *steppe* between the Dnepr and Dnestr, but afterwards removed back by the Russians to their former pastures beyond the Ckuban. The continual disturbances excited by them, and the depredations which they committed, obliged the government in 1788 to reduce them to obedience; on which occasion the greatest part of them fled beyond the Ckuban, and the whole nation was well nigh exterminated.

The eastern part of the Caucasian *steppe* between the Kuma and the Caspian Sea is partly inhabited by families of the Nogay hordes, Jedissan and Dshambulat, partly by the whole hordes of Ckaranogay or Black Nogays, and Nedischkul, and more northerly and towards the sea by Turckmen Tartars: the total number of kibitkes amounts to 4286. All the Nogays dwelling here rove about after the manner of the nomadic nations, with their flocks and herds of sheep, oxen, horses, and camels; but each horde has nearly its regular district for summer and another for winter. They now conduct themselves like quiet subjects, and have relinquished their predatory mode of life. They are hospitable and sociable, and all profess the Mohammedan religion. It is remarkable, that we yet find among them that infirmity of which Herodotus, in treating of the Scythians, makes mention in these words:—"When the Scythians were masters of Asia, they went thence towards Egypt; but when they had reached Syria and Palestine, Psametichus king of Egypt went to meet them, and by presents and entreaties prevailed on them not to advance;



they returned, therefore, by way of Askalon to Syria, and left the country without doing any further mischief, excepting that some who remained behind plundered the temple of Urania. This temple, from all accounts that I have been able to collect, was the most ancient which this goddess ever had and that in Cyprus owes its origin to it according to the admission of the Cyprians themselves: the temple of Cythera was likewise erected by Phœnicians, natives of Syria. The goddess hereupon sent a feminine disease among those Scythians who had plundered her temple at Askalon, and this punishment was perpetuated for ever among their posterity. The Scythians say that this disease was a chastisement for the sacrilege; and strangers who visit the country of the Scythians witness it in the state of those who are called by those people *Enaræans*.

Hippocrates, in his Treatise on Air and Vapour, in which he gives many particulars concerning the Scythians, also speaks of these *Enaræans*. 'There are likewise among the Scythians,' says he, 'persons who come into the world as eunuchs, and do all the work of women; they are called *Enaræans* or *womanish*. The people of their country consider this defect as a visitation of the gods, and pay respect to these *Enaræans* in order to divert a similar misfortune from themselves. For my part, I believe that this evil is no more sent by the deity than any thing else we see; for I think that every effect has its cause, and that nothing can happen without one.'—Reineggs is the first modern who found this kind of infirmity among the Nogays, only with this difference, that they are not born with it, but that it arises from incurable debility after diseases, or from increasing age. The skin then grows wrinkled, the scanty beard falls off, and the man assumes a completely feminine appearance. He becomes incapable of copulation, and his sentiments and actions lose the masculine character. In this state he is obliged to shun the company of men, and to associate with women, whom he perfectly resembles. Reineggs, however, is mistaken, when he says that these persons also wear female apparel, as they would in this case have to dress in red clothes and veils. It is indeed common for old Nogay women to go with nothing but an untanned sheep-skin thrown over their wrinkled hides, and a cap of the same on their heads; and thus equipped, they are not to be distinguished from those woman-like individuals of the other sex.

Count Potocki, who visited the *steppe* of the Kuma and the Caucasus in the winter of 1797-1798, made enquiries concerning this disease of the Nogays on the Beschtau, to whom, however, it seemed to be wholly unknown. When he afterwards travelled along the Kuma, and returned over the sands of Anketeri, where he found great part of their nation assembled, he, for the first time, saw at the Red Well, as it is called, one of these metamorphosed men, or *Choss*, whom he took for an old woman, but was afterwards convinced, upon enquiry, that it was really a man, and that this disease still occurs,

though but rarely. Neither is it unknown in Turkey, where the name of *Choss* is given to all those men who have no beards.—At the same time the Count very justly remarks, that Reineggs is wrong in styling the whole nation of the Nogays, Mangutai; that the Calmucks indeed give all the Tartars the name of Mangut, but that this appellation properly attaches to one tribe only, by which it is assumed, and which does not even belong to the Nogays. Count Potocki was himself in their horde, but they were total strangers to the above-mentioned disease. *Histoire primitive des Peuples de la Russie, par le Comte Jean Potocki* A St. Petersburg, 1802, 4to. p. 175.

After dwelling some time upon the description of the Nogays, rugged roads, winding rivers and streams, lofty ridges, and rude villages; we find our traveller ascending by a steep road, the lofty activity of the *Steepe*, bordering the Podkuma, to Georgiwick, a small and tolerably well fortified place. From this fortress the declivity is very abrupt, to be descended in but few places, and with great inconvenience. The soil here is coarse sand and clay; and in the sand are found small muscles either petrified or decayed.

Shells of testaceous fish upon high land, and at an immense distance from the sea, are found in various parts of the world. In the river Tennessee and upon its banks, in the United States of America are such immense quantities extending several miles, as from petrification or adhesion, to impede the navigation; and hence are called 'the muscle shoals.' This river is fresh water, and many hundred miles from the sea. In England, and other parts of Europe, sea shells have been found deep in the bowels of the earth; which afford strong proofs of violent concussions of nature, antecedent to history, or even tradition: but to return to our traveller.

On the north side the town adjoins the *steppe*, and has an imperceptible descent towards the Cossack *stanitza*, about a werst distant. The ramparts of Georgiewsk itself, which forms a pentagon, though but of earth, are strongly fortified with cannon. Within these few years, however, solid stone bastions and considerable works have been begun on the west side, where it is not defended by the precipice, and these will render the place impregnable against any attack of the mountainers, who have neither artillery nor the least notion of the operations of a siege. The materials for building are furnished by the lime-stone quarries of the neighbouring Besch-tau.

Georgiewsk, now the capital of the Caucasian government, was founded in 1777, on the formation of the Caucasus-Cuban line. It

is built in a regular and cheerful manner, but the houses in general are only of slight boarding, and you very rarely find one that is solid enough to secure its inhabitants in winter from the unpleasant and piercing winds of the *steppe*. The adjacent country is very agreeable, and the whole plain beyond the Podkuma overgrown with wood. Though there are no morasses in the vicinity, and the air is dry and clear, yet the climate of this place powerfully affects both strangers and natives, and towards the end of summer and in autumn produces such frequent fevers that there is scarcely a house which has not at least one patient confined with that disease.

From this place you have a view of the whole chain of the Caucasus, as far as the Lesgian mountains; a spectacle which perhaps cannot be paralleled except in the *steppes* of Middle Asia, for in no other part of the world is a plain so vast as the *steppe* of the Kuma bounded by such a lofty and extensive range. The Caucasus apparently forms two chains running parallel to each other, the highest covered with snow, and the lower or northern, which is commonly called the Black Mountains. The former are denominated by the Tartars Ckar Daghar, but by the Tcherkessians, from Kasibeg to the Elbrus, Kurdish; and the Black Mountains are named by the Russians Tschernoi Gory, in Tartar Ckara-Daghar, and in Tcherkessian Kuschiha.

The loftiest mountains in the snowy chain are the Kasibeg and the Elbrus; but the latter is by far the highest, and little inferior in elevation to Mont Blanc. It has never yet been ascended, and the Caucasians have a notion that no person can reach its summit without the special permission of the deity. They likewise relate that here Noah first grounded with the ark, but was driven further to Ararat. The ascent from the south side would perhaps be the most practicable, did not the mountaineers throw innumerable obstructions in the way of such an enterprise. Its foot is totally uninhabited, and surrounded by marshes produced in summer by the melting of the snows. The Russians call this mountain Schat-gora; the Ckaratschai, Mingtau; the Tartars, Jaktass or Elbrus; the Armenians, Jalbus; Tcherkessians, Usch'hamako, that is, the *Gracious* or *Holy Mountain*; the Abasses, Orfi If'gub; and the Suanes, Passa. All the mountaineers have abundance of tales to relate concerning the evil spirits and demons who dwell upon it; whose prince they call Dshin Padischah, and of whose annual meetings they have invented as many fables as the North Germans respecting the assemblies of the witches on the brocken. The other lofty mountain, which nearly terminates to the east the snowy range visible from Georgiewsk, is the Kasibeg, which in Georgian is named Mqinwari, but by the Ossetes Uss-choch, or the *White Mountain*.

Respecting the origin and signification of the name Caucasus, there is a wide difference of opinion. The most ancient explanation of it we find in Pliny, who derives this word from the Scythian

*Caucasus*, which is said to signify *nive candidus*. As; however, this etymology is not confirmed by any known language, and it is extremely improbable that the whole family of words to which it belongs should have been lost, it seems to carry very little weight, and to be equally unfounded with many others set up by the ancients. *Kaukas*, which is a foreign term in these mountains, may perhaps come from the Persian appellation *Koh Châff*, which signifies the Mountains of *Châf*. The more ancient form of this word was probably *Ckafsep* or *Ckassp*, with the termination *Assp*, which was common in the Median Dialects. From this ancient form the Caspian Sea and the nation of the Caspians probably received their name; for, according to the testimony of Eratosthenes (in Strabo), the people inhabiting the Caucasus called it the Caspian mountains—*Kavnon ἵες*. In Moses of Chorene it is named *Kowkass* and *Kaukass*; and in the history of Georgia, compiled by the direction of King Watchang the Fifth, from the archives of the convents of Mzchetha and Gelathi, the most ancient boundaries of this country are thus described:—‘On the east it has the Gurganian Sea (*Gurganissa*), now called the Sea of Gilan; on the west the Pontic, otherwise the Black Sea; on the south the Orethian Mountains (*Orethissa*) situated in the country of the Kurds (*Khurthia*) towards Media; and on the north the Kawkasian Mountains (*Khawk’assia*), which are called by the Persians *Jalbus*.’ In the epitome of the history of the country, written by the Georgian prince Davith, and printed at Tiflis in 1798, the Caucasus is likewise styled from ancient authorities *K’awk’ass*. ‘The country belonging to him (to Thargamoss) was bounded on the east by the Gurganian sea (that is the Caspian); on the west by the Black sea (which is the Pontus); on the south by the Aressian mountains (those of Kurthistan); and on the north by the K’awk’asian.’

‘All this sufficiently proves the antiquity of the name of Caucasus among the neighbouring nations; nevertheless at present it is but little used by the Asiatics, who commonly call this mountain by the Tartar name of *Jalbus*, that is, *Ice-mane*. In Tartar the appellation is properly *Jalbus thaghtar*, but among the Nogays I have likewise heard it pronounced *Jildis thaghtar*, in which case it signifies Mountains of the Stars. By the Turks the Caucasus is named *Ckâf thâgi*, Mountains of *Ckâf*. The Georgians usually employ the Tartar term, and say *Jalbusiss Mtha*, Mount *Jalbus*. The Armenians call it *Jalbusi-ssar*, but the name of *Kawkas* also is still retained by them.’

We pass over above 130 pages occupied with relations of Russia with the Caucasus, the ruins of Madshur, the tribes near the Chuban, and those of the Caucasus, referring the reader to the work itself; and go to the departure of our traveller from Georgiewsk, to Pawlowska.

As I had been informed that in a few days a large convoy of effects belonging to general field-marshal Count Gudowitsch would set out with a strong escort from Mosdok for Tiflis, I resolved to join it, and hastened to reach Mosdok before its departure. Having completed all my preparations for the journey, I solicited Governor von Kartwalinow and general Ssergei Alexewitsch Bulghakow, commander-in-chief on the Caucasian Line, for the papers necessary to my being furnished with post-horses and escorts; and these I received in the afternoon of the 16th of December. Our carriages were packed, and nothing prevented us from starting but the governor, who refused his permission, as our journey, till we should overtake the convoy, would have been extremely dangerous, and no reliance is to be placed on the Cossacks assigned for an escort, who commonly betake themselves to flight on the appearance of an enemy, and, anxious only to save themselves and their horses, leave the travellers committed to their care in the lurch. It is safer in general to go with an escort of infantry, of which the mountaineers stand more in awe, as they themselves almost always attack on horseback; and then their antagonists on foot have a great advantage in taking aim at them. For the rest, it is not too much to assert that the Kabardians are allowed full liberty to commit what depredations they please, and to plunder the Russians in their own territory, because the Cossacks and other troops are strictly enjoined not to kill any of them, but to take them alive; which is next to impossible, as the latter are much worse mounted and armed than the enemy. Were we to reckon up all the persons who during the last twenty-five years have been carried off by the Tscherkessians and Tschetschenzes on the line, the amount would prove beyond comparison greater than the number of those who were swept away by the late pestilence in the Caucasian government. As such strict precautions are taken against that disease, why are not proper measures adopted against this far more destructive and disgraceful scourge, which depopulates a tract 150 wersts in breadth along the Russian frontiers? for the Kabardians frequently advance in their incursions beyond Madschar, to the boundaries of other governments. It is indeed no wonder that this nation is so inimically disposed towards the Russians, as the latter have, under the appearance of protection and friendship, encroached more and more upon their territories, and now cooped them up within a fourth part of their former pasturages. As, however, the Russian government has once adopted the vicious policy of injuring a brave and estimable nation in every possible way, it should now at least endeavour to counteract by energy the mischievous consequences of such a system.

On the 17th, about eight in the morning, we at length left Georgiewsk by the eastern gate of the fortress, descended the steep declivity of the steppe, and crossed the Podkumka, which continues to flow here with considerable rapidity. Instead of the seven Cossacks

who had been ordered to escort me, I obtained only two men, because all the others had gone a hunting with general Bulghakow. About noon we reached the stanitza of Mariinskaja, on the brow of the deep ravine through which the little river Saluka pursues its course to the Kama. In descending the steep west side of this ravine, the horses were unable to hold the carriage, and ran away with it at full gallop down into the valley, and through the river, till at last they were stopped by the numerous black-thorn bushes on its banks. We had every reason to expect that the vehicle would be dashed in pieces, but fortunately it received no material injury.

In the afternoon we left Pawlowskaja, where we were obliged to wait a long time on horseback; and after proceeding eighteen wersts, which we performed in little more than an hour, we reached Saldatskaja Malka, a considerable village. Ten wersts farther we came to the redoubt of Saoliman Brod, thus named from an old ford of the Techerkessians in the Malka, and at the distance of five more wersts, to the station and village of Prochladnoi, one (German) mile from the conflux of the Baksan and Malka. Here at that time resided major-general del Pozzo, the inspector of the Kabardians (Kabardinskoi Pristaw). From Prochladnoi our road led through the village of Priklisnie to the town and fortress of Jekaterinograd, seventeen wersts distant, on the left side of the Malka, where we arrived about midnight. In almost every stage, the cossacks assigned us quietly turned back when we had proceeded about half way, so that we were usually without any escort when we reached the stanitza. This affords an additional proof of the want of order that prevails even in the military arrangements on the Line. On account of the quarantine we were refused admittance into the town, so that we were obliged to pass the night in the open air; which was the more unpleasant, as I sent forward my felt tent and other things to Mosdok, and the chillness of a December night is not particularly grateful even in more southern latitudes. The hardship of our case was further aggravated at first by the want of wood to kindle a fire. On this occasion I once more remarked how little the Russians are really capable of enduring cold; for my student was almost in tears, and some of the Russian carriers, who had likewise stopped here, could not put on furs enough one over another. Upon the whole, foreigners bear the cold in Russia much better than the natives, who begin to wear their furs in autumn, and never leave them off till the middle of spring. The degree to which they heat their apartments is also intolerable. On the other hand, foreigners, who during the first years of their residence in Russia have not accustomed themselves to furs, scarcely ever want them afterwards; and for my own part, I always found a wadded surcoat or wrapper much more pleasant wear than oppressive over-heating furs, which I never used except when travelling in the depth of winter.

Arrived at Mosdok; our author gives the following description of that Georgian town.

'The inhabitants of Mosdok are Russians, Armenians, Armenian Catholics, Georgians, Tartars, and Ossetes; here are also many baptized Tscherkessians. Owing to the concourse of so many different nations, most of the inhabitants engaged in trade, speak not only the Russian, but also the Tartar, Armenian, Georgian, Tscherkessian, and Ossetian tongues; and have highly cultivated their capacity for learning languages. From a visit to the market-house (*Gostinnoi dvor*), and from the quantity and diversity of the commodities for sale, and the number of the purchasers, may easily be inferred the degree of prosperity enjoyed by the inhabitants of a Russian town. The market-house of Mosdok, however, still makes but a miserable figure, and it is only in one shop, belonging to Armenians of Nachtschiwan, that you meet with European goods. Most of the others are shut up, and the rest are occupied by Armenian and Ossetian traders of this place, who deal in small wares and eatables. The traffic of Mosdok is said to have formerly been far more considerable; but the present insecurity on the Line, the quarantine on the Russian side, and the pestilence among the mountaineers, have contributed to its extraordinary decline. The occupation of Georgia may also have concurred in producing this effect, as the market for the sale of Russian and European commodities to the inhabitants of this country, has been transferred by that measure to Tiflis.

'The houses are partly of wood and partly of wattle-work, plastered over with mortar. The windows commonly look into the courtyard, so that nothing is to be seen from the street, but bare walls plastered with clay or white-washed. Below the town, on the Terek, are several water-mills of miserable construction; but the stones wear so exceedingly, that it is scarcely possible to eat the bread made of the flour ground by them, on account of the quantity of sand which is mixed with it.

'Besides a Russian church, Mosdok contains two belonging to the Armenians, and one to the Catholics. The latter was built about forty years since by the Capuchin missionaries stationed at this place; and as they are all dead, it is now in the hands of the Jesuits, who have here a superior, a father, and a lay-brother. I hoped to be able to procure from them some information respecting the mountaineers, but the shortness of their residence at Mosdok had allowed them no opportunity to make themselves acquainted with these people, or to commence any intercourse with them. The father, Aegidius Henry, who is a native of the French Netherlands, and was educated in England, has in a short time made an extraordinary proficiency in the Armenian language; and though he had begun to learn it only nine months before my first visit to Mosdok, he was already able to hold

public discourses in it in the church. Divine service also with the exception of the mass, is held here in the Armenian language.

This artful jesuit some time since formed a plan for civilizing such of the mountain tribes of the Caucasus as are not yet completely subject to the Russian sceptre, by means of members of his fraternity, in the same manner as they did the savage inhabitants of Paraguay. According to this proposal, the government was to give full scope to the order, and would thus rid itself of an expensive and troublesome concern. This plan, which was approved and supported by several of the civil officers on the Line, he transmitted to St. Petersburg, where it does not seem to have been most favourably received, and is now totally forgotten.

During my residence at Mosdok I had an opportunity of attending an Armenian wedding, and remarked the following ceremonies practised on the occasion:—the evening preceding the nuptials, the bridegroom invites all his friends of the male sex to his house, and entertains them in the best manner. He then sends for a barber to shave the heads and beards of the whole company, who afterwards go to the bath. Very early the next morning the bridegroom repairs with his train to the house of his future father-in-law, to fetch his bride. The father then joins their hands, and follows them with his whole company to church, where the marriage ceremony is performed by the ecclesiastic. After their return from church, the festivities last three days without intermission, and it is not till the third night that the new married couple are permitted to sleep together. A singular custom which prevails among several Asiatic nations, has also obtained among the Armenians, which is, that the wife, during the first year of her marriage, and sometimes for a still longer period, must not speak, upon any account, to the parents of her husband.

Georgia formerly paid the infamous tribute to the grand Signor's seraglio, of sending thither children of both sexes; but the brave Prince Heraclius abolished the custom. Still, however, this sensual Emperor is privately supplied with the beautiful females of Georgia and Circassia; and chiefly by Turkish robbers.

Habesci, who was many years resident at Constantinople in the service of the grand Signor, and who published his *Travels in Turkey* a few years ago, speaking of this Seraglio, says; 'all the women are for the service of the grand signor. No person whatsoever is permitted to introduce themselves into the first gate that encompasses the harem that is to say, the apartment in which the women are shut up. It is situated in a very remote part of the inclosure of the Seraglio, and it looks upon the sea of Marmora. No person can possibly see these women, except the sultan and the eunuchs. When any one of them goes out of the seraglio,



to make an excursion into the country with the grand signor, the journey is performed either in a boat, or in a carriage closely shut up; and a kind of covered way is made with linen curtains from the door of their apartment to the place of embarking, or getting into the carriage. All these women have the same origin as the pages; and the same means which they employ to procure the boy slaves are likewise put in practice to supply the harem with women: the handsomest, and those who give hopes of being such, are brought to the Seraglio, and they must all be virgins. They are divided like the pages into two chambers, and their manual employment consists in learning to sew and to embroider. But with respect to the cultivation of the mind, they are only taught music, dancing, gestures, and other things, which modesty forbids me to mention; it is by these allurements that they endeavour to merit the inclination of the grand signor. The number of women in the harem depends on the taste of the reigning monarch. Sultan Selim had nearly 2000; Sultan Mahmud had but 800; and the present Sultan has pretty near 1600. The two chambers have windows, but they only look upon the gardens of the seraglio, where no body can pass. Amongst so great a number, there is not one servant: for they are obliged to wait upon one another, by order of rotation, the last that is entered serves her who entered before her, and herself; so that the first who entered is served without serving; and the last serves without being served. They all sleep in separate beds, and between every fifth there is a preceptress, who minutely inspects their conduct. Their chief governess is called Katon Kiaja, that is to say, the governess of the noble young ladies. When there is a sultanness mother, she forms her court from their chamber, having the liberty to take as many young ladies as she pleases, and such as she likes best.

The grand signor very often permits the women to walk in the gardens of the seraglio. Upon such occasions they order all people to retire; and on every side there is a guard of black eunuchs, with sabres in their hands, while others go their rounds in order to hinder any person from seeing them. If unfortunately any one is found in the garden, even through ignorance or inadvertence, he is undoubtedly killed, and his head brought to the feet of the grand signor, who gives a great reward to the guard for their vigilance.

Sometimes the grand signor passes into the gardens to amuse himself, when the women are there; and it is then that they make use of their utmost efforts, by dancing, singing, seducing gestures, and amorous blandishments, to ensnare the affections of the monarch.

It is commonly believed that the grand signor may take to his bed all the women of his seraglio he has an inclination for, and when he pleases, but this is a vulgar error; it was the custom in former times, but the excessive expence in presents and bounties to the women who were so favoured by the grand signors, determined them to institute regulations that have been observed by all the succeeding monarchs by which the number, time, and etiquette of cohabiting with them is determined. It is very true, that at present, if the monarch pleases, he can break through all these rules, but he carefully avoids it, especially as it may likewise cost the lives of the girls who give particular pleasure to the prince. In the time of sultan Achmet they caused more than 150 women to be poisoned, who by their allurements had enticed the grand signor, at an improper season, to be connected with them. It is not permitted that the monarch should take a virgin to his bed except during the solemn festivals, and on occasion of some extraordinary rejoicings, or the arrival of some good news. Upon such occasions, if the sultan chooses a new companion to his bed, he enters into the apartment of the women, who are ranged in files by the governesses, to whom he speaks, and intimates the person he likes best: the ceremony of the handkerchief, which the grand signor is said to throw to the girl that he elects, is an idle tale, without any foundation. As soon as the grand signor has chosen the girl that he has destined to be partner of his bed, all the others follow her to the bath, washing and perfuming her, and dressing her superbly, conduct her singing, dancing, and rejoicing to the bed-chamber of the grand signor, who is generally, on such an occasion, already in bed. Scarcely has the new elected favourite entered the chamber, introduced by the grand eunuch who is upon guard, than she kneels down, and when the sultan calls her, she creeps into bed to him at the foot of the bed, if the sultan does not order her, by especial grace, to approach by the side: after a certain time, upon a signal given by the sultan, the governess of the girls, with all her suite, enters the apartment, and takes her back

again, conducting her with the same ceremony to the women's apartments; and if, by good fortune, she becomes pregnant, and is delivered of a boy, she is called *asaki sultanness*, that is to say, *sultanness mother*; for the first son, she has the honour to be crowned, and she has the liberty of forming her court, as before mentioned. Eunuchs are also assigned for her guard, and for her particular service. No other ladies, though delivered of boys, are either crowned, or maintained with such costly distinction as the first: however, they have their service apart, and handsome appointments. After the death of the sultan, the mothers of the male children are shut up in the old *seraglio*, from whence they can never come out any more, unless any of their sons ascend the throne.

Though we have already occupied several more pages than at first were intended with this work, yet we cannot resist the impulse of giving our author's account of the Amazons; of whom so much has been said by ancient writers, and who are supposed to have inhabited the country now described.

As the tradition respecting the Amazons is still preserved in the Caucasus, I shall here quote, for the purpose of comparison, the accounts of these warlike females given by the ancients, and Herodotus in particular.—‘When the Greeks,’ says the father of history, ‘had fought against the Amazons, whom the Scythians call *Ayor-Pata*, which name is rendered by the Greeks, in their language, *Androchtones* (men-killers), for *Ayor* in Scythian signifies a man, and *Pata* to kill; when, I say, they had engaged and defeated these people on the banks of the *Thermodon*, it is related that they carried away with them in three ships all such as they had made prisoners. When they had got out to sea, they rose upon their conquerors, and cut them all in pieces; but ignorant of navigation, and unskilled in the use of the helm, the sails, and the oars, they suffered the ships after they had killed the men, to drive at the will of the winds and waves, and landed at *Kremnes* on the *Mæotion* Sea. *Kremnes* was situated in the country of the independent Scythians. The Amazons, having here quitted their ships and penetrated into the inhabited districts, seized the first herd of horses which they met with in their way, mounted them, and plundered the country of the Scythians. The latter could not conceive who were these enemies with whose language and dress they were unacquainted. They knew not of course to what nation they belonged, and in their surprise were totally at a loss to imagine whence they came. They took them at first for young men of the same age, and came to an engagement with them.

after which they discovered from the slain that the intruders were women. They resolved in a council held on the subject to kill no more of them, but send a body of their youngest men, equal in number as nearly as they could guess to these female warriors, with directions to pitch their camp close to that of the Amazons, and to do what ever they saw them do; not to fight them, even in case they should be attacked, but to approach nearer and nearer to them when they desisted from hostilities. The Scythians took this resolution, because they wished to have children by those martial females.'

'The young men obeyed these orders: and the Amazons, finding that they had not come to do them any injury, left them unmolested, and the two camps kept daily approaching nearer to one another. The young Scythians, as well as the Amazons, had nothing but their arms and their horses, and subsisted like them by the chase and what booty they were able to make. About noon the Amazons quitted their camp singly or in pairs. The Scythians observing this did the same, and one of their number approached a solitary Amazon, who neither repulsed him or withheld her favours. As she could not speak to him, because neither of them understood the other, she intimated to him by signs to meet her at the same place the following day with one of his comrades, and she would also bring a companion along with her. The young man, on his return to the camp, related the adventure, and returned the next day with another Scythian to the spot, where he found the Amazon waiting for him with her companion.

'The other young men hearing of this circumstance, in like manner tamed the other Amazons, and, having united both camps, dwelt together with them, and each took to wife her whose favour he had first enjoyed. The young people could not learn the language of the Amazons, but these soon acquired that of their husbands; and when they began to understand one another, the Scythians thus addressed them: 'we have parents and possessions, and should like to lead a different kind of life. Let us rejoin our countrymen and live with them; but we promise not to take any other wives than you.' The Amazons replied: 'we cannot live in community with the women of your country, because their customs are totally different from ours: we bend the bow, we throw the javelin, we ride on horseback, and have not learned any of the manual employments of our sex. Your women do none of these things, but are engaged only in female avocations. They never leave their carriages, nor go out a hunting. We should therefore not agree at all together. But if you will keep your promise and have us for wives, go to your parents, demand your portion of their property, and then return and let us continue to live apart.'

'The young Scythians, convinced of the truth of these representations, complied with the desire of their wives, and when they had received their share of the patrimony, went back to them. The

Amazons then said to them, 'after separating you from your fathers and doing so much mischief to your country, we should be afraid to fix our residence here. As therefore you have taken us for your wives, let us remove from this place and dwell upon the other side of the Tanais.' The young Scythians agreed to this proposal: they crossed the Tanais; and having proceeded three days to the east, and as many towards the north from the Mæotis, they came to the country where they fixed their abode and which they yet inhabit. Hence the wives of the Sarmatians still retain their ancient customs. They ride on horseback, and hunt sometimes alone and at others in the company of their husbands. They also attend the latter in war, and wear the same dress with the men.

These travels will afford much gratification to the reader. After minute particulars of the inhabitants, and the country through which our enterprising traveller penetrated; he concludes with the following description of the capital of Georgia.

'Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, is situated in  $61^{\circ} 57'$  east longitude, and in  $41^{\circ} 30'$  north latitude, on the river Kur, which is called by the Georgians Mtk'wari, and runs through the middle of the city. At the spot where it leaves Tiflis it is closely hemmed in by rocks, and its current is very rapid. The proper name of this place is Tphilibsi, or Tphilis K'alaki, that is, Warm City, which it has received from its fine warm baths. It is composed of three parts: Tphilibsi proper is the most ancient, and here the baths are situated; it lies to the south-west of the Kur, and is very inconsiderable. K'ala, to the north of the preceding, on the west side of the river, is now the most populous portion of the city; and Issni, the suburb, communicates with the other two parts by the only bridge which here crosses the Kur. In the most ancient times Tphilibsi was only a village, near which, however Warssa Bakur, the twenty-seventh king of Georgia, of the house of the Chosroes, during whose reign the country was ravaged by the Persians, erected the fortress of Schurissziche about A. D. 380. In 469 the valiant monarch Wachtang Gurgasslan (Wolf-lion) here founded the city of Tphilibsi, which being afterwards destroyed by the Chasares, was rebuilt by Emir Agarian, and after the demolition of Mzchetha became the residence of the Bagrathions.

'That portion of the city lying westward of the Kur forms nearly a right-angled triangle, the longest side of which is next to the river; on the west it is encompassed by gardens, and its south side is bounded by a lofty ridge of calcareous marle, called Metech. Upon this ridge, near the Kur, is seated the fortress of Nerekla, whence a wall upwards of a verst long and sixteen feet high, with loop-holes, runs along the summit of the hill to the west to the fort of Schar-dachi, now in ruins. This wall, which, then goes down, the

hill along the west and north side of the city to the Kur, is considered as the city-wall, though it includes a considerable part of the ridge of Metechi not covered with buildings. Beyond it to the south runs the rivulet Zawkiassi, which comes from a village of the same name, traversing a deep dale inclosed with lofty perpendicular rocks, which in summer is much frequented on account of the shade and the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere, and in which, near the town, are situated some gardens, that however are not worthy of notice. The walls of Tiflis which had been destroyed were rebuilt by Schach Abbas, who carried them on the south side of the city over the ridge of Ssolalani.

To the west of Tiflis is the lofty hill called Mta-tzmind, or the Holy; upon this hill stands a small and now decayed convent, concerning which many wonderful stories are related, and whither, about the end of May, great numbers, especially of females, make pilgrimages. Near it is the burial-place of the Catholics. To the north of Tiflis is the suburb of Garethubani, which is very populous and belongs to Tiflis proper, in the same manner as Awlabari is accounted part of Issai.

The city itself makes a very mean appearance; for since the last destruction by Agha Mohammed Chan, in September 1795, great part of it resembles a heap of rubbish, not more than two-thirds of the houses having been rebuilt. The streets are so narrow that the most spacious of them are barely wide enough to admit an arba without inconvenience; whereas in the cross streets there is scarcely room for a horseman, and in dirty weather two pedestrians often find it difficult to pass one another. The houses are carelessly built in the Georgian fashion, of bricks and rough stones intermixed and cemented with dung or clay, so that they scarcely ever stand more than 15 years. The city has but three gates; the Sophi, the Muchrani, and on the south side the Gandsha, or Bath-gate. On the other side of the Kur lies the more modern suburb of Awlabari, inhabited by Syrians and Kurds. Tiflis formerly contained 15 Greek churches, in which divine worship is performed in the Old Georgian language, 20 Armenian and two Catholic, the most ancient of which called Chareba is dedicated to St. Joseph; but having been cracked in several places by a violent earthquake it is now nodding to its fall. The other was erected a few years since under the imperial patronage, and is not yet quite finished, though divine service is already held there. Contiguous to it is the new dwelling of the Capuchin missionaries, who have at present three fathers at this place. Besides the churches there are still two Mesadsheds at Tiflis, one of which is appropriated to the Persians who are followers of Ali, and the other to the Sunnites Tartars: the latter was destroyed by Agha Mohammed, but its beautiful minaret is yet standing. It was built by Isaac Pascha, the Turkish general, in 1710. The house of the governor of Georgia (Prawitel Grusia), at present Fedor Isaitsch Achwerdow, general of Artillery, is situated in an open place on the Kur, were formerly stood

The magnificent palace built in the Asiatic style by King Rostom, in 1658, and described by Chardin. A beginning has lately been made to erect there a spacious edifice for transacting the business of the crown. Besides these there is not one large or prominent building in the whole city: some Georgian princes, accustomed to the Russian manners, have indeed erected for themselves habitations which commonly have two stories, and a gallery running round them; but with these exceptions no other objects meet the eye than wretched stone huts, most of which are extremely filthy. Windows are to be found in very few of them; instead of these they have but holes, which are not always so much as stopped up with oiled paper.

Tiflis has two markets (*Basari*), containing together 704 shops kept principally by Armenian, Tartar, and Georgian tradesmen; for here are but very few Russians, who expose their goods for sale in what is called the Armenian basar. These markets comprehend, according to the Asiatic fashion, the work-shops of all the artisans. You here find a whole street inhabited exclusively by shoemakers, another occupied by the shops of cap-makers, and a third by those of smiths. Silk-spinners, silversmiths, gun-makers, and sword-cutlers, all pursue their respective occupations, and by their public industry afford a pleasing spectacle to the traveller, so that the basar is one of the most interesting walks in Tiflis.

In the shops you meet with Russian, German, Tartar, and Persian manufactures; but all extravagantly dear; and it is a singular fact, that at St. Petersburg and Moscow, Asiatic fabric, such as shawls and silks, may be purchased much cheaper than at Tiflis. The population of Tiflis, exclusively of the Russian civil officers resident there and the garrison, is computed at 18,000 souls, nearly half of whom are Armenians.

Tiflis, like all Georgia, was formerly a very poor place; but the industry of the Armenians, the great quantity of specie brought thither from Russia, and an uninterrupted traffic with the Tartars and Persians, have greatly improved the circumstances of the inhabitants. The Turkish trade with Achulziche and Asia Minor is now totally at a stand on account of the war.

The celebrated warm baths here were once very magnificent, but are now much decayed; yet most of them are still floored and lined with marble. The water contains only a small proportion of sulphur, but is extremely salubrious. The natives, and the women in particular, carry their fondness for bathing to such excess, that they frequently remain in the baths for a whole day together, and have their meals brought thither to them from their own houses. From the use of the bath twice a week at Tiflis, I and my whole retinue experienced great benefit. Beyond the suburb and fortress of Issni on the right side of the Kur, sulphur was formerly refined in caverns in the rocks, but the practice is now discontinued. The sulphur was sublimated from a kind of stone mixed

with gravel, and placed in a close oven in alternate layers with charcoal. Water containing vitriol yet drops from the sides of a wide-cleft in the rocks. Near the baths on Mount Thabori formerly stood a fortress, now destroyed, which was the residence of the Saecids, appointed by the Schah Sefi of Persia, and was therefore denominated in Persian Seecidabad.

‘About three wersts below Tiflis, the Kur forms several islands which are covered with gardens where very good fruit is raised; but it is seldom to be had perfectly ripe at Tiflis, because the greedy and ignorant Georgian peasants gather it all before it has arrived at maturity; and hence arise frequent dysenteries in summer and autumn. Thus, for instance, though the whole country round Tiflis abounds with almond-trees, you never see any of their produce offered for sale; but the Persian are taken for this purpose, because they are plucked while yet quite green.’

‘The hills near Tiflis, which I reckon as belonging to the first range of the Ararat, which is separated by the Kur from the Caucasian mountains, are composed of marle, calcareous marle, slate and sand-stone, upon a base of dry brown-gray clay slate. In the clefts of the marle you meet with frequent veins of fibrous lime-stone, and likewise gypsum and talc.—Sulphurous gravel occurs in the tabular slate, and often converts it into a real-alum-slate. The soil about Tiflis is clayey, and in many places mixed with calcareous sand. Hornstone covered with indurated green earth nearly resembling jasper, is to be found in the vally of the rivulet Zawk’issi.’

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ART. III.—*Bouverie*, the Pupil of the World; a novel, in five volumes. By Anthony Frederick Holstein. 12mo. Pp. 259, 251, 208, 280, 242. Newman and Co. 1814.

To follow a modern novel through five volumes, however pleasing to some readers, is what we term a tedious post in the road of literature. The author now before us, began his literary career, *full three years ago*, with a two volume romance: within which compass was contained much of interest:—more perhaps than the whole five we have just laboured through. In the prefatory remarks upon this voluminous work, he would have us believe that in reflecting on the many which have issued from his pen within the last *three years*, he trembles (at the consequences we presume). He however sports in the fancied character of his own reviewer; and pronounces his ‘rapid publication’ to evince ‘too much of the tamerity and rashness of youth’... that he is ‘happy in exploring the regions of fiction’... has a ‘sort of talent for *investigating characters*,’ &c. He then calls to his aid the maxims of lady Mary Wortley Montague,



to whom he pays devotion for her 'three essentials necessary to rise and appear to advantage in the great sphere of action, IMPUDENCE first, second and third.' In addition to this example we are told that 'another female writer of considerable eminence has affirmed, that diffidence and humility are the great obstacles with which an author has to contend.' Under the tuition of such fair preceptors, we marvel not at their disciple's avowed contempt of 'mere romance scribblers'... the vauntings of former sales and circulations as 'fortunate for fame and emolument'; nor at the entrance of this 'pupil' into 'the world' being announced by the blast of his own trumpet, neither shall we be influenced in our opinion, by this side decision of his own fate. The next remark, we are however glad to find in some degree controverts the quoted authorities; that is a confessed 'dread and diffidence'... of what? why, 'lest the ordeal of criticism should affirm that he writes too much, the most appalling verdict,' adds this 'pupil of the world,' 'I could hear pronounced.'

This is a sort of dangerous 'badinage' in an author of three years standing, and which we greatly fear may lead the fastidious reader to look for a 'truism' in his preface, notwithstanding his avowal of the work being a fiction.

A slight examination of some of the prominent features of *Bouverie*, may, however, rescue him from that fate which he conceives he has already braved, or commit him, in good earnest, 'to the commonality of mere romance scribblers'; an ordeal which he seems rather to court than to deprecate.

One of the principal characters, which our 'investigating' author introduces, is certainly a very necessary appendage in a novel;... a widow, who has an unaccountable penchant for match-making, or as she facetiously calls it *manœuvring*. The opening scene of this good lady's talents, are at her country seat, situate close to that of the noble family of Athlone, but now reduced to five maiden sisters, Margaret, Harriet, Jane, Octavia, and Phillippa. The contrasted characters of these young ladies is a principal source of eking out these five volumes. The eldest, disappointed in her first love, makes a vow of celibacy; another is under the eternal influence of *ennui*; a third sentimental; a fourth, the heroine of the tale, and all inflated with the pride of a decayed noble house; but the fifth, educated by a sixth sister, who, horrid thought! married a plebeian, a child of

nature, or *unsophisticated*, (expletive word) is our author designates her. This bevy of beauty are allowed by the heir of the family, an alien to them, the old family mansion.... the old state coach, horses and servants ; and they live together there in splendid poverty, but in the greatest harmony with each other, and without a single male protector or companion. Mrs. Davenport, offers her services to provide one or more with a husband ; or as she quaintly observes, to be their *bell-weather*. To this end, she gives a ball at her own house to the neighbouring gentry, with a view to catch the hero, Bouverie, a wealthy young baronet, and the 'pupil of the world,' in the bewitching snares of Octavia, her favourite fair of the house of Athlone. The first introduction, or *manceuvre* as the widow calls it, we shall give in our author's words.

" ' My sweet young friends,' she said, as the fair Athlones entered, " I must shake hands with each—but twice, Octavia, I believe, with you, my lovely favourite," she added in a low whisper; " your beau is not yet arrived; he is unusually late at all our parties—indeed, I fear he is half spoiled already; and if you do not correct, chastise, and break him into proper boundaries, he will soon grow beyond female subjugation: only observe how all these girls are thronging round that door of entrance, for no other earthly purpose but to seize the envied prize; but you, you Octavia, must bear him off—I have decided upon that: sir Clement Bouverie, the resistless sir Clement Bouverie, with family," she added, with a smile, " almost coeval with that of Athlone, and a clear nine thousand a-year, is the husband worthy of my sweet blessing favourite. Farewell, for the present; but in the interim, follow my advice; and stay in this room till he enters; it is bad policy to be last amid the crowd; now, in this degenerate day, do not take the trouble to seek a woman, let her attractions be what they may; and you must *manceuvre* better than to suffer yourself to be superseded the first part of the evening; entangle an admirer then, and he seldom exerts sufficient philosophy to desert for the remainder—adieu for a while; I have given you much worldly counsel in a short compass; another circle demands my attention."

" " This room is very cold," said Margaret, joining Octavia, as Mrs. Davenport retreated; " had we not better proceed to the inner drawing-room?"

" " Cold! by no means; at least I am sufficiently warm; I do not find it by any means cold."

" " Well," said Jane, with sarcastic tone, " but *Bouverie* may be in the adjoining rooms amid the throng; you had forgotten that, Octavia."

"No, no," returned Phillippa, shaking her head carelessly, "he is not yet come; I heard Mrs. Davenport say so just now to that party on your left, who were inquiring for him; therefore you and Margaret may partake of the warmth of the next room, while I remain with Octavia here, to see him the moment he enters."

"Oh no, indeed, I have no such wish," she hastily replied, upon finding her scheme discovered; "I have no intention to linger here for him either; so lead the way, Margaret."

And thus did the fear of a family-quiz surmount the most prominent desire in the bosom of the lovely girl; arm-in-arm, therefore, the sisters walked through the costly and superbly-decorated apartments of Elmwood, pausing at intervals to address this or that acquaintance who crossed their path, or sought to arrest their attention.

Half-an-hour had thus passed away, while the conversation was frequently interrupted by the inquiries of Phillippa whether this or the other stranger were not *the one* in question, replied to by Octavia's almost petulant *no*, at her own disappointment and her sister's incessant mistakes, when at length a huzzing noise of female voices, proceeding from a group near them, struck upon the ear of the anxious Phillippa, and the deeply interested one of Octavia, as, pressing towards him, he was thus saluted—"Oh dear, sir Clement, you are arrived at last; we are rejoiced you are come to animate our circle," exclaimed the first.

"Your cold, I trust, is entirely recovered?" inquired the second.

"Your favourite horse has not been materially injured, I hope, by his accident?" added another—interrupted by

"What is become of the brace of pointers I prevailed upon my father to add to your kennel? I hope the pretty creatures created no jealousy among their new associates for your favour?"

As these different queries rapidly flowed upon the ear of the stranger, the astonished and *naïve* Phillippa, with inconceivable amazement, saw that all which concerned Bouverie were objects of inquiry and interest; while many a gloveless hand was extended to invite the approach of his, many a gracious smile welcomed his address, and many an anxious look implored it.

The eyes of Octavia were turned perhaps affectedly away, as she seemed to listen to the compliments of captain Anson, while, in fact, she comprehended not a syllable he uttered.

An expression of amazement was all that the countenance of Phillippa exhibited at the sight of the much-extolled hero of the night, and slipping her arm from that of her sister, she moved forward to obtain a better view on the side where Jane stood, and almost immediately sir Clement passing close by her, became stationary in her vicinity.

To a fashionably-elegant, rather than a critically-fine figure, was united a face where features of even a plain cast were moulded—

"Gracious Heavens! is this frightful hideous man the famed Bouverie!" exclaimed Philippa; "the very idea of that countenance inspiring love—universal love, is the most preposterous absurdity I ever heard of! why you have all conspired to quiz me—I never, no never was so provoked and so disappointed in my life."

"Hush, Philippa; how unguardedly you speak; and how unpolished your tone always is! pray be more careful," replied Jane.

The warning came too late; the words of observation had reached the ear of Bouverie; he turned to survey the speaker, smiled graciously upon her, spoke again to the lady with whom he was conversing, and looked yet again more complacently on the critical observer.

Philippa coloured; it was unusual for her to be embarrassed or abashed; yet she felt strangely perplexed at the moment, for there was something in the smile of Bouverie which extracted repellant from his features, while an air of intelligent animation diffusing itself over them, seemed as if the mind which pervaded was forcibly calculated to counteract those ordinary lineaments that had at first so much, we had almost said, shocked her; for there was now a luminous brilliance thrown over their clouded expanse.

"Like lightning o'er the midnight sky."

"How greatly I admire candour!" continued sir Clement to the companion he at that moment distinguished by his immediate attention; and his voice was sensibly raised as he spoke, perhaps in order that Philippa herself might catch the observation—"I never saw a happier countenance than that," he added, as he again surveyed the junior Athlone; "the heart speaks in that face; it tells a tale of truth, in a light, easy, and sportive style;" and again the baronet moved on, to gratify another, and another, blooming Hebe of the night by his notice.

Octavia, with palpitating bosom, marked each step of Bouverie, and at every turn expected to become next the object of more permanent attention: but her hope was fallacious; sir Clement addressed all around her vicinity, but his eyes never for a moment fixed on her—to imagine that he saw her not, was, perhaps, more mortifying than to conclude he avoided her purposely; and if this seems a doubtful point to my fair readers, let them refer to Cupid to decide it.

It however appears that Bouverie was proof against the wiles of the widow and her protégée, and that lady Ann Lismore commanded his chief attention; whose character, as another instance of our author's investigation in that particular we shall also quote.

"Then gaze and admire!" returned sir Clement; it is the lady's command, for see, the imperious beauty challenges attention by her stately enterprising step, and the motto of '*I dare*' might not inaptly figure on her escutcheon of pretence; her masculine Roman features, her intrepid eyes, her long and large-formed limbs, her air of defiance, her dauntless carriage, the glowing healthful bloom of those cheeks, and the clear transparent brown of the warm, but all-lovely brunette complexion, announce her who has so long been distinguished as the Albion huntress.

"Since you have delineated her person so accurately, pray favour us also with a sketch of her mind," said Octavia.

"Its leading traits," returned the former, "are acknowledged to be a passion for notoriety, and a love for independence: she has a cabriolet of peculiar construction, in which she drives herself about the country solo; and this she distinguishes by her favourite word, for she calls it '*The independent*;' yet, although resolved never to be fettered by that sovereign lord a husband, she is still most anxious for, most covetous of admiration, and where she despairs of this, astonishment is the substitute. Hunting, shooting, and playing billiards" are her ladyship's favourite amusements; '*the independent*' is to be seen on every race-ground of repute in England; she has travelled over this her native isle, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, attended only by her domestics; and by the very dauntless manner in which she exposes her reputation, she preserves it; for it really appears more than generally believed, for it is universally so, that conscious innocence alone can render her so fearless of animadversion; yet is it a dangerous example for imitation--but her ladyship approaches, and beckons me towards her; such commands are not to be disputed;" and the speaker rose as he concluded, to meet her on whom he had just so severely and diffusively commented.

The arm of lady Ann was immediately linked within his, and proceeding towards an Egyptian sofa, placed in the recess of a window opened for the relief of the dancers, they seated themselves; and although it appeared that her ladyship was the amuser, yet certainly Bouverie sat as the devoted listener.

The mortification which our heroine underwent after leaving the ball room was soothed in different ways by her affectionate sisters. Our author too, on this cruel disappointment, thus moralises.

"But the careless sons of fashion and dissipation laugh at the chains of wedlock and the consequent bondage its institution imposes; how few comparatively have the courage to stand the quizzing smile, the arch oblique, the pointed raillery that almost invariably attends the first discovery of serious addresses! and more men have been jeered out of an attachment that might have secured to themselves future happiness, than have been reasoned into the subversion of an irrational one; for ridicule and not philosophy is now the potent enemy of love."

CRIT. REV. Vol. VII. Dec. 1814.

2 P

If this should be comprehended by the novelist, we confess that we cannot perfectly perceive the point aimed at ; nor can we impute to the female understanding in matters of sincerity, either the *quissing* smiles, the arch oblique, or pointed raillery.

In turning over a score or two more pages we find that our hero, this *Adonis* of the female sex, a veteran, by-the-bye, in dissipation, had long avowed his determination of never leading the fair one to the altar. This too, the hero himself thus discovers in naming his intended journey to London with a youth whom he patronised.

'He (the youth) visits the metropolis with me for the first time this winter ; and although still young myself, (thirty was admitted) yet being a veteran devotee at the shrine of dissipation, I mean to Mentor my Telemachus through the Isle of Pleasure, and warn him by experience from the shoals and dangers of that foreign land.'

Such was the observation of this gallant man before the sentimental Miss Athlones, who surely could not comprehend that this dangerous place was London, that seat of gaiety and elegance. Poor Octavia whom her sister Phillippa calls 'not only a *stricken* but a *blind deer*,' is supposed thus to feel 'a natural pang as she thus heard Bouverie so coolly proclaim himself, a *veteran devotee in dissipation* ;' but by others, it was accepted as a mere passing *truism*.

The widow Davenport, it seems was not discouraged. 'To determine and conquer was the same,' and in page 47 of the second volume we find her executing another of her '*manœuvres*' by placing the hand of Octavia under a specious pretence under the arm of Bouverie during a morning's walk, but with no better effect ; the 'pupil of the world' had no *penchant* for Octavia. Again foiled, the widow becomes desperate, and plans another artifice to gain her point.

'Come my sweet girl, no pallid cheeks, no tears ; these are not the weapons wherewith to conquer the arrogant male flirts of our day, men now hate your sighing, sickly fair, your languid, fragile, sentimental forms and pensive faces ; the gossamer beauty has even been exploded from the very romance of our day, and rounded Persian limbs, carmined cheeks, and lavish bosoms, now better suit the taste of our young voluptuaries. Soul and animation must meet and adorn the countenance, while the spirit of vivacity, not the interest of woe, must distinguish those eyes that would successively strike the heart of a fashionist with their electric sparks.'

“ Ah, Mrs. Davenport, I am too little *en fait* in dissimulation to carry sunshine in my face when discontent sits heavy at my heart; I might perhaps have used a still stronger term; for in vain do I seek to veil my weakness; you, my friend, have long penetrated my bosom secret; and alas! knowing its object, can you wonder that fears prevail?”

“ They are the most fatal and most dangerous enemies to your cause that you could have to encounter,” replied the intrepid Machiavel; “ confidence in success has gained fiercer battles than those of love; it is thus even with our tars, who, fearless and dauntless, view meeting and conquering the foe as synonymous: troops led on by an experienced and triumphant general always possess that sanguine intrepidity which gains the day; but when that term unfortunate, or more trite one of *unlucky*, is attached to the chieftain, what panic will spread through the ranks! and how often does that single omission of confidence mar a brilliant prospect! Consider me then, dear Octavia, as the victorious general, and I will lead you on to triumph; for never have I yet failed in the achievement of a matrimonial enterprise upon which I have once determined. Be dauntless then; suffer not apparent obstacles to repress your mind from exertion, nor despondence to fade that beauty which is now your principal dependence. I know sir Clement Bouverie not to be mercenary; fortune with him, I am convinced, would have no influence in matrimony; and all besides are yours to command—personal loveliness, family connexions, conversation, and sweetly-resistless manner, which needs not even fashion to aid its powers of fascination. Octavia, will you then accept me for your leader?” said the widow, smiling playfully, and resting one arm affectionately on her shoulder; “ shall I initiate you into the school of war, and bring the rebel Bouverie in chains to your feet? but remember, once a deserter from my standard, and you can never again rally beneath my banners; and the shot of Cupid may then prove quite as terrifically fatal to the offender as that inflicted by martial law.”

“ The half-willing, half-reluctant hand of Octavia met that of her privy counsellor; what she was about to say was interrupted by the widow, who resumed—“ Thus then we unite our powers, and summon to the field the whole strength of our force; we ratify our compact—”

This disposition of force, or rather, the influence of Cupid, the great *manœuvre*, consisted in their following the Adonis to London in the fashionable month of February. Thither the match-maker carried her protégée, and soon found an opportunity of again placing her hand under his arm....of matching them in dances....of drawing them together at routs, Kensington Gardens and Vauxhall, *malgre* the

decline of winter. All these *manœuvres*, however, not only prove abortive, but tend to very awkward embarrassments, and involve 'the pupil of the world,' who aimed alone at foiling the attempts of the widow, into serious difficulties, from the impression of his treating our heroine with neglect, if not dishonour.

In the description of these *manœuvres* and their consequences, many pages (we had nearly said two or three volumes) are occupied ; and after all the widow did not succeed....for the hero was not wedded to the heroine. The former, after being deprived upon solemn argument in the courts of law, of the titles and estates of the family of Bouverie, was rewarded by one of those strange discoveries, yet consistent enough in this place, in the Earldom of Athlone ; consequently the bar of consanguinity was suddenly placed between him and Octavia Athlone. He is, finally, restored to his first and long lost love ; while our heroine and sister Jane, through 'The errors of pride, render their matrimonial adventures the source of their unhappiness. Harriet Athlone remains in her natural indolence, and with Margaret, the eldest and most consistent of the five sisters, is left at Abbey Grove, the old family seat, to console themselves on having never tarnished the honour of their illustrious ancestors. The sister of nature, or the little plebeian, as her inflated sisters denominate her, became happy under the protection of a husband in an honest citizen.

Slight as the materials are of the main plot of this novel, there are some episodes which create considerable interest. The melancholy fate of William Evelyn....the story of Venoni....the pure love of lady Sarah Walford for the hero of the leading tale, and her fatal shipwreck....the mental sufferings of lady Morville, who, at length is united to Bouverie when Earl of Athlone....and the matrimonial escape of a Derbyshire gentlemen from a love adventure with the haughty Jane Athlone, are well told and excite considerable interest ; and had our author written *less*, we are of opinion he would have been *more* successful.

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Art. IV.—*Mystery and Confidence*, a tale ; by a Lady, in three volumes. Pp. 230, 221, 199. Colburn. 1814.

Though these volumes come before us in an anonymous guise, yet we have found in them something superior to



the productions of many fair attendants in the literary vineyard; who bring forth their fruits under sweet sounding names, followed up with a list of former labours. This tale is naturally told, and it also possesses the advantage of being disencumbered from episodes, under plots, and counterplots, which, of late years, chilling thought! seems to have become necessary to eke out five or six volumes of novel or romance. It contains one clear unbroken chain of events, connected by a moral, interesting and unaffected narrative.

The honest and hospitable inhabitants of the interior of Wales, are a happy relief to the scenes of the fashionable follies in the western part of the metropolis; hence we find Ellen, the blooming and unsophisticated heroine of the tale, little at ease among the studied beauties of a London route. The mystery here is well managed, the unfolding from time to time prolonged by the interposition of events divested of inconsistency, and without the narrator having recourse to the marvellous. Confidence too, here arises from an amiable motive; for, what virtuous wife would not place implicit confidence in a tender husband? in him the unequal workings of a mind loaded with suspicion of the commission of a dreadful crime, of which, however, in the sequel it appears he is innocent; and tho' soothings of the affectionate partaker of his woes, are given with the ability of a successful sentimental dramatist.

**ART. V.** — *An Attempt to establish a pure scientific System of Mineralogy*, by the application of the electro-chemical theory, and the chemical proportions; by J. J. Berzelius, M. D. F. R. S. professor of chemistry at Stockholm. Translated from the Swedish original. By John Black. Octavo. Pp. 138. 6s. Baldwin. 1814.

No science appears to be more eagerly, and more deservedly, cultivated in Great Britain, than that of chemistry; and no professor, possibly, is better calculated to enlarge the study, by new and important views, than M. Berzelius. He has already enriched the arts and sciences by his profound labours, by his uncommon precision, and by his indefatigable industry.

This gentleman is a native of Sweden....a country peculiarly known to possess vast treasures in mineralogical lore; and it is admitted, on our best authorities, that Berzelius is, by far, the most eminent among the Swedish chemists. He

has published a vast deal, is remarkable for the ingenuity of his views, and the perspicuity of his experiments. Like Scheele, he appears to have directed the whole of his thoughts, and to have turned the whole bent of his mind, to the study of chemistry alone.

In tracing the origin of this science, we direct our views to Sweden. Not to notice the mineralogy of Linnæus, nor of Wallerius, although both possessed considerable merit, we confine ourselves to the mineralogy of Cronstedt, as the true origin of the science, for to him we are indebted for the chemical composition and classification of minerals.

The chemical analyzes of Braudt and Cronstedt, and Alwake, Scheele and Bergman, served to make us acquainted with the constituents of many minerals, and thus to class them into accurate species ; but, of the present day, the most eminent chemist is Berzelius.

The original of this essay appeared, as we are instructed, at Stockholm in the spring of the present year, and the author having obligingly sent a copy of it, on its immediate publication, to Mr. Thomas Thomson....we presume the traveller in Sweden....the translation was undertaken by Mr. Black, and compared and collated by Mr. Thomson, who pledges himself for the fidelity of the undertaking.

Disposed to receive this pledge with confidence, it is, probably, superfluous to remark, that by so doing we compliment Mr. Thomson, for he assures us in his travels that the number of scientific readers in Sweden is so small, and the knowledge of the Swedish language so circumscribed, in foreign countries, that there is hardly sufficient encouragement to publish scientific works in the language of that country. Their libraries even do not consist in Swedish, but in German, French, and English books.

With these opinions, we turn to the system illustrated by the object of our review.

The first system of mineralogy, says our scientific author, originated in the want felt, by the collector of minerals, of some kind of arrangement in his collection.

At this period, we believe, the composition of minerals was little known, and system was consequently founded on arbitrary principles. But, in proportion as scientific information became more diffused, endeavours were made to advance mineralogy to an equality with other branches of knowledge. Unorganized nature was, by Linnæus, classed

according to the rules of organised nature. Chemistry, was discovered to have an influence over the discoveries of the mineral kingdom, till by slow, but unremitting progress, the study has assumed the dignity of a science.

‘ Mineralogy, in the usual acceptation of the word, is the science, which treats of the combination between the unorganic elements which are found upon or beneath the surface of the earth, together with the various forms, and the different foreign admixtures, under which these bodies make their appearance.

‘ The knowledge of the combinations themselves, their composition of chemical properties, belongs to chemistry ; so that mineralogy, in a scientific point of view, may be considered as a part or appendage in chemistry.

‘ Chemistry, considered as an entire and perfect science, makes us acquainted with the elements, with all the combinations of which they are susceptible, together with all the forms under which these combinations may make their appearance.

‘ If we represent to ourselves chemistry in a state of perfection, subjected to a systematic arrangement, it must give us a description not only of the combinations which our investigations have discovered to be produced by nature, but it must also teach us all those which may hereafter be discovered as such, together with all those which are possible, though they never can make their appearance as fossils. This complete and perfect chemistry should, in the case of every combination, notice whether it appears as a mineral, and, if so, the different forms and shapes under which it is produced, the foreign ingredients by which it is usually rendered impure, or which may be mechanically blended with it ; so that the province of chemistry extends beyond our laboratories to the great and astonishing workshop of nature.

‘ Let us represent to ourselves a branch of this perfect chemistry containing all that relates to the combinations which appear as minerals. This branch is *mineralogy in its perfect state*.

‘ It is beyond the limits of our feeble powers to bring any science to a state of perfection ; for in that case all the sciences would be blended together into one. The quantity of knowledge however of which one man can make himself master is so circumscribed, that both from a regard to the imperfect state of the sciences, and the necessity of distributing them in such a manner that our whole species, taken together and considered as one individual, may possess all the acquisitions in every branch of science which one man can never do, we are reduced to the necessity of treating subjects belonging to the same department of knowledge under the form of separate sciences. This is no doubt the reason why mineralogy has always been considered as a separate science ; but it is evident that it must go step for step with chemistry, and that every revolution in chemical

doctrines must overturn those of mineralogy, in the same manner as the discoveries in the peculiar province of the latter must extend the boundaries of both.

Again, if mineralogy in itself is merely a branch of chemistry, it is clear that it can have no other scientific foundation for its arrangement than a chemical one, and that every other is altogether foreign to mineralogy as a science. The prevailing theory and arrangement therefore of chemistry for the time must be also that of mineralogy. If this has not always hitherto been the case, it must be attributed on the one hand to the recentness of the period during which chemistry has received its great improvements, and on the other to the circumstances that the framers of systems of mineralogy have not previously applied themselves with equal zeal and success to chemistry, and consequently have not been enabled to perceive the necessary connexion between them.

In the verbal disputations between the partisans of Werner and Haüy on the subject of the merits of their respective schools, the latter have often been asked if the mineralogist must always require the analysis of the chemist to enable him to examine a mineral? This question always distinguishes the collector of stones from the mineralogist. The former merely seeks a name for his minerals, while the latter endeavours to become acquainted with their nature.

The arrangement of minerals according to their external characters has not been so successful in facilitating our knowledge of them, as a similar arrangement has been in organised nature. In the latter we everywhere observe the greatest similarity of combination with the greatest diversity of form, and the character of the living body is derived from the form. But in inanimate nature we everywhere perceive the greatest similarity of external form under the greatest diversity of combination. The character of these bodies therefore altogether depends on the quality and quantity of the internal fundamental mixture, so that a diversity in the latter is always accompanied by a diversity in the former; but chemistry is not yet on a footing to enable us from the one to draw any conclusion respecting the other. A mineralogical arrangement founded on the external and easily perceived characters of fossils is extremely convenient for those who study mineralogy without the assistance of an experienced master and an ample collection, and who are often obliged to enquire the names of minerals with which they are unacquainted. But this arrangement is not a scientific system, in which conveniency never enters as a principle; and which requires the utmost strictness of which science will admit. When accuracy and facility can be associated together, the advantage is no doubt great; but if this cannot be effected, the former must not be sacrificed for the sake of the latter. If therefore the scientific arrangement of mineralogy does not afford the highest degree of facility in the external examination of minerals, no system

merely founded on this advantage can have its claim allowed for more than to rank after the proper system, as an index ranks after a book.

‘Through the influence of electricity on the theory of chemistry, this last science has experienced a revolution, and received a greater and more important accession of influence, than it did through the doctrines of either Stahl or Lavoisier. The influence of the electro-chemical theory extends even to mineralogy, whose doctrines must receive an equal extension with those of the parent science, although no attempt has yet been made to apply this theory to mineralogy.

‘From the electro-chemical theory we have been taught to seek in every compound body for the ingredients of opposite electro-chemical properties, and we have learned from it that the combinations cohere with a force which is proportionate to the degree of opposition in the electro-chemical nature of the ingredients. Hence it follows that in every compound body there are one or more electro-positive with one or more electro-negative ingredients, which, as the combination consist of oxides, means the same as that every body in the combination, called by us a basis, must be answered by another which acts the part of an acid, even supposing that in its isolated situation does not possess the general characters for which acids are distinguished, namely, a sour taste, and the property of changing vegetable blues to red. The body, which is in one case electro-negative when combined with a stronger electro-positive, that is which is acid when combined with a stronger basis, may in another case be electro-positive, and be united to a stronger electro-negative body, or, which is the same thing, may be the basis to a stronger acid. Thus in the union of two acids the weaker acid serves as the basis to the stronger.’

Having thus analyzed the continuation of two or more oxides, M. Berzelius proceeds in his classic demonstration ....a demonstration honourable to his talents, and precious to the information of the student.

Proceeding, he directs the attention to circumstances which contributed to conceal the existence of chemical proportions in mineralogy—grand considerations, by the observance of which, analysis, conducted with due circumspection, may eventually become coincident with chemical proportion.

On this subject our author comments with his usually acknowledged science ; and, the that student may, the more readily, be enabled to determine how far his theoretical problems, may be found just or otherwise, Berzelius adds examples, not only of the simple, but of the double and higher

siliciates, taking them respectively, in their single and complex operations.

This analysis he pursues to exposition, previously to which, however, he states, what he considers to be proportional degrees of oxygenation. This analysis embraces the following orders.

3d order....Stibiets. 4th order....Tellurets. 5th order....Aurets. 6th order....Hydrargyrets. 7th order....Carbonates. 8th order....Muriates.

Iron family. 1st order....Native Iron. 2d order....Sulphurets. 3d order....Carburets. 4th order....Arseniets. 5th order....Tellurets. 6th order....Oxides. 7th order....Sulphates. 8th order....Phosphates. 9th order....Carbonates. 10th order....Arseniates. 11th order....Chromates. 12th order....Tungstates. 13th order....Siliciates.

\* This exposition seems to demonstrate that the double silicate of iron and alumina, like many other siliciates, especially siliciates of lime, magnesia, and manganese, may form garnet-shaped minerals, in the same manner as sulphate of alumina forms with potash and with ammonia such similar salts, that we often take the latter for alum.

\* Siliciates of iron occur in very great abundance in minerals; for example, in mica, abestus, tremolite, tourmaline, actinolite, chlorite, prehnite, &c. but in the present state of chemical analysis it is altogether impossible to calculate the composition of a mineral containing iron with any degree of certainty. Klaproth began to determine the contents of oxide of iron by mixing the oxide obtained in the analysis with oil, and burning it afterwards in a vessel half covered, on the supposition that the oil would always reduce the oxide to a definite degree, to which the result of the analysis could then be compared. But this procedure is so inaccurate that we never can depend upon the proportion of iron found; for the oxide of iron is reduced by the oil, in a slight burning, not merely to a protoxide but to a metal. If this burning be continued with the access of air, the metal is again oxidated, and usually forms *oxidum ferroso ferricum*; but we can never calculate on this taking place completely, or be sure that it has in no degree been over-oxidated. It would be better therefore, in all future analyses, to determine the contents of iron from the weight of the red oxide. In all the calculations of minerals containing protoxide, which I have already adduced, I have made a correction, founded on the supposition, that what in the result of the analysis is given as derived from oxide of iron burnt with oil was *oxidum ferroso-ferricum*, which contains 28.14 per cent. oxygen, and I am of opinion that in most cases we shall in this way come pretty near to the truth.

But there remains another question in mineral analysis much more difficult of solution. In what degree of oxidation does this iron appear in the mineral? It is absolutely necessary for scientific mineralogy to find a method to determine this. The iron may, for instance, be partly protoxide, partly *oxidum ferroso-ferricum*, probably in more than one proportion between both oxides, and partly peroxide. When this latter appears, it is usually most easily recognizable, especially from the colour of the mineral, which is then yellow and red, or gives a powder of that colour: but then to distinguish between the two former from the colour is difficult if not impossible. It is true, for example, that *sulphus ferrosus* has a blue-green colour, where *sulphus ferroso-ferricus* has a grass-green one; but this proves nothing for other cases; for *prussias ferrosus* is white, whereas *prussias ferroso-ferricus* is dark blue. I must therefore recommend it to those who occupy themselves with the analysis of minerals, to endeavour to find out secure means for recognizing the state of oxidation in which the iron is found in the minerals. The same observation applies to manganese.

14th order....Tantalates. 15th order....Titanates. 16th order....Hydrates. The family of *aluminium* succeeds classed in its respective orders, and illustrated by formulae, and luminous dissertation. Tables follow.

The one consists in five columns. The first to express the name of the body. The second, the chemical sign; the third, the weight of every particle, or the proper weight of the body in the gaseous form compared with that of the oxygen as unity. The fourth and fifth shew the minima and maxima when the experiment was performed which gave occasion to them.

The second table exhibits the number of particles of the oxygen in the oxides hitherto known, taking the radicals as a particle.

With the assistance of this and the former Table, the numerical composition of every one of these oxides may be calculated. Suppose we want to calculate the composition of oxide of gold, (*oxidum auricum*:/) in the first Table we find that a particle of gold weighs 2483·8, and a particle of oxygen 100; and from the second Table, that the oxide of gold consists of 2483·8 gold + 300 parts oxygen; consequently a particle of the oxide of gold must weigh 2783·8. But as  $2783·8 : 300 = 100 : 10·78$ , consequently the oxide of gold contains 10·78 per cent. of oxygen. Or, if we say  $2483·8 : 300 = 100 : 12·077$ , we find that 100 parts gold take 12·077 parts oxygen.

'In this manner the reader will find in these Tables data for calculation all the mineral bodies hitherto known, except combinations of tantalum, zircon, cesmium, irridium, and I may add titanium, the volume of which I endeavoured to calculate according to an experiment, of a very unsatisfactory nature certainly, by Richter with muriate of titanium.'

Concluding, M. Berzelius treats on chemical signs. In the preceding treatise he has used two kinds of signs.... chemical and mineralogical. These he illustrates. The volume closes, with a chapter on oxidum ferroso-ferricum, and another on the analysis of Glucina.

We should waste time in offering, to the learned professor, our admiration of his luminous treatise. To be appreciated, it must be studied....and, being studied, the pupil will become rich from his labour. Much commendation is due to the translator.

ART. VI.—*The English Exposé*, or, men and women 'abroad and at home.' 4 vols. Pp. 227, 258, 238, 242. £1. 2s. Newman & Co. 1814.

SOME few years ago we were much pleased in the perusal of a novel, we think from the prolific pen of Mrs. Inchbald, which truly depicted the trifling of the *ton*, but was admirably shaded by landscape, and a fine description of 'the pleasure the country endures.'

The work before us seems to bear one of these features only, and wherein those floating down the stream of fashion, may view their own town shadow. For example, thus it begins.

'Above five hundred cards had announced to the fashionable world that lady Cheveril would be at home on the twenty-fifth of June 18—, when, in obedience to her ladyship's mandate, her rooms were filled nearly to suffocation; yet every one was pleased and delighted; at least there was a majority in the smiles: viscount Pershore smiled, and half a hundred satellites of inferior order caught the gracious emanation.

'Lots of ladies to-night, my lord,' bowed Mr. Babington, *en passant*: 'a monstrous good squeeze.'

'Lord Pershore smiled assent, but at that moment lady Arlbury took his arm.



'Do, my lord, come this way ; I will make you laugh, in spite of your old system of propriety. Look at poor Mrs. Elmwood ; only observe how she has placed herself beneath the chandelier, that her diamonds may show to advantage. What does she look like ?'

'Like a very handsome woman seen in a good light.'

'I abhor a pun, or I could give you much better than that ; but positively she reminds me of a parish lamp, with one of those hideous reflectors which blind, while they should seem to guide us.'

'Yet you have not been led astray by Mrs. Elmwood's brilliancy ; she has not only caught your eye, but fixed your attention for a minute : I say nothing of your sarcasm ; that is lost in my admiration of your unprecedented stability.'

'What an odd animal you are ! but upon my honour I never saw finer diamonds,' using her glass ; 'really one wonders to see such ornaments upon a country lady.'

'There is nothing wonderful in seeing a woman of family splendidly attired.'

'True, very true : you will allow she wants ease—that there is an evident embarrassment in her manner ?'

'I really do not perceive it. I have always considered her a well-bred woman.'

'Ridiculous ! you cannot be serious. Apropos—do you know her ?' directing Lord Pershore to observe a lady who passed.

'No ; who is she ? A very fine figure.'

'Why 'thereby hangs a tale,' which I have not made out. She is with the Mortlakes at present ; but I hear she is to be consigned to the care of Mrs. Evelyn. *Entre nous*, there is a report that the son and heir is in love with her, and that, you know, would frighten old Lovegold, as I call lord Mortlake.'

'Indeed ! There she is again ; speak to her my dear lady Arlbury,' said Lord Pershore ; 'I should like to see her nearer.'

'Charming squeeze ! You look excessively well to-night. Is the cough quite gone ?'

'Not quite,' smiled Miss Neville. 'I hope lord Arlbury is well.'

'Perfectly well, if he would believe it ; but as usual he shuns society in order to indulge in misery.'

'Is that a general conclusion ? or do you apply it only to my lord ?' said lord Pershore.

'Gloomy people are my aversion,' resumed lady Arlbury ; 'that is, they vex me ; I love happiness, and cannot bear to see men slaves to fancied ills, when there are so many real evils in human life.'

'I must commit Miss Neville to your care for five minutes,' said lady Mortlake, laughing. 'I would give her the benefit of your moral reflections ; but pray forgive her zeal, should she, as I fear she will, defend her favourite lord Arlbury.'

'This is more than one could expect from a Mortlake,' whispered lady Arlbury to her companion ; 'I declare it is almost civility. How do you bear with them ?'

'Lady Mortlake is very amiable,' replied Miss Neville; 'the family claim my esteem.'

'Ah, my dear, young Nugent, I allow, is a very fine young man; but the heads of the house, they are too mechanical for me; I hate your methodical people.'

'How fortunate it is, my dear lady Arlbury, that we do not apply terms literally!' resumed Miss Neville. 'I know you could not hate any thing, more especially persons so unexceptionable.'

'We are liable to censure for these unguarded expressions,' said lord Pershore; 'a random shot may wound deeply; and I——'

'Prefer a masked battery, you were going to say,' laughed lady Arlbury; but here comes the test of truth. How do you feel, my lord? here is the little heiress. What means this new pain in my breast? How I pity your palpitation! Shake us off, if you wish to pay your devoirs; use no ceremony I beseech you.'

'What folly! I could retort, but I forbear.'

'How are you, my dear girl?' continued lady Arlbury, taking the hand of Miss Hanstead, and detaining her evidently against her wish.

'Where is mamma? I have not seen her to-night, though I have been looking for ye these two hours.'

'I came with the duchess, said the frigid heiress; 'she is tired and Mrs. Fetherstone, is so good as to chaperon me.'

'What a goodly train!' smiled lady Arlbury, regarding the bear, who attended the golden Miss. 'Adieu! we shall meet again, and you will afford us another laugh,' whispered the dauntless quizzer. 'Did you ever see such a little icicle? I execrate the men for their homage to a being of that sort.'

In this way fair belles, with now and then some sentimental scraps, a few showers of tears, as usual, from the misused heroine, some tricks dishonourable, and some incidents improbable, are you led through four volumes; which may, however, suit the taste of some readers; and some may agree with our author's *sublime* exclamation,

'What a noble animal is man! how EXCELLENT where he is not known! But in truth,

'We have reached the precipice at last,

'The PRESENT race of vice obscures the PAST.'

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ART. VII.—*Memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimatoff.* Translated from the original Latin MSS. under the immediate inspection of the Prince. By John Brown, Esq. Pp. 236. 12mo. Hookham, 1814.

Is the suffrage of mankind the legitimate criterion of intellectual energy? Are complaints of the aspirants to

literary fame, to be considered as the honourable disappointment of neglected genius, or the sickly impatience of a dreamer miserably self deceived? the most illustrious ornaments of the annals of the human race, have been stigmatised by the contempt and abhorrence of entire communities of man; but this injustice arose out of some temporary superstition, some partial interest, some national doctrine: a glorious redemption awaited their remembrance. There is indeed, nothing so remarkable in the contempt of the ignorant for the enlightened: the vulgar pride of folly, delights to triumph upon mind. This is an intelligible process: the infancy or ingloriousness that can be thus explained, detracts nothing from the beauty of virtue or the sublimity of genius. But what does utter obscurity express? if the public do not advert even in censure to a performance, has that performance already received its condemnation?

The result of this controversy is important to the ingenuous critic. His labours are indeed, miserably worthless, if their objects may invariably be attained before their application. He should know the limits of his prerogative. He should not be ignorant, whether it is his duty to promulgate the decisions of others, or to cultivate his taste and judgment that he may be enabled to render a reason for his own.

Circumstances the least connected with intellectual nature have contributed, for a certain period, to retain in obscurity, the most memorable specimens of human genius. The author remains perhaps from introducing his production to the world with all the pomp of empirical bibliopolism. A sudden tide in the affairs of men may make the neglect or contradiction of some insignificant doctrine, a badge of obscurity and discredit: those even who are exempt from the action of these absurd predilections, are necessarily in an indirect manner affected by their influence. It is perhaps the product of an imagination daring and undisciplined: the majority of readers ignorant and disdaining toleration refuse to pardon a neglect of common rules; their canons of criticism are carelessly infringed, it is less religious than a charity sermon, less methodical and cold than a French tragedy, where all the unities are preserved: no excel-

lencies, where prudish cant and dull regularity are absent, can preserve it from the contempt and abhorrence of the multitude. It is evidently not difficult to imagine an instance in which the most elevated genius shall be recompensed with neglect. Mediocrity alone seems unvaryingly to escape rebuke and obloquy, it accommodates its attempts to the spirit of the age, which has produced it, and adopts with mimic effrontery the cant of the day and hour for which alone it lives.

We think that 'the Memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimatoff,' deserves to be regarded as an example of the fact, by the frequency of which, criticism is vindicated from the imputation of futility and impertinence. We do not hesitate to consider this fiction, as the product of a bold and original mind. We hardly remember even to have seen surpassed the subtle delicacy of imagination, by which the manifest distinctions of character, and form are seized and pictured in colours, that almost make nature more beautiful than herself. The vulgar observe no resemblances or discrepancies, but such as are gross and glaring. The science of mind to which history, poetry, biography serve as the materials, consists in the discernment of shades and distinctions where the unenlightened discover nothing but a shapeless and unmeaning mass. The faculty for this discernment distinguishes genius from dulness. There are passages in the production before us, which afford instances of just and rapid intuition belonging only to intelligences, that possess this faculty in no ordinary degree. As a composition the book is far from faultless. Its abruptness and angularities do not appear to have received the slightest polish or correction. The author has written with fervor but has disdained to revise at leisure. These errors are the errors of youth and genius and the fervid impatience of sensibilities impetuously disburthening their fulness. The author is proudly negligent of connecting the incidents of his tale. It appears more like the recorded day dream of a poet, not unvisited by the sublimest and most lovely visions, than the tissue of a romance skilfully interwoven for the purpose of maintaining the interest of the reader, and conducting his sympathies by dramatic gradations to the

**Entertainment.** It is, what it professes to be, a memoir, not a novel. Yet its claims to the former appellation are established, only by the impatience and inexperience of the author, who, possessing in an eminent degree, the higher qualifications of a novelist, we had almost said a poet, has neglected the number by which that success would probably have been secured, which, in this instance, merit, of a far nobler stamp, have unfortunately failed to acquire. Prince Alexy is by no means an unnatural, although no common character. We think we can discern his counter part in *Alien's* delineation of himself. The same propensities, the same ardent devotion to his purposes, the same chivalric and unproductive attachment to unbounded liberty, characterizes both. We are inclined to doubt whether the author has not attributed to his hero, the doctrines of universal philanthropy in a spirit of profound and almost unsearchable irony: at least he appears biassed by no peculiar principles, and it were perhaps an insoluble inquiry whether any, and if any, what moral truth he designed to illustrate by his tale. *Bruhle*, the tutor of Alexy, is a character delineated with consummate skill; the power of intelligence and virtue over external deficiencies, is forcibly exemplified. The calmness, patience and magnanimity of this singular man, are truly rare and admirable: his disinterestedness, his equanimity, his irresistible gentleness form a finished and delightful portrait. But we cannot regard his commendation to his pupil to indulge in promiscuous concubinage without horror and detestation. The author appears to deem the loveless intercourse of brutal appetite, a venial offence against delicacy and virtue! he asserts that a transient connection with a cultivated female, may contribute to form the heart without essentially vitiating the sensibilities. It is our duty to protest against so pernicious and disgusting an opinion. No man can rise pure from the poisonous embraces of a prostitute, or sinless from the desolated hopes of a confiding heart. Whatever may be the claims of chastity, whatever the advantages of simple and pure affections, these ties, these benefits are of equal obligation to either sex. Domestic relations depend for their integrity upon a complete reciprocity

of duties. But the author himself has in the adventure of the sultana, Debesh-Sheptuti afforded a most impressive and tremendous allegory of the cold blooded and malignant selfishness of sensuality.

We are incapacitated by the unconnected and vague narrative from forming an analysis of the incidents, they would consist indeed, simply of a catalogue of events, and which, divested of the aerial tinge of genius might appear trivial and common. We shall content ourselves, therefore with selecting some passages calculated to exemplify the peculiar powers of the author. The following description of the simple and interesting Rosalie is in the highest style of delineation, 'her hair was unusually black, she truly had raven locks, the same glossiness, the same varying shade, the same mixture of purple and sable for which the plumage of the raven is remarkable, were found in the long elastic tresses depending from her head and covering her shoulders. Her complexion was dark and clear: the colours which composed the brown that dyed her smooth skin, were so well mixed, that not one blot, not one varied tinge injured its brightness, and when the blush of animation or of modesty flushed her cheek, the tint was so rare, that could a painter have dipped his pencil in it, that single shade would have rendered him immortal. The bone above her eye was sharp, and beautifully curved; much as I have admired the wonderful properties of curves, I am convinced that their most stupendous properties collected, would fall far short of that magic line. The eyebrow was pencilled with extreme nicety; in the centre it consisted of the deepest shade of black, at the edges it was hardly perceptible, and no man could have been hardy enough to have attempted to define the precise spot at which it ceased; in short the velvet drape of the eyebrow was only to be rivalled by the purple of the long black eyelashes that terminated the ample curtain. Rosalie's eyes were large and full; they appeared at a distance uniformly dark, but upon close inspection the innumerable strokes of various hues of infinite fineness and endless variety drawn in concentric circles behind the pellucid chrysalis, filled the mind with wonder and admiration, and could only be the work of infinite power directed by infinite wisdom.'

Alexy's union with Aur-Aheboh the Circassian slave is marked by circumstances of deep pathos, and the sweetest tenderness of sentiment. The description of his misery and madness at her death, deserves to be remarked as affording evidence of an imagination vast, profound and full of energy.

Alexy, who gained the friendship, perhaps the love of the native Rosalie: the handsome Haimatoff, the philosophic Haimatoff, the haughty Haimatoff, Haimatoff the gay, the witty, the accomplished, the bold hunter, the friend of liberty, the chivalric lover of all that is feminine, the hero, the enthusiast: see him now, that is he, mark him! he appears in the shades of evening, he stalks as a spectre, he has just risen from the damps of the charnel house; see, the dews still hang on his forehead. He will vanish at cock-crowing, he never heard the song of the lark, nor the busy hum of men; the sun's rays never warmed him, the pale moonbeam alone shews his unearthly figure, which is fanned by the wing of the owl, which scarce obstructs the slow flight of the droning beetle, or of the drowsy bat. Mark him! he stops, his lean arms are crossed on his bosom; he is bowed to the earth; his sunken eye gazes from its deep cavity or vacuity, as the toad skulking in the corner of a sepulchre, peeps with malignity through the circumbient gloom. His cheek is hollow; the glowing tints of his complexion, which once resembled the autumnal sunbeam on the autumnal beech, are gone, the cadaverous yellow, the livid hue have usurped their place, the sable honours of his head have perished, they once waved in the wind like the jetty pinions of the raven, the skull is only covered by the shrivelled skin, which the rook views wistfully, and calls to her young ones. His gaunt bones start from his wrinkled garments, his voice is deep, hollow, sepulchral it is the voice which wakes the dead, he has long held converse with the departed. He attempts to walk he knows not whither, his legs totter under him, he falls, the boys hoot him, the dogs bark at him, he hears them not, he sees them not.—Rest, there, Alexy, it becometh thee, thy bed is the grave, thy bride is the worm, yet once thou stoodest erect, thy cheek was flushed with joyful ardour, thy eye blazing told what thy head conceived, what thy heart felt, thy limbs were vigour and activity, thy bosom expanded with pride, ambition, and desire, every nerve thrilled to feel, every muscle swelled to execute.

Haimatoff, the blight has tainted thee, thou ample roomy web of life, whereon were traced the gaudy characters, the gay embroidery of pleasure, how has the moth battened on thee; Haimatoff, how has the devouring flame scorched the plains, once yellow with the harvest! the simoon, the parching breath of the desert, has swept over the laughing plains, the carpet of verdure rolled away at its approach, and

has bared amid desolation. Thou stricken deer, thy leather coat, thy dappled hide hangs loam upon thee, it was a deadly arrow, how has it wasted thee, thou scathed oak, how has the red lightning drank thy sap: Haimatoff, Haimatoff, eat thy soul with vexation. Let the immeasurable ocean roll between thee and pride: you must not dwell together.' p. 129.

The episode of Viola is affecting, natural and beautiful. We do not ever remember to have seen the unforgiving fastidiousness of family honor more awfully illustrated. After the death of her lover, Viola still expects that he will esteem, still cherishes the delusion that he is not lost to her for ever.

'She used frequently to go to the window to look for him, or walk in the Park to meet him, but without the least impatience, at his delay. She learnt a new tunc, or a new song to amuse him, she stood behind the door to startle him as he entered, or disguised herself to surprise him.'

The character of Mary, deserves, we think, to be considered as the only complete failure in the book. Every other female whom the author has attempted to describe is designated by an individuality peculiarly marked and true. They constitute finished portraits of whatever is eminently simple, graceful, gentle, or disgustingly atrocious and vile. Mary alone is the miserable parasite of fashion, the tame slave of drivelling and drunken folly, the cold hearted coquette, the lying and meretricious prude. The means employed to gain this worthless prize corresponds exactly with its worthlessness. Sir Eulke Hildebrand is a strenuous tory, Alexy, on his arrival in England professor himself inclined to the principles of the whig party, finding that the Baronet had sworn that his daughter should never marry a whig, he sacrifices his principles and with inconceivable effrontery thus palliates his apostacy and falsehood.

'The prejudices of the Baronet, were strong in proportion as they were irrational. I resolved rather to humour than to thwart them. I contrived to be invited to dine in company with him; I always proposed the health of the minister, I introduced politics and defended the tory party in long speeches, I attended



clubs and public dinners of that interest. I do not know whether this conduct was justifiable; it may certainly be excused when the circumstances of my case are duly considered. I would tear myself in pieces, if I suspected that I could be guilty of the slightest falsehood or prevarication; (see Lord Chesterfield's letters for the courtier-like distinction between simulation and dissimulation,) but there was nothing of that sort here. I was of no party, consequently, I could not be accused of deserting any one. I did not defend the injustice of any body of men, I did not detract from the merits of any virtuous character. I praised what was laudable in the tory party, and blamed what was reprehensible in the whigs: I was silent with regard to whatever was culpable in the former or praiseworthy in the latter. The stratagem was innocent which injured no one, and which promoted the happiness of two individuals, especially of the most amiable woman the world ever knew."

An instance of more deplorable perversity of the human understanding we do not recollect ever to have witnessed. It almost persuades us to believe that scepticism or indifference concerning certain sacred truths may occasionally produce a subtlety of sophism, by which the conscience of the criminal may be bribed to overlook his crime.

Towards the conclusion of this strange and powerful performance it must be confessed that *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. The adventure of the Eleutheri, although the sketch of a profounder project, is introduced and concluded with unintelligible abruptness. Bruhle dies, purposely as it should seem that his pupil may renounce the romantic sublimity of his nature, and that his inauspicious union and prostituted character, might be exempt from the censure of violated friendship. Numerous indications of profound and vigorous thought are scattered over even the most negligently compacted portions of the narrative. It is an unweeded garden where nightshade is interwoven with sweet jessamine, and the most delicate spices of the east, peep over struggling stalks of rank and poisonous hemlock.

In the delineation of the more evanescent feelings and uncommon instances of strong and delicate passion we conceive the author to have exhibited new and unparalleled powers. He has noticed some peculiarities of female character, with a delicacy and truth singularly exquisite.

We think that the interesting subject of sexual relations requires for its successful development the application of a mind thus organised and endowed. Yet even here how great the deficiencies; this mind must be pure from the fashionable superstitions of gallantry, must be exempt from the sordid feelings which with blind idolatry worships the image and blaspheme the deity, reverence the type, and degrade the reality of which it is an emblem.

We do not hesitate to assert that the author of this volume is a man of ability. His great though indisciplineable energies and fervid rapidity of conception embodies scenes and situations, and of passions affording inexhaustible food for wonder and delight. The interest is deep and irresistible. A moral enchanter seems to have conjured up the shapes of all that is beautiful and strange to suspend the faculties in fascination and astonishment.

**ART. VII.**—*The History of Fiction*; being a Critical Account of the most celebrated Prose Works of Fiction, from the earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the present age. By John Dunlop. 3 Vols. Octavo. Pp. 416, 409, 436. Longman and Co. 1814.

[Continued from p. 499.]

We rarely dwell on any subject with so much pleasure as on the present occasion. These volumes contain an almost endless variety of interest, and their compilation is highly creditable to Mr. Dunlop.

We now turn to political romance. This species of composition, or, rather, the taste for it, seems to have been nourished by the publication of *Telemachus*. For, although that beautiful fiction be, in reality, rather an epic poem in prose, than a romance, yet it has certainly been introductory to several political romances.

In *Telemachus*, and in the travels of *Cyrus*, we are presented with a model for the education of a prince; and, in the *Sethos* of the Abbé Terrasson, we find the portraiture of a perfect monarch.

The hero of this work was an Egyptian prince, who lived before the war of Troy. During a long exile from his native land, he became the legislator of unknown and barbarous nations, and on his return, the benefactor of those he had reason to regard as his enemies and

and rivals. The second object of the author was to exhibit whatever has been ascertained concerning the antiquities, manners, and customs of the ancient Egyptians, and the origin of sciences and arts. On the whole, the work is heavy, and perhaps too grave and severe for a romance, but it contains some striking and splendid passages, especially several which occur in the long description of the initiation of Sethos into the mysteries of the Egyptian priests.

The Utopia of Sir Thomas More suggested many speculative works somewhat in the form of romance, concerning perfect systems of government, which are yet more chimerical than a Royal Sethos. Of this description is Harrington's Oceana, which appeared in England about the middle of the seventeenth century and though it be the model of a perfect republic, is the most rational of all similar productions.

Our editor traces this subject to the Cyropaedia of Xenophon. This latter work, it is believed, must have suggested those two celebrated political romances, which appeared in France about the commencement of the eighteenth century; les Voyages de Cyrus, and le Repos de Cyrus.

Of these the former work is by the Chevalier Ramsay, the friend of Fenelon, and tutor to the sons of the Pretender. The author has chosen, as the subject of his romance, that part of the life of Cyrus which extends from the sixteenth to the fortieth year of his age, a period of which nothing is said in the Cyropaedia. During this interval Ramsay has made his hero travel according to fancy, and by this means takes occasion to describe the manners, religion, and policy, of the countries which are visited, as also some of the principal events in their history. The Persian prince wanders through Greece, Syria, and Egypt, and in the course of his journey enjoys long philosophical and political conversation with Zoroaster, Solon, and the prophet Daniel. What is said concerning the manners of the different nations, is fortified by passages from the ancient philosophers and poets. The author exhibits considerable acquaintance with chronology and history, and enters profoundly into the fables of the ancients, from which he attempts to show that the leading truths of religion are to be found in the mythological systems of all nations. His work, however, is rather a treatise intended to form the mind of a young prince than a fiction. The only romantic incident is the love of Cyrus for Cassandara, which occupies a considerable part of the first book, where the usual obstacles of the prohibition of parents, and a powerful rival, are interposed to the happiness of the lovers. In 1728, a satire on Ramsay's Cyrus, entitled *La Nouvelle Cyropaedia, ou Reflexions de Cyrus sur ses Voyages*, was printed at Amsterdam. In this work, Cyrus, having become master of Asia, complains, in six evening conversations with his confidant Araspes, of the pedantic

and ridiculous part he is made to act in his travels. A serious criticism was written by the Pere Vinot, to which Ramsay made a suitable reply.

'The repose of *Cyrus* embraces the same period of the life of the Persian prince with the work of Ramsay, and comprehends his journey into Media, his chase on the frontier of Assyria, his wars with the king of that country, and his return to Persia.'

**PASTORAL ROMANCE....** This species of composition was prevalent at a very early period. The *Eclogues* of Virgil may have greatly contributed to a taste for describing the simplicity of rustic manners, and the charms of pastoral enjoyments.

During the middle age, says our editor, pastoral compositions were frequent; but they partook more of the nature of eclogue, or drama, than that of romance. The rapid productions of the Troubadours contained not the adventures of rural characters, but insipid, or affected descriptions of nature. Among the works of the Trouveurs, we find pastorals on the loves and adventures of shepherds and shepherdesses; but, although we meet with much nature in this dialogue, we find little variety.

A poet takes his walk: with him it is always spring; he meets a beautiful shepherdess....sometimes she is coy, sometimes yielding: but their loves, usually, end in a fulfillment that is often very circumstantially described.

To pass over the *Ameto* of Boccacio, which bears a strong resemblance to the pastorals of the Troubadours, with the exception of being more rich, and others, we pause to contemplate the pastoral romances of Italy. In the *Pastor Fido*, we find the incident of a lover disguising himself as a female, at a festival, in order to enjoy an uninterrupted converse with his mistress. This ruse de l'amour is a leading event in the *Astrea*, and is introduced in one of the episodes of the *Diana*, which was written in Spanish, by George of Montemayor, about the middle of the sixteenth century.

There, we have mistresses serving their lovers in the disguise of pages, an incident of which Shakespeare has frequently taken advantage. The story of *Protheus and Julia*, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is taken from the Spanish.

'It will be recollected, that while *Protheus* and *Julia* are mutually enamoured, the former is sent by his father from Verona to the court

## **Donlop's History of Fiction.**

of Milan, to which he proceeds by sea. Soon after his arrival he falls in love with Silvia, the duke's daughter. Julia follows him in disguise of a page, and discovers the estrangement of his affections by the evening music he gives to the ear of his new mistress. She enters into his service, and is employed by him to propitiate the affections of a rival. The outline of this plot corresponds so closely with the Spanish romance, that there can be little doubt that it was imitated by Shakspeare, who, besides, has copied the original in some minute particulars, which clearly evince the source from which the drama has been derived. As for example, in the letter which Protheus addresses to Julia, her rejection of it when offered by her waiting-maid, and the device by which she afterwards attempts to procure a perusal (act I. sc. II.). In several passages, indeed, the dramatist has copied the language of the pastoral.

But while, in some respects, Shakspeare has thus closely followed the romance, he has departed from it in more essential incidents, in a manner that has rather injured than improved the story. In the *Diana*, the young man is sent on his travels by his father, in order to prevent an unsuitable marriage, but Protheus is dispatched to Milan at the idle suggestion of a servant, and apparently for no purpose but to give a commencement to the intrigue. Don Felix is indeed an unfaithful lover, but his spirit, generosity, and honour, still preserve the esteem and interest of the reader : but the unprincipled villain, into whom he has been transformed in the drama, not only forsakes his mistress, but attempts to supplant his friend, and to supplant him by the basest artifice. The revival of affection too, is much more natural and pleasing in the romance than in the play. In the former, Celia, the new flame of Felix, was then no longer in being, and his former mistress, as we shall afterwards find, had a fresh claim to his gratitude ; but Protheus returns to Julia with as much levity as he had abandoned her, and apparently for no reason, except that his stratagem had failed, and that his fraud had been exposed. The story of Felismena seems also to have suggested that part of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* relating to the disguise of Euphrasia, which forms the principal plot of that tragedy.

The *Galatea* of Cervantes, continues our editor, which was formed on the model of the *Diana*, is reported to have been written with the intention of covertly relating the anecdotes of the age in which the author flourished, by a representation of the lives, the manners, and occupations of shepherds and shepherdesses, who inhabited the banks of the Tagus and Henares. These adventures are not so extravagant as those of the *Diana* ; but the style is greatly inferior, particularly in the poetical department.

In imitation of Montemayor and Cervantes, a French nobleman wrote the *Astrée*, a work, which, under the semblance of pastoral incidents and characters, exhibits the singular history of his own family, as well as the amours at the court of Henry the Great. The first volume, dedicated to that monarch, appeared in 1610; the second, ten years after; and the third, addressed to Louis XIII., about five years subsequently to the second. The duke of Savoy was depositary of the fourth part, which remained in manuscript, at the death of the author, and was transmitted to Mademoiselle d'Urfé. She confided it to Baro, the secretary of her deceased relative, who published it two years after the death of his master, with a dedication to Mary of Medicis, and made up a fifth part from memoirs and fragments also placed in his hands. The whole was printed at Rouen, in 1647, in five volumes.

The period of the action of this celebrated work, is feigned to be the end of the fifth, or the beginning of the sixth century; and the scene is laid on the banks of the Lignon.

\* Celadon was the most amiable and most enamoured of the shepherds who lived in that happy age and delightful region: his passion was returned by the beautiful Astrea, but at length the treachery and envy of the shepherd Semire inflamed her mind with jealousy. She meets her lover, reproaches him with his perfidy, and then flies from his presence. Celadon casts himself, with his arms across, into the river; but his hopes of submersion, however well founded, are totally frustrated. He is thrown at some distance on the banks of the stream, near a grove of myrtles, where three nymphs come to his assistance, and conduct him to the castle of Lassour.

\* Astrea, who in concealment had perceived her lover precipitate himself into the stream, but had not foreseen such powerful effects from her reproaches, faints and falls into the water. She is rescued by the neighbouring swains, and conveyed to a cottage. There she is visited by Lyoidas, the brother of Celadon, for whom a fruitless search is now made, Astrea pretends he had been drowned in attempting to save her, but her expressions of grief not answering the expectations of the brother, he upbraids her with indifference for the loss of so faithful a lover: Astrea pays a tribute to his virtues but complains that he was a general lover, and in particular had forsaken her for Amynta. Lycidas now shrewdly conjectures that her jealousy has been the cause of his brother's death, and reminds her that Celadon, at her own desire, had made love to all the neighbouring shepherdesses, in order to conceal his real passion, an arrangement

which Astrea might have previously recollected, without any extraordinary powers of reminiscence. At the desire of Phillis and Diana, two of her companions, she is now induced to recount the progress of her affection for Celadon, and her whole history previous to the water scene; a recital in which unfortunately she gives no marks of that defect of memory she had solately betrayed.

Astrea begins her narrative by describing with much minuteness the sensations, which, though only twelve years of age, she felt on first meeting with Celadon. Soon after this interview the festival of Venus was celebrated. On this occasion it was customary that four virgins should represent the judgment of Paris, in the temple of the goddess. At this exhibition, the description of which has been taken from the tenth book of Apuleius, males were prohibited from being present, on pain of being stoned to death. Celadon, however, obtained admission in disguise of a virgin, and the part of Paris was luckily assigned to him. The three nymphs (one of whom was Astrea), competitors for the prize of beauty, were submitted to his inspection in the costume in which their respective excellences could be most accurately discriminated. Celadon had thus an opportunity of bestowing the prize on Astrea, and afterwards acquainted her with the risk he had encountered for her sake. An incident similar to this occurs in the *Pastor Fido*, and fifth book of the *Rinaldo*. In the former, Mirtillo, disguised as his sister, mingles at the festival of Jupiter, among a train of nymphs, who contend which should give the sweetest kiss; Amarillis, the mistress of Mirtillo, is chosen the judge, and receives the caresses of her lover among those of her fair companions. In *Rinaldo* the incident is similar to that in the romance, except that in the former the audacious intruder is detected by his mistress Offida—in the latter he reveals the secret himself. A corresponding event, it will be recollected, has been mentioned in the abstract of the *Diana of Montemayor*.

This story is pursued, with a key to the characters, all of whom represent the gallantries of the French court. To these temporary allusions, Astrea is indebted for its original popularity; but the remembrance of the scandal having passed away, the work, now, solely rests upon its intrinsic merit, which may not long preserve it from oblivion. The composition is too erudite; the language and sentiments are too refined for pastoral life. It is, moreover, tediously interwoven with long, languishing, conversations; and the province of pastoral romance is, occasionally, invaded by the introduction of warlike scenes. The tranquillity of rural felicity is not congenial with the tumult of heroic achievements; but this error was apt.

Tasso, indeed, is an exception; as are some other poets. This department of our review closes with an analysis of the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney; a work much read at that time....not less, perhaps, on account of the heroic character and glorious death of its author, than in compliment to its real merits.

'The idea of a hero residing in a female garb with his mistress, and for a while unknown to her, which is a common incident in the *Argenis*, and other romances of the period, was perhaps originally derived from the story of Achilles: but that part of the *Arcadia* which relates to the disguise of Pyrocles, and the passion of the king and queen, has been immediately taken from the French translation of the 11th book of *Amadis de Gaul*, where Agesilan of Colches, while in like disguise, is pursued in a similar manner by the king and queen of Galdop. It may not be improper here to mention the royal recreations, as giving a curious picture of the tenderness of ladies' hearts in the days of queen Elizabeth. 'Sometimes angling to a little river near hand, which, for the moisture it bestowed upon the roots of flourishing trees, was rewarded with their shadow—there would they sit down, and pretty wagers be made between Pamela and Philoclea, which could soonest beguile silly fishes, while Zelmene protested, that the fittest prey for them was hearts of princes. She also had an angle in her hand, but the taker was so taken, that she had forgotten taking. Basilius, in the mean time, would be the cook himself of what was so caught, and Gynecia sit still, but with no still pensiveness. Now she brought them to see a scaled dove, who the blinder she was the higher she strove. Another time a kite, which having a gut cunningly pulled out of her, and so let fly, caused all the kites in that quarter, &c. &c.'

Of the productions of Sir Philip Sidney, it has been said, by Sir William Temple, and in the land that had given birth to Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, and others, that he did not scruple to pronounce him 'the \* greatest poet, and the noblest genius of any that had left writings behind them, and published in ours, or any other language.

The *Arcadia*, continues our author, was much read and admired by Waller and Cowley, and has been, obviously, imitated in many instances, by our early dramatists.

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\* Vide *Miscellaneous*, part II.



The story of Plangus in the *Arcadia*, is the origin of *Shirley's Andromana*, or *Merchant's Wife*. That part of the pastoral where Pyrocles agrees to command the Heleets, seems to have suggested those scenes of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in which Valentine leagues himself with the outlaws. An episode in the second book of the *Arcadia*, where a king of Paphlagonia, whose eyes had been put out by a bastard son, is described as led by his rightful heir, whom he had cruelly used for the sake of his wicked brother, has furnished Shakspeare with the under plot concerning Gloster and his two sons, in *King Lear*. There are in the romance the same description of a bitter storm, and the same request of the father, that he might be led to the summit of a cliff, which occur in that pathetic tragedy.

The *Arcadia* was also, as we learn from Milton, the companion of the prison hours of Charles I., whom that poet, in his *Iconoclaster*, reproaches with having stolen a prayer of Pamela, to insert in his *Iron Basilike*. But whether the king actually fell into this inadvertence, or whether his antagonist procured the interpolation of the passage, that he might enjoy an opportunity of reviling his sovereign for impiety, and taunting him with literary plagiarism, has been the subject of much controversy among the biographers of the English bard.

We now come to heroic romance. This description of writing is always the same, whether classical or Moorish characters be the objects of representation. There is always the same interminable length....the same minute description...the same tedious dialogue....the same interruptions to the principal narrative, by stories interwoven with it, which perplex and distract the attention. In short, long and recurring episodes, a wretched fecundity, which is the proof of real barrenness, is the prevalent fault of heroic romance. With this general observation, we hasten to the latter department of our labours, to speak of French and English novels.

The human mind, continues our intelligent editor, seems to require some species of fiction for its amusement and relaxation.

We find one species of fable succeed to another; the choice, alone, being dependant on the caprice of the day. In the French school, many compositions entitled novels, have satirized the intrigues of court, both as to its amorous and political tendency. Our limits do not permit us to enter into this detail.

On the *Heloise* of Rousseau, the most eloquent, pathetic, and dangerous of the French novels, our editor offers some

critical observations. The work is too well known to every female; but, all who please themselves with the seductive beauties of the story, ought to remember, that it, at least, contains this impressive moral....the death of the heroine could, alone, have saved the honour of the wife, who, according to a celebrated French writer, 'meurt uniquement, pour tirer M. Rousseau d'embarras.'

'The pathos and eloquence of Rousseau, the delicacy of Mad. Riccoboni, the gloomy, but forcible paintings of Prevot, and the knowledge of human nature displayed in the works of Marivaux, have raised the French to the highest reputation for the composition of novels of the serious class. In many of these, however, though admirable in point of talents, there is too often a contest of duties, in which those are adhered to which should be subordinate, and those abandoned which ought to be paramount to all others. Thus, they sometimes entice us to find, in the subtilty of feeling, a pardon for our neglect of the more homely and downright duties, and lead us to nourish the blossoms of virtue more than the root or branches.'

Gil Blas is too renowned to require to be dwelt upon by us. In that delightful work, the incidents, to which all conditions of life are liable, are represented with admirable fidelity. Our editor, however, questions, and we believe truly, the originality of this work. Many of the stories are supposed to be taken from a Spanish work, of which the author is unknown. This work comprehends the adventures dell' escudero Don Manuel Obrega, and will be found, on examination, to contain, with little variation, the story of the amorous muleteer, whose enterprize alarms the company at the posada in Cacabelos; and, of the parasite who eats the omelet of Gil Blas; an incident which also occurs in Paul the Sharper, by Queyedo.

Of the *Diable Boiteux*, by Le Sage, the leading idea is, also, borrowed from the Spanish. Our editor enumerates passages in proof of his assertion. We must content ourselves with recommending all the curious information, which, at this period, courts the applause of the reader, and close our remarks on English novels.

Mrs. Bohn and Mrs. Haywood, who wrote in the voluptuous reign of Charles the second, were writers of esteemed celebrity, but the improving spirit of the times, has, de-

servedly, committed their works to oblivion, where they moulder with the wit of Rochester.

Of Richardson's voluminous *Clarissa Harlowe*, it has been said, by Mrs. Barbauld, that 'the stern father, the passionate, and dark-coloured brother, the envious and ill-natured sister, the money-loving uncle, the gentle, meek-spirited mother, are all assimilated by that stiffness, love of parade, and solemnity, which is thrown over the whole group, and by the interested family views in which they all concur.' The character of *Lovelace*, as is well known, is an expansion of that of *Lothario*, in the *Fair Penitent*; but in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, expressed in his *Life of Rowe*, the novelist has greatly excelled his original in the moral effect of the fiction. '*Lothario*,' says the illustrious biographer, 'with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness. It was in the power of Richardson alone, to teach us at once esteem and detestation; to make virtuous resentment overpower all the benevolence which art and elegance and courage naturally excite; and to lose, at last, the hero in the villain.'

In our opinion, Richardson has always outraged nature. There never was, or perhaps never will be, such a character as *Lovelace*. A man possessing so many amiable qualities, might, indeed, from education, have taught himself to think lightly of women; and might be urged to the contemplation of guilt, even in a triumph over the divine *Clarissa Harlowe*: but this triumph could only have resulted from a grand coup de main; it is not natural to suppose, for a moment, that he, who in all other points was fastidiously honourable, could systematically league with female devils, and, by a long course of premeditated, unparalleled villainy, ultimately commit a crime so monstrous!

The goodness of Sir Charles Grandison is equally unnatural; but as Mr. Richardson has aimed, through all his works, to shew the superiority of virtue, we must commend his labours.

*Tom Jones* we consider to be a work of much more deserved celebrity. In plan, it is admirable....in combination, classical....in effect, natural. Every single circumstance contributes, without art, to the denouement; and wit, humour, and naïveté, embellish the force and truth of progressive incident.

Humphrey Clinker, Peregrine Pickle, Roderic Random, Gulliver, and others, class high among our English novels.

Although, as has been already mentioned, it is not my design to enter into a minute consideration of English novels, an analysis of which would require some volumes, it would not be proper altogether to overlook a *Romantic* species of novel, which seems in a great measure peculiar to the English, which differs, in some degree, from any fiction of which I have yet given an account, and which has recommended itself to a numerous class of readers, by exciting powerful emotions of terror.

‘There exists,’ says an elegant writer, ‘in every breast at all susceptible of the influence of imagination, the germ of a certain superstitious dread of the world unknown, which easily suggests the ideas of commerce with it. Solitude—darkness—low-whispered sounds—obscure glimpses of objects, tend to raise in the mind that shilling, mysterious terror, which has for its object ‘the powers unseen, and mightier far than we.’

‘It is, perhaps, singular, that emotions so powerful and universal should not have been excited by fiction at an earlier period; for this species of composition cannot be traced higher than the *Castle of Otranto*, by Horace Walpole.’

On the writings of Mrs. Radcliffe, we must venture some few observations. She displayed eminent skill in exciting powerful interest, by creating supernatural terrors from the realities of human nature: and, by reconciling the wonderful and terrific, by a magic exclusively her own. There is however, much sameness in her works; her genius may be strong and original, but it is not diffusive.

‘I have now finished what I proposed to write on the *History and Progress of Fiction*. To some of my readers I may appear, perhaps, to have dwelt too shortly on some topics, and to have bestowed a disproportionate attention on others; nor is it improbable, that in a work of such extent and variety, omissions may have occurred of what ought not to have been neglected. Such defects were inseparable from an enquiry of this description; and must have, in some degree, existed, even if I could have bestowed on it undivided attention, and if, instead of a relaxation, it had been my sole employment. I shall consider myself, however, as having effected much, if I turn to this subject the attention of other writers, whose opportunities of doing justice to it, are more favourable than my own. A work, indeed, of the kind I have undertaken, is not of a nature to be perfected by a single individual, and at a first attempt, but must be the result of successive investigations. By the assistance of preceding ta-

searches on the same subject, the labour of the future enquirer will be abridged, and he will thus be enabled to correct the mistakes, and supply the deficiencies, of those who have gone before him.'

In justice to the editor, we beg to observe, that we have passed over the second volume, almost wholly composed of Italian tales, not disrespectfully, but because we could not treat such important matter with brevity.

In taking leave, we cannot offer an opinion too complimentary to the labours of Mr. Dunlop.

ART. VIII.—*Sketch of the United States of North America at the commencement of the nineteenth century, from 1800 to 1810 with statistical tables and a new map, by the author, containing all the late discoveries, and exhibiting the division of territorial Zones, boundary lines, &c. By Le Chevalier Felix de Bonjour, ancient Member of the Tribunate, late French Consul General in the United States, author of the views of the Commerce of Greece, &c. &c. Translated from the French, with illustrative notes and appendix, by William Walton, Esq. Pp. 363. 16s. Octavo. J. Booth. 1814.*

In taking up this volume we were not, by any means led to hope for an impartial sketch of the United States of America, drawn by a French diplomatist. The views of France, political as well as commercial, with the transatlantic world since the conquest of Canada, was subservient to the meaner attributes of hatred and envy to their conqueror; and the subsequent commercial regulations, which, seconded by industry and quality of manufacture, operated nearly to the exclusion of the French, have served to encrease the wonted gallic jealousy of this country.

Within the last few years we have been gratified by the publication of the travels of two of our own countrymen, Messrs. Weld and Janson, with their respective travels through the country which Monsieur Beaujour has subsequently visited a part of; and in local descriptions, the manners of the people, and the geology of the country, there is a similarity of opinion in each of these writers. On the other hand, whenever Monsieur Beaujour condemns Americans for their national degeneracy, or chews the bitter end of reflection on the effects of their mercantile connections with England, he imputes his usual ideas of their misfor-

lunes to a want of attachment to France!—that political rock whereon of late, so many nations have wrecked their state bark!

Of this defect, the translator is so fully convinced, that we find him frequently presenting an antidote to his author's political poison. This is not the time to suffer misrepresentations of the character of our enemy, however insignificant, to go forth, uncorrected, to our readers.

The work before us we find was written about five years ago, consequently long before the unstable race of men of whom he writes, had made war upon this, their mother-country. For this reason, the first part of it, which chiefly regards the lakes and the defence of the sea coast, comes too late to interest the British reader; because the whole has been anticipated in numerous publications. But though political parts of this sketch are thus rendered 'flat, stale and unprofitable,' yet we frequently find in the description of the country, its natural history, and the manners of the people, subject matter for contemplation. On these heads, we shall adduce some instances of our author's talents.

'In the United States, every thing still bears the stamp of a new country, where the hand of man has not yet perfected the work of nature. The eye in vain seeks out those varied and fertile fields, that neat and brilliant appearance which, in Europe, every where strikes the traveller; no country in the world presents so sad and wild an aspect.

'An eternal forest, cut only into clear spaces or intervals, in which hamlets are placed; sown fields or ponds; streams intersecting this forest in various directions, and all descending from the double chain of the Alleghany; to the west of these mountains, small swamps which issue into the large one where the Mississippi flows; to the east, a low and level coast, scattered over with marshes, and on this same coast, six large towns and an infinite number of small ones, all built of brick or wooden planks, painted in different colours; on every side, massive and lofty trees, or forests of shrubs which hide the land; wherever the eye turns, it beholds an hideous soil and coarse atmosphere; nature, in short, gloomy and unharmonized; such is the general aspect of the whole country.

'What most strikes the traveller, who for the first time lands there; is the immensity of the forests, the extent of the waters, their varied forms, and the movement and colouring they spread over the landscape.

'The climate changes according to the latitudes; but is in general colder, by several degrees, than that of the old hemisphere,

under corresponding parallels, because it is more recently inhabited, and still covered with wood and water.

It is also more inconstant, and often varies from ten to twelve degrees of the thermometer in one day. A remarkable phenomenon is, that on the other side of the Alleghany, it is less variable and less cold than on the Atlantic coast, notwithstanding the first region is less stripped of its trees than the second.

This inconstancy of the climate of the Atlantic coast, proceeds from several causes, viz. from the caloric which the current of the Mexican Gulf brings with it from the tropics, and from the cold winds descending thither, without obstacle, from the great table land of the lakes, and which are again chilled by crossing the Alleghany. Its more principal cause, however, is owing to the inconstancy of the winds, which vary sometimes in one day, not from some points of the compass, but from one point of the horizon to the opposite one. The chief winds are the North-West, South-West, and North-East. The latter blows in every season, but the South-West principally in summer, and the North-West in the winter. The latter may be considered, as well from its duration as its intensity, as the predominating wind of the United States. All the winds of the North and South, in a western course, are dry; and all the winds from the North and South, in an eastern one, are rainy. The North-West is the driest of all, because it comes from the mountain regions, and from the great table land of America; and the North-East is the most rainy, because it arrives surcharged with the vapours of the sea. The latter frequently blows, and it rains more in the United States than in Europe; but if the rains are there more frequent, they at the same time evaporate quicker, because the air is more agitated. Thunder, hail, and snow are there, meteors extremely common.

The year, in the United States, can scarcely be considered as having more than two seasons, which succeeded each other in a sudden manner, and almost without transition. In all the North, the winters are long and rigid, and the summers short, but burning.

After a seven years rebellion against the mother country, and assisted by the powers of France and Spain, America was declared independent. The then thirteen united states are now swelled and overgrown into eighteen; and the possessors still thirst for dominion over Canada on the north, and Louisiana and Florida on the south, containing greater extent of country than that which they originally claimed of Britain. Averse to prognosticate evil, we cannot but lament to see a similar error in defence of their aggressions to that which before lost our cause with them; the want of

energy in the outset, thereby affording them time to discipline their raw ranks, and train them to meet their once formidable foe in open field.

The government of these eighteen free and independent states, now becomes an anxious enquiry. Each individual state chuses its own governor, lieutenant governor, and two houses of assembly, which enact all their own local laws whereby there is often great repugnance in two sister adjoining states. In cases of murder the guilty has only to pass over a few miles and he is under the jurisdiction of a government wherein the crime was not perpetrated, and consequently as it were in a sanctuary. When Aaron Burr the Vice President, about ten years ago, killed General Hamilton, the Commander in Chief of the American forces in a duel, in the state of New York; he had nothing more to do, in order to screen himself from a coroner's warrant of wilful murder, than to cross a river on whose bank they fought, and he was safe in the state of New Jersey. These confederated states are subject to a general congress, composed of members from each, and under the government of a President, Vice President and Senate. Of this legislative body our author says,

‘ It has not sufficient controul over the confederated states, each of which had a different spirit, though, in general, the northern states follow the impulse of Massachusetts, the middle ones that of Pennsylvania, whilst those of the south are drawn into the vortex of Virginia. The states situated on the other side of the Alleghany, equally differ in spirit amongst themselves, and scarcely ever agree but in one point, which is, their opposition to the maritime states.

‘ The federal government does not even possess sufficient force to maintain itself against factions, and its chiefs, continually exposed to insults and calumny, have often no other resource in order to preserve their places, than to throw themselves into the arms of the prevailing faction.

‘ In short, it has not sufficient force to its relations with foreign powers, and is placed in such a situation and in such circumstances, that it ought to feign energy, even when it did not possess any.

‘ This government has only just made its first appearance on the political scene; and certainly the first appearance of a government on the political scene, resembles that of a young man in the world. In the first place, his pulse is felt to see whether he is possessed of



courage; but when he has once established his reputation, he is left quiet. The United States would have spared themselves many wars and misfortunes, if they had repelled with force the first injuries done them. Affronts have not been accumulated upon them, till it was evident they did not know how, or did not wish to avenge them. Governments ought never to declare war, but with a just cause; but they ought always to be prepared to carry it on.

The government of the United States, since its institution, has scarcely evinced any thing else but proofs of weakness; and, in future, greater vigour cannot be expected from it, as long as it is conducted by lawyers, a species of men the least proper to govern others, because they have nearly all a false judgment and dull character; and because, with their confined ideas and mean passions, they think they can govern empires, in the same manner as they would govern a club.

Nevertheless, it must be confessed in praise of this government that it presents a species of phenomenon in the political world; and that, like the hand of Providence, it governs without being felt, and almost without being perceived; for to know that it exists it is necessary to seek it in the bosom of the woods, and, like certain birds of passage, it disappears in the fine season.

This government, which in Europe, has the reputation of being the most liberal in the world, is, in reality, no more so than the British government; and in the United States, there is not more real liberty than in England, notwithstanding there is more apparent freedom. Consequently, it is this appearance of liberty which most flatters the pride of man, as well as his taste for independence; and if the great art of governing a people is to hide the chains which every where drag after them, it must be acknowledged that the American government is the most clever of all others. But, is it not rather to be presumed, that what has been attributed to the cleverness of this government, is no other than the work of its own weakness?

The American people have hitherto regarded this weakness of their government as the surest guarantee of their liberty; but there is still a much more real one in the right of petition, the only resource of the oppressed man; in the liberty of the press, the greatest possible check to the powerful: in the small number of regulators compared to the great number of militia; and particularly in the constitutional law, which does not permit the army or any portion of it, to act, in the interior, without the intervention of the magistracy. This, indeed, constitutes the real safeguard of political liberty. The army is established to defend the country, with the aid of the militia, against an external enemy; but it is the magistracy alone, supported by the militia, who ought to defend it within, and maintain interior tranquillity.

An essential defect in the American government, is, that, in

itself, it has no sufficient guarantee against the people. If an attempt was made to perfect this government, it would be necessary to strengthen it, and balance its powers in a better manner, in order to maintain them in a more perfect equilibrium. An executive power with more force; a senate composed of permanent members, to protect the people against the executive power, against the people; a representative body, composed of great freeholders; and finally, a legislative code, clear and precise, in order to get rid of the vermin of Lawyers;...such are the improvements which Americans ought to introduce into their government and administration. They ought never to forget, that governments have been essentially established to protect property, and that the best of all is that which protects it most.

The American Legislative Body not being composed of large freeholders, it has been necessary to grant to the members of Congress, an indemnity for the time of the session. It is, however, well known that it is not advisable, in any country, to pay the representatives of the nation, because every man who receives a salary from the executive power becomes its valet, and never its overseer; since such a man would never like to displease the executive power, for fear of losing his salary, by the dissolution of the representative body. Besides, the representatives of the nation being essentially destined to vote imposts and to watch over their expenditure, they cannot give to the executive power and at the same time receive from it; for with what face could they dare refuse tributes which they themselves are to share? Add to this, that by not paying the representative body, the election intrigues of the candidates are prevented, who generally seek to guide the affairs of the nation for their own advantage, thus also is individual ambition disconcerted, and by giving the greatest influence to property, the emulation of all is excited, because all, even the poorest, can attain property by means of labour. Moreover, it ought to be the object of every government to encourage labour which is the source of national riches and of public happiness.

In short, the first principle of all wise economy is not to pay for what can be had gratuitously; can it then be feared, that amongst the large freeholders of a nation, there would not be found a sufficient number of disinterested citizens, desirous of representing it in the legislative body, at the same time, that they will be remunerated by public consideration?

Mr. Boujour rates the population of the United States of America, at 7,236,797, and says that it is a mixture of all the people of the earth, but principally of European Whites, blacks brought from Africa, and the red men born in the country. The whites, or Europeans form the basis of the population, and are estimated at about six millions, the blacks at one million and a half, and the

Indigines or original natives of the country, at from two to three hundred thousand. The mixture of the latter with the whites has insensibly destroyed the indigine race, as if it were the fate of savage people to become extinct from the time they mix with civilized nations.

All writers on this country certainly agree in an amazing increase of population since the peace of 1802. In 1790, a census was taken which enumerated 8,950,000 whites, and 697,697 black slaves. Thus in thirty years American citizens have nearly doubled their numbers; and that too, in a climate unfriendly to the European emigrant. On the other hand we must, however admit that the greatest part of that time, a kind of emigrationism prevailed throughout Europe; and which in Ireland and Scotland raged to such a pitch that the infatuated lower class of people sold themselves as abject slaves to American ship-masters, serving seven years, for a bare passage to this *New Wilderness*, which they had been taught to regard as the modern land of 'milk and honey.' The slaves' ships on the Coast of Guinea were never crowded equal to the American passenger ships, as they were called. In the latter, whose compliment of seamen might not exceed fifteen or twenty, five and six hundred Irish of both sexes have been clandestinely taken on board at Londonderry, Belfast, and other ports in Ireland, and when like a bee-hive, overswarmed, the ship cast from its anchor, floated towards the sea, several, too long perhaps over a parting glass, with their friends on shore, perceiving their misfortune to be left behind, have actually, in desperation, plunged into the deep, and more happy, perhaps, than reaching their intended goal, found a watery grave.\* Nor was this madness for leaving our native soil but partially diminished when the Americans themselves reserved to us the balance of our people, by their declaration of war. This act took place subsequent to our author's present work, and in that time war has thinned their ranks; so that the next census, unless they wisely conclude a peace, may not, unhappily boast of so great an increase of population.

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\* Janson, p. 462.

Of the seat of this federal government, so recently destroyed by the British forces, Monsieur Beaujour thus slightly observes :

‘ The city of Washington, the present seat of the federal government, has been traced on a plan more beautiful and less uniform. Its situation, in the interior of the country, between Maryland and Virginia, round the Chesapeake, which is like the heart of the United States, and on an elevated ground, whither the tides of the Potomac bear the largest vessels, has been well chosen. The circumference of the town is to comprise a surface of 4,124 acres, of which 712 are reserved for avenues and 3,412 for building lots ; but with the exception of some public edifices appropriated for the use of Government, and of which the principal one, destined for the sessions of Congress, bears the pompous name of *Capitol*, nothing else has been hitherto built ; and it appears that the grandeur of the plan will hinder, or at least retard, the execution, because this country is not yet sufficiently rich to people so large a town. Washington, at present, resembles those Russian towns traced in the deserts of Tartary, in whose inclosures we behold nothing but naked fields, and a few groupes of houses.

‘ The other towns of the United states possess nothing remarkable.’

Our author proceeds with a statement of the manufactures, particularly weapons of destruction, used by Americans in their wars. .... Of cannon founderies at Philadelphia, Richmond, and Washington, which cast yearly from two to three hundred pieces each. Of numerous powder mills, townships of gunsmiths and armourers ; so that though this infant nation at the time of noting down this our author's sketch was at profound peace with the old world, yet it ‘ gave dreadful note of preparation.’ The torpedo, or infernal machine, from the destructive powers of which some of our men of war have had ‘ hair breadth escapes,’ is thus described,

‘ Another machine, which, though it cannot, indeed, advance the progress of industry in the United States, may, nevertheless, tend to the defence of their harbours. This is called the *torpedo*, and is destined to blow up the largest ships. It is an apparatus of which the principal piece is a copper box, inclosing a certain quantity of gunpowder, and prepared with an interior spring which sets fire to the powder, at the same time that the whole is inclosed in a covering of cork, or some other light wood, to make

the torpedo float under the surface of the water. It is placed under the keel of the vessel intended to be destroyed, by means of an harpoon directed against the sides of the ship.

'This last invention, in its result, is no other than the application of the process of a mine against those floating castles, which we call ships of war. I am not aware whether this invention can ever come into general use; but of this I am assured, that it can never be considered as a benefit to humanity, because men are already acquainted with too many means of destroying each other, without its being necessary to teach them the adoption of new ones.'

The plan of defence of the vast extent of coast is next considered. Our author calculates upon a militia of 700,000 men (such as they were,) and with this *bulwark* always at command, the government of the United States,

'Believe they have no necessity for a regular army; for which reason they have only one for the form. In time of peace, the regular army is only composed of four regiments, viz. two of chasseurs, one of artillery, and one of marines, amounting in the whole to about 5000 men, and commanded by a Brigadier-General. The staff of this corps contains very few Officers who have seen actual service, and not one acquainted with the principles of modern warfare. The army of the United States is too small even to form a future skeleton for a larger one! it would be necessary to increase it, and make it consist of every species of arms, in order to fill it up in case of war, and form an army after the model of those of Europe; but such a one must be recruited out of the militia, because voluntary enrolments would never furnish a sufficiency of soldiers in a country where hands are so scarce and dear.

'The navy of the United States, like their army, is nothing more than a miniature. It is composed of only seven or eight frigates, as many sloops of war, a few bomb vessels and gunboats, the whole amounting to about 4000 men and 500 guns. This feeble navy is scarcely comparable to that of Algiers, by which it is continually insulted; but the Americans might easily have a stronger one, because they possess all the requisite materials to construct ships, and nearly 100,000 sailors to man them.'

'The different kinds of forces composing their land and sea armament, when united, do not form a strength greater than 9000 men; that is, in the United States, scarcely more than one man in a thousand is employed in military duty, whilst there is no country in Europe, where there is not at least one in every hundred.

'This shadow of an army costs the country almost as much as a real one, because in this particular, as well as in several others, it is relatively necessary to expend more for a small armament than a large

one. If the Americans wished to increase their strength, they might, with a small additional expence, and without taking away from the sinking fund of the national debt, keep up a navy of ten ships of the line, and an army of 25,000 men, which might serve as a future basis for one of 50,000. This increase of strength is necessary, if they do not seek to become the prey of their enemies.

‘ Since, by the great division of labour introduced into Europe, war has been turned into a trade, whoever wishes to carry it on with militia against regular troops, will experience the disadvantage of an imperfect art, placed in opposition to one already perfect. The system of militia, adopted by the United States, for their external defence, is not, consequently, a good one ; but it would be difficult to give them a better, because a permanent army is incompatible with their financial system, as well as their political institutions. The Americans, separated from Europe by a vast ocean, can scarcely be conquered, but they may easily be invaded, owing to the extent and easy access of their coasts : therefore, they ought necessarily to have a basis for a temporary army and fleet, in order to be able to repel a sudden attack, by defensive preparations. The system of free corps (volunteers) and of gun-boats, which has been proposed to them, would be accompanied with all the inconveniences of an army and fleet, without having any of their advantages. Gun-boats are only serviceable for the defence of harbours, and not of coasts, open on every side as their’s are.

• The system of their fortifications is not better understood than that of their army. The greatest part of their forts are placed without judgment, and are too small or imperfect. There is not in the whole country a strong place of depot, or even a fortress which could stop the progress of an army. It has been proposed to cover the coast with batteries, and it must be confessed, that this system of fortification would be better than that hitherto pursued ; but it would require the occupation of too many hands. A few strong places, well constructed, and well situated, would alone suit the defensive plans of the Americans.’

Our author admits that the United States is ‘ vulnerable on an infinite number of points, but morally so on three : viz, in the bay of Newport, or Rhode Island ; in that of New York ; and also in the Chesapeake Bay. That the entrance of the latter cannot be fortified, but the mouths of the principal rivers falling into it, might be closed, and it would not be difficult to fortify the narrow passes leading into New York and Newport Bays.”

This scheme may pass current with a superficial observer ; and a Consul General guided by his maps and regulated in opinion by the account of perhaps some

transient traveller delivered at a diplomatic dinner party may think that he merits well of both his own and his visiting country in thus telling them how to avert the retaliative blows of the English. We however find some scepticism in the way of crediting this opinion. We cannot clearly comprehend even the possibility of filling up the deep mouth of the Powtomach which is about eight miles from shore to shore, where it disembogues into the Chesapeake, or if practicable where the physical force could be raised out of a scanty population to scrape together and deposit so as to 'close the mouth' of this bold and deep water, which extends many hundred miles up the country opposite. Nor will we be led to believe that the narrow passes leading to New York and Boston, could be done with little difficulty. Oft has the commenter on this work, while contemplating upon the different spots during a long residence in the United States, considered how vulnerable were all the defences of the American sea ports. The strongest was but a shew of defence, and the scanty garrisons 'mere soldiers for sunshine.' Two or three frigates while Monsieur Beaujour was giving his opinions, might have made their way through 'twenty times such stop.' Who, therefore, *knowing this*, can be divested of surprise to find that New York, Boston, Newport, Norfolk, Charlestown and Savannah, were not numbered in the fate of Washington?

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ART. IX.—No. 1. *Of Celebrated Irish Melodies*, arranged for the Harp and Piano Forte, with introductory, intermediate, and concluding symphonies, composed by John Whitaker. 5s. Button and Whitaker. 1814.

MUSIC, like her sister arts may be regarded as a faithful mirror of those passions and propensities, peculiarly indulged by individual nations. The habits of society, and the influence of foreign intercourse, may indeed, insensibly operate to the diminution or modification of native character, the progress of refinement and the caprices of innovation may have a similar tendency : but, notwithstanding the perhaps inevitable contagion of these alterative causes, their effects will be circumscribed within narrow limits : for while they will generally be confined to the extravagancies of fantastic imagination, or the amelioration of rugged con-

ception ; they will leave untouched the predominant features of national distinction, and encroach not upon the prevailing characteristics of innate genius.

This is, without doubt, true, in reference to the music of civilised countries ; but will be more forcibly just, if applied to the tuneful effusions of uncultivated life. Individuals, in a state of comparative wildness, destitute of an acquaintance with technical rules ; unenlightened by the rays of science or art ; and, by necessary consequence, unanimated by ambition for either ; possess feelings strong and almost untractable ;....what delights their particular affections, it is scarcely possible to wean them from enjoying : their nature forms, and their habits confirm them in the same rude partialities. Hence, they are, in a very small degree, susceptible of improvement ;....the production of artificial knowledge appeals to them with little or no impression ; the polish of education, and the elegancies of tasteful composition, exert their powers upon them without corresponding effect. They throw out their thoughts, careless alike of order and beauty, amply satisfied, if they be calculated to simply express the sensations which gave them birth.

The preceding reflections are the result of an attentive examination of the principal melodies, prevailing in regions, where the people, among whom they were produced, could boast of but trivial intimacy with the precepts of art. It would be ungenerous, however, not to acknowledge that many of their melodies, though not free from traits of rudeness and irregularity, are, nevertheless, occasionally distinguished with a certain felicity of idea and pathetic expression, which, perhaps, would defy the imitation of the most skilful modern musicians.

The national melodies of Hibernia, composed chiefly, in ages, when the impulse of nature was permitted to act, uncontrouled by the dictates of science or judgment, are, for the most part, eminently entitled to this encomium. They are characterised by so much sweetness, and tenderness, so much feeling and artlessness, as, we think, fully justify us in asserting, that to exceed them is hardly possible ; and that the theoretical and well-informed professor, who should succeed in a rival attempt, would deserve no small share of commendation. Saying thus much, it will not seem extraordinary, if we congratulate our readers on



the appearance of the present work, and recommend it to the attention of every one who sympathises with us in the admiration of simple but fascinating song.

The Irish airs have not been long known in this country : a few scattered specimens were, indeed, made familiar to the English ear, some fifty years since ; but it was reserved for the patriotism of Mr. Moore, and the laudable zeal of Sir John Stevenson, to give to the British public, a select and digested compilation of the most esteemed melodies of their native land. This collection was received with highly merited approbation, and the commendable labours of these gentlemen, have been rewarded with a rapid and extensive circulation of the work. But, notwithstanding the desires of our musical votaries were much gratified by this publication, yet as it was chiefly adapted to those who combine the qualifications of singing with that of instrumental performance, there speedily arose a wish, among piano forte practitioners, to be favored with the melodies unaccompanied with the voice part, and accommodated exclusively to their convenience. This wish, we are extremely happy to observe, met with due and respectful compliance, on the part of Messrs. Button and Whitaker ; who, in the advertisement prefixed to the present edition, succinctly detail the motives and design of their undertaking, in the following words.

This number contains the whole of the airs comprised in the first part of the Irish Melodies, arranged by Sir John Stevenson, with words by Thomas Moore, Esq. ; and every succeeding number will consist of the same melodies as those of the corresponding parts of that publication. The publishers of this arrangement, not only most distinctly disavow the remotest intention or wish to oppose the work above alluded to, but feel the highest gratification in bearing their feeble testimony to the extraordinary talents of the poet, and great skill of the musician, manifested in that celebrated and elegant work. Applications, however, being almost daily made to them for the Irish melodies, *without words*, by persons who either feel a disinclination to singing, or are by nature disqualified for it, and to whom, consequently, the words are a useless and an expensive appendage, the idea suggested itself, that an edition ably arranged, upon the plan of the present, was very extensively desired : to supply this desideratum, is the design of the present work. How far the publishers have accomplished their intention, is not for them to determine ; but they

can conscientiously assert, that if they have not succeeded, their failure has arisen neither from a deficiency in labour, nor parsimony in expense.'

To arrange for the piano-forte, melodies of the kind here presented to our notice (melodies emanating from enthusiastic, though untutored genius), is a task of no easy description: but, to add appropriate, introductory, intermediate, and concluding symphonies, involves difficulties of more than ordinary magnitude. An accurate acquaintance with the distinctive spirit of the original author....an exact perception of the peculiar features, and, so to speak, of the complexion of each effusion....a masterly command of imitative powers....these rank foremost among the requisites to furnish well-adapted embellishments to the wild airs of nature, and the enumeration of them will suggest the labour indispensable to their attainment. The foregoing comments are offered, far from any intention of drawing a reproachful contrast to the display, now before us, of Mr. Whitaker's abilities. In our opinion, he possesses, to a very praiseworthy degree, the qualifications necessary to the execution of his design. For though he has, manifestly, mistaken the characteristics of two melodies, "the Maid of the Valley," and "The Summer is coming,"....and consequently, introduced inapplicable symphonies; yet, the adventitious matter is, for the most part, extremely suitable to the original themes, and interwoven with much dexterity. On the whole, therefore, we scruple not to assert, that this arrangement of the *IRISH MELODIES*, exhibits very honorable testimony to the capabilities of Mr. Whitaker, and cannot fail of proving a valuable accession to the sources of public amusement.

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ART. X.—*Paris in 1802 and 1814.* By the Rev. William Shepherd. Second Edition. Octavo. Pp. 278. Longman. 1814.

[Continued from p. 479.]

Our traveller proceeds to descant on the several improvements and establishments, made by Bonaparte in every part of the city of Paris. He minutely describes the magnificent triumphal arch, erected opposite to the great gate of the Thuilleries; which splendid edifice displays

six bas-reliefs to record the memorable events of the campaign of 1805. The first represents the capitulation of the Austrian army, under general Mack, at Ulm. The second... the battle of Austerlitz. The third... Napoleon's triumphal entrance into Vienna. The fourth... the restoration of the king of Bavaria to his capital. The fifth... the humiliating visit of the emperor of Austria to the headquarters of the French army, after the battle of Austerlitz. The sixth... the peace of Presburg.

This monument of human vanity is surmounted by a triumphal car, to which the celebrated Venetian horses are harnessed. It has not suffered any change under the present government. In a time of profound peace, says Mr. Shepherd, the details of its composition must have been highly offensive to the feelings of many a gallant man. How must we, then, respect that military system, which, in a moment of victory, and during a two months' occupation of Paris, could check the thousands of hands, which would, gladly, have been raised for its destruction! We think so too; it is an instance of forbearance, highly creditable to the discipline of the allied armies; but we must remember, that the noble-minded Alexander forgot the burning of Moscow, and magnanimously saved the city of Paris. What a record for the admiration of posterity!

At the Place de Vendôme, the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. was replaced by a grand column of one hundred and thirty-three feet in height and twelve in diameter. It is in imitation of Trajan's pillar, emblematically adorned with bas-reliefs, not of stone, but, appropriately, cast in brass, produced from the melting of the cannon taken at the battle of Austerlitz. On the capital of this column, the statue of Napoleon was formerly raised; but the white flag has been substituted by the restored monarch.

' We had this morning the pleasure of a visit from Mons. T., a young gentleman of considerable promise, who after completing his education in one of Bonaparte's military schools, had lately obtained a lieutenancy of artillery.

' He had been in Paris when the allies presented themselves before the city, and gave us a very lively picture of the confusion which that event occasioned. The Parisians had been kept in such ignorance by the suppression of all authentic intelligence in the public journals, that they could not believe the fact when they were informed that the enemy were approaching. Many of the incredulous mounted

their horses and road towards Meaux to make personal enquiries into the real state of affairs. In the course of two or three hours after their departure they were seen galloping back ; some of them wounded, and all in the utmost consternation. The Boulevards were so crowded with people who were assembled to hear the news, that the troops, ammunition-caissons, and artillery which were perpetually passing, could with difficulty force a way through them : and in a short time dismay was spread over every countenance by the thunder of the cannon, announcing the commencement of the engagement. Mr. T.'s corps were ordered to the heights of Montmartre, on their way to which they met a line of waggons filled with their wounded comrades. Montmartre was furnished only with a single battery of four or five pieces ; and in the heat of the action the fresh balls which were supplied to these pieces were found to be of a wrong calibre. This circumstance was imputed to treachery on the part of Marshal Marmont, who, our young soldier informed us, was generally accused of betraying the cause of Bonaparte, and was on that account regarded with dislike by the great body of the army. I mention this circumstance merely as it was reported to me. In many conversations which I have held with military men, and others in France, the downfall of Bonaparte has been imputed to treason. But after all, I should be inclined to doubt any such assertion. The people at large did not embrace the cause of their Emperor ; and when the numerical superiority of the Allies over any force which he could bring into the field is considered, the event of the campaign may be accounted for upon other principles than those of collusion between Napoleon's marshals and Blucher or Schwartzberg. And in referring to the opinion of the French on this subject, it must be recollected that their pride cannot brook the idea of their capital having fallen into the hands of the enemy in consequence of the ordinary operations of war.

In speaking of the Bourbons, Mr. T. remarked, that their cause would be much more heartily espoused by the nation at large, were the heads of that family more alert and active in body. He said that the army looked up with hope to the Duke de Berri, and lamented the death of the Duke d'Enghien, whose execution had given general disgust, and was by no means approved of even by Bonaparte's partizans.

We forbear to pursue our traveller throughout the public buildings he visited, as we do not meet with any new remarks.

At a bookseller's shop, however, Mr. Shepherd turns over a collection of political pamphlets, published in Paris since the fall of Buonaparte. These he describes as mere ephemeral productions. The attempts of French writers to avail themselves of the liberty of the press, of which they

had been so long deprived, resembled, in his mind, the awkward gait of a man, who, after wearing heavy irons for a dozen years, has suddenly got rid of his shackles.

At four I called upon Mr. B., an English gentleman, who was come to Paris in quality of deputy from a number of merchants, who wished to make some commercial arrangements with the French government. This gentleman, whom I well knew to be singularly observant, intelligent, and active, and who, from his frequent communications with the public offices, enjoyed peculiar means of obtaining information as to the state of affairs in France, assured me that I was correct in my opinion, that the military were in general dissatisfied with the new order of things, and that he had himself heard parties of the *Gardes du Corps*, who had faintly and sulkily repeated, after their officers, '*Vive le Roi*,' at a review on the Caroussel, cry with enthusiasm, '*Vive l'Empereur*,' as soon as they had piled their arms at their casernes. He also informed me, that a few days ago a whole regiment, officers and men, had mutinied at Nemours, and had set off on a march to Paris, in full confidence of being joined by the garrison of that city in effecting a counter-revolution—that after proceeding on their way to the metropolis about six hours, their hearts had failed them, and they marched back to Nemours, whither Marshal Oudinot had instantly repaired, and caused three of the ringleaders to be shot. The king, he said, with his characteristic mildness, wished to have pardoned the offenders; but the Marshal, thinking a severe example was, in this case, absolutely necessary, had over-ruled his opinion. This intelligence was not of the most pleasant description, as I was well convinced, that in the event of a movement in favour of Napoleon, the English in France would be in considerable danger.

Closing his observations, Mr. Shepherd describes himself as having spent his time very agreeably in the French metropolis. He accounts, very reasonably for the dissatisfaction expressed by many idle visitors on their return to London; and contends, that to the man of letters, Paris is a most eligible residence. The stores of its public libraries...the facility of access to these repositories of knowledge...the flourishing state of the fine arts...the public school of painting and sculpture...the concentrated treasures of the Louvre gallery, &c. &c. are all deserved objects of fascination. We conclude with Mr. Shepherd's political opinions on the result of his visit.

As I slowly paced the gallery of the Louvre, my attention was occasionally abstracted from the wonders with which I was surrounded.

ed by speculations upon the probable duration of the period when an Englishman will be able to visit these repositories of taste in the character of a friend and an ally. The pursuit of these speculations leads to a wide field of thought. The solving of the problem will, in the first place, depend upon the settlement of a preliminary enquiry: will the government of the Bourbons be stable? And from every thing that I could observe during my visit to France, I am persuaded that the stability of the Bourbon dynasty will depend entirely upon the conduct of the heads of that illustrious house, and that they have not altogether an easy game to play. The allegiance of the great body of the army is more than doubtful. The troops are generally disaffected to them. I understand also, that in consequence of their confirmation of the sales of confiscated property, the loyalty of the ancient noblesse toward them is much impaired; and with regard to the mass of the people, the enthusiasm in favour of Louis XVIII., of which we read so much in the *Moniteur*, appears merely on paper. Still, however, the mass of the people are friendly to the Bourbons. They were so oppressed by Buonaparte, and the conscription, in particular, made such inroads upon their domestic comforts, that though their joy is by no means extravagant, they are glad to see the throne filled by a pacific character. It is to this quarter, then, that Louis must look for support. He must cherish his people; he must foster their arts, their commerce, and their manufactures. I will further observe, that if he would wish to establish his throne upon a lasting foundation, he will do well to restrain notorious vices in his court, and to avoid, as his greatest bane, the scandal of pecuniary extravagance. The follies of Louis XV. are not forgotten, and the people of France shew every disposition to revolt against unreasonable taxation. If any question should unfortunately arise between his people and himself, Louis XVIII. cannot rely upon the support of the army. Precluded then from governing by force, he can only govern by influence: and that influence is not to be maintained by a priesthood, who have, as yet, no hold upon the public mind, but by prudence of personal conduct, and by wise and lenient measures of administration. Now, as far as personal character is concerned, it may be justly expected, that the present monarch will regulate his reign by these principles: and when it is considered that the interest of the marshals is now strictly united to those of the present dynasty, that the peers, also, and the *Corps Legislatif*, have irretrievably committed themselves in the same cause, we may conclude, that the house of Bourbon enjoys a most auspicious prospect of swaying the sceptre of France for some generations to come.

But the prospect of the continuance of peace, is affected by another circumstance, namely, the disposition of the people of France. And I am sorry to state, that I did not perceive in them any due sense of the blessings of public tranquillity. The minds of the army, both officers and privates, are bent upon violence and

rapine, and they care not upon whom they are exercised. Their notions of warfare are not modified by the chivvrous spirit of modern times; they have even little regard for the welfare of their country. Plunder and promotion are the main articles of their creed; and they are ready to draw the sword, without enquiring against whom. Nor are the bulk of the people chastised into wisdom by the events which have lately occurred to humble them. They cannot be persuaded that any of the ordinary occurrences of war could have exposed the French arms to disaster and defeat. Their language already begins to be lofty, and the nation at large seems to wish for an opportunity of redeeming the military credit, which, though they are too proud to acknowledge it, they are conscious they have lost. The animosity, both of the army and the people, is most inveterate against Austria, which power they loudly accuse of treachery and cupidity; political vices which they, very consistently, no doubt, avow their wish to punish and restrain. On England, also, they look with an evil eye. They cannot bear to think of our naval power, and they contemplate with all the jealousy of rivalry, our commercial prosperity. The complaints of the prisoners of war whom we have lately dismissed in such numbers, are too readily listened to, and aggravate feelings in themselves sufficiently turbulent. Upon the whole, then, I cannot help fearing, that the halcyon days, which in the imagination of so many worthy men, lately followed each other in endless succession, will not be of so long duration as has been expected. Where much inflammable matter is collected, the smallest spark may produce an extensive conflagration. The ensuing congress will constitute the most important period in the history of modern times. Nothing but the most consummate prudence on the part of the negotiators, who will be there assembled, can long protract the revival of the horrors of war.

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ART. XI.—*The Modern Dunciad*, a Satire; with Notes Biographical and Critical. pp. 106. Wilson. 1814.

This satire is, certainly, written by a scholar and a poet; but, in proportion as we admire the author's talents, we are disgusted with his abuse of them.

There was a time when CATBACHILL, bold and coarse,  
Gave Wit its point, and Satire all its force;  
When POPE, immortal Sat'rist! made his prey  
The Hangers and the Gudgeons of the day;  
Dragg'd into light the abandon'd scribbling crew,  
And boldly scourg'd them in the public view.

There was indeed, a time! but, shall the lovers of satire, pointed by reillery, by ridicule, or by wit, smile at this

dart ignobly levelled at such lords as Yarmouth and Hawke?—at such miscreants as Manners, the unprincipled editor of the infamous *Satirist*; and at Humphry Hodgehog, *alias* Jeremiah Juvenal; *alias* Peter Binder—at Ross Mistle, the vicious author of *Zofluqua*,—at Gale Jones, ‘sedition’s sprite;’ and, at a long catalogue of reptiles?—our author might have applied his quotation from Warburton to self.—

“Scribblers have not the common sense of other vermin, who commonly abstain from mischief when they see any of their kind gibbeted, or nailed up as terrible examples.”

There is, also, as marked an absence of capdour, as of taste, in this gentleman’s prevalent choice of objects for his keen and cutting invective. On Dr. Busby and his son, he has been pleased to bestow a most invidious portion, but we are at a loss to discover upon what principle of equity, the translator of Lucretius is made to answer, at the bar of criticism, for the opinions of Lucretius. As a dignified effort aiming to give to the English reader, the genius of an illustrious Latin poet, who lived in the darker ages of unrevealed religion, the translation of Dr. Busby has been honoured with the following eulogium from, we believe, the best classic scholar, of this country. In Dr. Busby’s preface, we have read the following passages.

“My task terminated, a distinguished statesman and scholar was immediately present to my mind, as its future patron. Lord Grenville, after perusing the first book, was pleased to think that I should “*be found to have executed the laborious undertaking in such a manner as to do credit to myself, and to form a valuable acquisition to the stores of English literature*” handsomely took to himself the honour I solicited, and accepted the dedication.”

Dr. Busby tells us, and with truth, that in theological and metaphysical speculations, as they soar above the level of common intellect, are in danger of straying from truth and of becoming bewildered in the regions of imagination.

“*Nihil est tam absurdum quod non aliquis e phibito phibito afferat.*”

CICERO.

and all persons, in any degree, acquainted with the ancient classics, must be aware, that Epicurus, Aristotle, Pyrrho, and Plato, had each his separate system; and each, with noble and sublime ideas, blended notions as wild as fantastic; notions, long since obscured, by the light of reason, and rejected by the light of revelation.



With this impression the doctor has sought to analyze the genius of Lucretius at an enlightened age; but the philosophy and morals of that poet, ON THE NATURE OF THINGS, is argumentatively combated, and refuted, by the translator; who, with clearness and precision, exhibits the doctrines of Lucretius to be speculative the grandest and most awful scenes of nature.

On the subject of atoms, so peculiarly the derision of our author, we shall give one short extract from the philosophy of the Epicurean school. "From these elementary \* particles the world was generated, and is perpetually supplied and sustained. Ever in motion, the atoms now attach themselves to fading bodies, and form new ones; now disipate again, preserve the constant rotation of nature, and, while all compounds decay and perish, are themselves eternal and immutable." To this extract we add the note of doctor Busby.

"Almost all the ancients, Grecian and Roman, considered the spiritual nature to be material; and not a few, even of the Christian fathers, among whom we may reckon, Tertullian, Basil, and Augustin, adopted the same opinion. Ought not this to moderate our anger against Lucretius. And; this opinion allowed him, will christian rhariety permit us to condemn a pagan poet, for not deducing from it these conclusions which only a Christian could be enabled to form? The axiom so solid when applied to the body, *Quicquid natum est, interire necesse est*, was extended by my author to the soul itself—why? because he did not, could not, perceive that it is a pure incorruptible spirit derived immediately from God, the great and sole author of all things."

These, we presume, will shew the injustice, as well as absurdity, of our author's *prolonged* criticism on Dr. Busby. The following allusion is most illiberal.

"Straining with all its might 'gainst mood and tense,  
"To make the Doctor's fustian sound like sense."

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"Atoms, moving from all eternity through immeasurable space; meeting, compassing, rebounding, combining, amassing, according to their smooth, round, angular, and jagged figures, have produced all the compound bodies of the universe, animate and inanimate"—*Epicurean Philosophy*:

We might pursue this satire to Coates, Dibdin, Dimond, Fitzgerald, Skeffington, Philips, Carr, Mrs. Clarke, Fawcett, Munden, and other *scholars* of the same dull school—but we will merely repeat a couplet from this modern Dunciad.

“ ’Tis pitiful!—but, why indulge your spleen ?

“ Will all this useless railing mend the scene ?

In pursuit of a more noble game, our author hurls his criticism at real genius. Of Amoscon Moore, he says,

“ And hot press’d Little breathes the soul of lost.”

And not content with this philippic, he satirizes the *Chastity* of a Lord Chief Justice, for admiring the beautiful effusions of this lascivious poet, but Pope was a satirist ; and, yet he had soul to feel the loves of Abelard and Eloisa, indeed, we have often inclined to think, that the quail of Pope’s spirit was engendered by his personal deformity ; and that, if the graces of his form had harmonized with the accomplishments of his mind, instead of a sarcastic, he would have been an amatory Poet.

Of Lord Thurlow, it is said, were his lordship’s talents equal to his industry, he would be the greatest poet that ever lived ; but what he wants in quality, he makes up, in quantity.

\* Thurlow (alas ! will Thurlow never tire ?)

“ New points his dulness, and new strings his lyre.

His lordship is certainly, an enthusiast in his labors ; but candour will admit, that he, occasionally, displays poetic talent.

To Southey, he ascribes,

“ A Poet’s rashness, with a Poet’s fire.”

To my lord Byron, avowedly a poet of the higher class, reluctant praise is given ; and, Scott is thus described.

“ The man has pleas’d—aye, surfeited the town.”

Our author speaks of ‘ Rogers pure style,’ and ‘ Campbell’s noble fire.’ Of Sheridan—“ who does not lament that this great man should pass the remaining portion of his days in pursuits wholly inconsistent with his talents and rank in life ? of all the distinguished characters of the present age, I cannot name one who, in my estimation, has had (and I

grieve to say, neglected) so many opportunities of rendering himself nobly popular. But while I lament that he has not done more, let me not forget to acknowledge what he has done. If these lines should ever be fortunate enough to meet his eye, he will see that my admonition is dictated by the high respect that I entertain for his talents : it is not for the brilliant wit and the enlightened statesman to exclaim

*" Mihi sit propositum in taberna mori ;  
Vivam sit appositum morientis ori ;  
Ut dicant, cum venierint angelorum chori,  
Deus sit propitius huic Potatori."*

Let him attend—and the name of Sheridan may still be the admiration of posterity.

After criticising the folly of the reigning dramatic taste, our author exclaims.

*" Except when Kemble, to delight the few,  
Restores immortal Shakespear to our view.  
Say, who's to blame? the sottish town that pays,  
The fool with laughter—not the hard with praise.  
That looks for, in distortion and grimace,  
Nature's soft ease, and wit's enchanting grace."*

Let me not be called hyperbolical when I assert that Mr. Kemble is equal to any tragic actor, ancient or modern. He is both a scholar and a gentleman, and consequently no favourite with the "groundlings." Some call him pedantic—I uphold that he is classical. For a specimen of his astonishing powers, I might advert to almost every great character in tragedy ; but I will confine myself to one in which the immortal Garrick so much excelled—King Lear : Mr. Kemble not only rose above himself, but above every other actor in my remembrance. The manner in which he gave the curse upon Goneril, in the first act, was too heart-rending for the human feelings ; the whole audience rose—it was a moment of enthusiasm, such as conception can hardly reach, and language never adequately describe—

*" I can't find words, and pity those that can !"*

Mr. Kemble's Lear possesses many beauties ; still, it is an unequal performance. Now, if we were about to cast a splendor round the name of this great actor, we should gather the brilliant rays from his Coriolanus....his Cardinal Wolsey....his Brutus....his Penruddock. In these characters, Kemble soars above all competition. His only rival, Young, pursues the classic track to fame, with successful assiduity.

We lament, that Miss O'Neill was not known, at the time of this publication. Pure genius, surely, never dawn'd in youth more bewitching ; or, ornamented grace more natural, taste more refined, or judgment more chastened. And although the *heroine* of the inimitable Siddons (in Mrs. Beverly) must have left its indelible impressions on the mind of the dramatic amateur ; yet, the softened portraiture of that amiable character, by Miss O'Neill, charms our sensibility ; and often rapture applauds her artless excellence.

We have said quite enough on a work, much more distinguishable for talent than for truth.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### THEOLOGY.

ART. 12.—*Select Portions of the New Version of Psalms*, for every Sunday throughout the year ; with the principal festivals and fasts for the use of Parish Churches. The words selected by the Rev. George Hay Drummond ; the music selected, adapted, and composed by Edward Miller, Mus. D. Twenty-second edition ; with a Selection of Hymns, for particular occasions. 12mo. Pp. 140. 2s. 6d. Scatcherd and Letterman. 1814.

This selection is well chosen.

ART. 13.—*Religious and Moral Reflections*, originally intended for the use of his Parishioners, by Samuel Hodgkinson, S. T. B. formerly, fellow of Clare-Hall, Rector of Etton, and Vicar of Mortons cum Haseonby. 12mo. Pp. 203. Harris, 1814.

A sensible, moral, and interesting work.

### EDUCATION.

ART. 14.—*Eutropii Historiæ Romanæ libri septem ; Cum Notis Anglicis et questionibus, ad erudiendam juventutem historia geographique antiqua accommodatis*. Studio C. Bradley. 12mo. Pp. 116. Longman & Co. 1814.

This edition, like the following is published for the use of schools. The notes are much more diffusive, and contain much useful classic information.

- ART. 15**—*M. Acci Plauti Comædiæ Quatuor, Amphitruo, Aulularia, Captivi Rudens, ad usum Scholarum notulis Anglicis et Glossario accommodatæ.* 12mo. Pp. 246. Low, 1814.

Plautus was a dramatic poet of rich comic humor, and his plays are remarkable for their moral tendency. This edition, published for the use of schools, is enlarged by notes which will be found very useful to the student.

- ART. 16**—*A Comparative View of the Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and French languages; or, an easy and entertaining method of acquiring a knowledge of those languages at once, with or without a master.* By C. Laisné, Teacher of Languages. Formerly Private Tutor in the University of Paris; Author of Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and French Grammars. 12mo. Pp. 268. Longman. 1814.

This gentleman is a most indefatigable publisher. The present undertaking is very novel; but, like the preceding, very praise worthy. It professes to teach the study of several languages at one time. This—says the author—has, hitherto, been considered a very arduous task; but, by the present composition, it will become not only easy, but really entertaining; as well with regard to the brevity, perspicuity, and conformity of the rules, as with the agreeable variety of the illustrations, which are taken from the most admired authors.

Presuming the student to be acquainted alone with his mother-tongue, he is introduced to the declension of Latin nouns, as a ground-work, for the Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and French declensions of nouns, to be elevated, upon. The edifice, thus raised, is ingenious in its fabric; but we consider it to be too intricate.

- ART. 17**—*A Key to Gregory's Arithmetic; adapted to the first, and to a prepared second edition of that work; containing answers to the questions with the stating to each example in which proportion is concerned: and the work at length to those examples which are long, or in the least tedious. To which is affixed, a Compendium of Logarithmic Arithmetic: being a plain and succinct Explanation of the nature, construction, and use of Logarithms; deduced entirely from the principles of common Arithmetic.* By the Author of the Arithmetic. 12mo. Pp. 127. Longman & Co. 1814.

This treatise appears to be well deserving the patronage of school-masters.

## POETRY.

ART. 18.—*Virgil in London; or Town Eclogues; to which are added Imitations of Horace; Octavo. Pp. 126. 5s. Wilson. 1814.*

Some sprightly effusions of wit well seasoned with satire; comprising a literary side dish for the library table. These eclogues are introduced by a supposed dialogue between a lady and the author, wherein the latter thus pleasantly deprecates our opinion.

‘ Ye critics! before whose tribunals severe,  
As a dutiful bard I am bound to appear,  
Ye grave Aristarchuses! Monthly reviewers!  
Ye cold hearted judges, who strove to undo us!  
To a poet be merciful once in your lives,  
And spare him the smart of your critical knives;  
If sometimes, a truant from classical rules,  
His muse takes a licence unknown to the schools;  
Reflect *Alma-mater* is nothing to him,  
A laughing disciple of frolic and whim;  
Nor damn a poor Author for trifles like these;  
Who strives to amuse, and whose aim is to please.

A twice read petition, may be said to have had its prayer granted; and we readily confess a smile at several of the author's ideas, expressed in suitable rhyme and measures. From these we shall make another extract, though the subject might perchance have arisen from a serious joke; be that as it may, take it in our poet's own words.

Two prowling Bailiffs, hunting after prey,  
Tho' ancient Grub-stile sped their cautious way,  
When just at dawn, with joyful hearts they found,  
The tuneful Crambo prostrate on the ground;  
That Crambo, whom, with wondrous toil and pain,  
Three tedious days they sought, but sought in vain;  
That Crambo, who, though tipsy and in rags,  
Was still the very prince of rodes and satires;  
That Crambo, who, defied a growing pit,  
And still was thought a poet and a wit;  
And, ne'er repining at his fate, severe, though he himself  
Was damn'd at Covent-Garden twice a year.

Now, with a piece of card, both long and hard,  
The wary bailiffs bound the sleeping bard,  
Lest, when he woke, (a case we often see),  
Crambo should prove the simpler of the three.

His pockets next they rummag'd, but the duns  
 Found nought but scraps of epigrams and puns,  
 Flat, fulsome panegyrics, stiff in stays,  
 Remnants of farce, and fragments of new plays;  
 Love-sonnets, form'd the appetite to glut,  
 With interlard'd sentiments and snut;  
 An ode to riches, an address to morn,  
 With duplicates of sundry things in pawn;  
 Satires to give the ministers a burning,  
 Dull elegies, and sermons for old women;  
 Smooth verses full of groves and tinkling rills,  
 'The spirit of the book' and all-house bills;  
 A stöck romance in namby-pamby verse,  
 Three speeches of a tragedy in Erse,  
 A mouldy crust, directions for a purge,  
 And libels for the Satirist and Scurge;  
 A string of resolutions on the tapis,  
 Petition to the prince against the papists,  
 Proposals for a volume in the press,  
 Letters to friends complaining of distress;  
 Requesting they would all with open hands come,  
 And lettery puffs for Bish and Lady Beaumont;  
 Much more they found of literary trash,  
 But not a single halfpenny in cash.

## LAW.

**ART. 19.**—*The Jurisdiction of the Justices of the Peace*, and authority of Parish Officers, in all matters relative to Parochial Law, with practical forms of all necessary proceedings: the adjudged cases to Trinity Term, 1813 inclusive, and the Statutes of the last Session of Parliament. By Thomas Walter Williams, Esq. of the Inner Temple. Quarto. 2 Vols. Pp. 636, 659. £2. 12s. 6d. Kearsley.

THE various statutes and adjudged cases relating to parish law, is here compiled, and exhibited in one body, in a clear and distinct manner. It is a work which will be found highly useful to landholders, and a valuable guide to justices of the peace, in their decisions in all parochial concerns.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**ART. 20.**—*Pictures of Paris*: being a Complete Guide to all the public buildings, places of amusement, and curiosities in that metropolis: accompanied with seven descriptive routes, from the coast to Paris; with full directions to strangers, on their first arrival in that Capital. 18mo. Pp. 404. 5 fr. Galignani, 1814.

This is a better guide to Paris, than others we have seen. All objects of curiosity are exposed to the traveller, it is a useful vademecum.

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ART. 21.—*Letter to Mans, L. N. M. Carnot, Lieut-General &c. &c.* By an Englishman. 6vo. Pp. 27. R. Balduin, 1814.

This Pamphlet is written in the true spirit of John Bull, whatever the author feels he may want in argument, he supplies with sourrility. The sentiments which disgrace M. Carnot's Pamphlet must be hateful to all well thinking man; but abilities so brilliant as his, are not to be eclipsed by dull invective. M. Chateaubriand has published a most able reply, which we shall offer to our readers next month.

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ART. 22.—*An Index to the Anatomical medical, chirurgical, and Physiological papers contained in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, from the commencement of that work to the end of the year 1813.* Chronologically and Alphabetically arranged. 4to. J. Callow. 1814.

The General Index relating to the transaction of the Royal Society of London, is voluminous. Medical men, will therefore find this volume an easy direction to the objects of their reference.

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ART. 23.—*The Causes of the high price of Coals in the port of London explained, in a Letter to the Editor of the Times.* By Robert Hills, Coal Merchant. Richardson. 1814.

THE 'burning sin' against the public in regard to fuel, so successfully carried on during our enjoyment of the 'sweets of peace,' calls aloud for the interference of government. The participators in this shameful traffic, are already reduced to the subterfuge of shifting from 'shoulder to shoulder,' until the wickedness is laid at the shed of the petty dealer. The merchant now placing himself before us, thus 'accuses his brother.'

'That there are individuals in this, as in every other trade, who practise 'impositions,' and take 'shameful advantages,' I acknowledge and regret. Indeed, these characters, instead of striving to rise the price of coals, are the men who profess to diminish it. Almost every instance of improper conduct in the coal trade, may be traced to under-sellers. And here I cannot help observing, that those buyers who are unwisely eager after bargains, are the best supporters of these persons, and are peculiarly open to the designing and dishonest who easily entrap them with the bait of an under-price. Good souls! Chiding over a contract made at 5s. 6d. perhaps, over 10s. per



Childron under current rate? Be no longer happy in your fancied shrewdness: either in measure or quality, or in both, you are abused and robbed; undersellers are the bane of the trade; from the very nature of it, it is impossible to undersell, and make a profit honestly: use common sense, and always suspect the dealer who offers at an under-rate. The charges on delivery are well known: the market prices are furnished in printed lists, three times a week: if the supply exceed the demand, you will buy cheaper, and if it is less, you must be satisfied to buy dearer, resting assured, that an excess of price will operate its own cure, and produce the opposite extreme, as the ensuing year will probably exemplify.

# LIST OF BOOKS.

NOTE.—bd. signifies bound—h. bd. half-bound—sd. sewed. The rest are, with few exceptions, in boards. ed. signifies edition—n. ed. new edition.

Mason's (Archibald, L.L.B.) Sermons, chiefly on particular occasions, second ed. 8vo. 12s.

Anna, or, Edinburgh, a Novel, by Mrs. Roche, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Bankers (the) and Merchants Almanack for 1815, contains lists of Bankrupts, Dividends and Certificates in 1814. Lists of Town and Country Bankers, and Merchants also a list of Foreign Bankers, and Merchants lists of London and Country Newspapers; with the places through which they circulate annexed—of Public Offices, with the Hours of Business, a list of Country towns and Towns containing about 5000 inhabitants with the Inns, and different modes of conveyance to and from London, &c.

Bateman's (Thomas, M.D. F.R.S.) Physical Synopsis of Cutaneous Diseases, third ed. 8vo. 12s.

Bonjour's Sketch of the United States 8vo. 10s.

Beckman's (John) History of Inventions and Discoveries, translated from the German, by William Johnston, second ed. 4 vols. 8vo. 25. 6s. —Vol. IV. separately, 19s.

Bell's (Charles) System of Operative Surgery, founded on the Basis of Anatomy, second ed. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 18s.

—Dissertation on Gun-Shot Wounds, Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Berzelius's (J. Jacob, M.D. F.R.S.)

Attempt to establish a pure Scientific System of Mineralogy, translated from the Swedish Original, by John Black, 8vo. 6s.

Birt's (John) Sermon preached at the Annual Meeting of the Northern Education Society, August 31st, 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Blayney's (Major-General Lord) Narrative of a forced Journey through Spain and France, as a Prisoner of War, in the Years 1810 to 1814, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 6s.

Booth's (George) Observations on Lowering the Rent of Land and on the Corn Laws, 8vo. 2s. sd.

Bransby's (James Hews) Selections for Reading and Recitation, designed for the use of Schools, 19mo. 5s. 6d.

Byron's (Miss) Bachelor's Journal inscribed (without permission) to the Girls of England, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Cadet (The) a poem in six parts contains remarks on British India, to which is added Egbert and Amelie in four parts, with other Poems, by a late resident in the East 12mo. 2 vols. 14s.

Circumstantial (A.) Narrative of the Campaign in Russia. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Cunningham's (I.W. A.M.) Velvet Cushion, third ed. 8vo. 5s.

Farre's (J. R. M. D.) Pathologicæ Researches, Essay (I.) on Mal-forms

## Monthly Catalogue.—Correspondence.

tions of the Human Heart, royal 8vo. 7s.

Friend's (William, Esq. M. A.) Evening Amusements for the Year 1815. 12mo. 3s.

Fugitive, (The) Family Incidents, vols. 12mo. 13s. 6d.

Ghost (The) a Farce, in three Acts, by Zachary Jennings, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Gros's (C.) Elements of Conversation, French and English, second ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Henderson's (Robert) Treatise on the Breeding of Swine and curing of Bacon, with Hints on Agricultural Subjects, second ed. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Index (An) to the Anatomical, Medical, Chirurgical, and Physiological papers contained in the Transactions of the royal Society of London, from the commencement of that work, to the end of the year 1813. Chronologically and Alphabetically arranged &c. 10s. 6d.

London (The) Catalogue of Books with their sizes and Prices 1814, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Lowndes's (Charles) New and Complete History of England, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar, to the peace of Paris 1814, in Question and Answer, fourth ed. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Murch's (C. G.) eight Sermons preached before the university of Oxford, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Modern times; or the Age we live in. Posthumous Novel, by Elizabeth Helme, 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.

Paired—not matched; or matrimony in the nineteenth century, a Novel by Mrs. Ross, 4vols. 12mo. 12s.

Picture of Paris; being a Complete Guide to all the public Buildings, places of Amusement and Curiosities, in that Metropolis, by M. Calignani 16mo. 5 francs.

Spanish Campaign (The) or the Jew, a Novel, by Mrs. Mecke, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

Three Sermons, by R. Apsland 3s. Time's Telescope for 1815. 12mo 9s.

Treatise (A) on the Coal Trade with strictures on its abuses and hints for amelioration; an historical account of Coal mining; a chronological deduction of the rights, liberties, charters, and regulations under which the Coal Trade has existed from the reign of Henry 3d. to the present time; with extracts from the appendix of the ninth report of the Commissioners of naval inquiry by R. Edington, 2s. 6d. second ed.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to Mr. G. F. Babey's second communication respecting the discovery of Junius, we have to state, that we attended his lecture and were strongly impressed with the mass of evidence which he composed in favor of de L' Olme. As the subject is highly important, we trust his second lecture will convey equal conviction to the minds of his audience. The discovery, when confirmed cannot fail to reflect great credit on Dr Busby.

Mr. H. X. may expectareply after a little consideration.

I. B. P. will find a letter at our publisher's after the 2d.

We were sorry we could not insert the announcement of Mr. Myer's new work as we confine ourselves to those actually published.

THE  
**APPENDIX**

TO THE  
**SIXTH VOLUME**

9P  
**THE FOURTH SERIES**

OF THE

**CRITICAL REVIEW.**

**Vol. VI.**

**No. VII.**

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.**

**Dr. Smollet.**

The *Critical Review*, or *Annals of Literature*, commenced its publication in January, 1756.

In the plan of this Journal, Smollet, and his literary coadjutors, estimated the duties of the office they had assumed with justice and with moderation. They made strong professions of impartiality and independence; and, solemnly promised that they would revive the true spirit of criticism. That, they would never condemn or extol, without having first carefully perused the performance.... That they would never act under the influence of connection or of prejudice.—That they would not venture to criticise a translation, without understanding the original! That they would never wrest the sense, nor misinterpret the meaning of any author.... That they would not, without reluctance, disapprove even in a bad writer, who had the least title to indulgence.... And, that they would not exhibit a partial and unfair assemblage of the blemishes of any production.

Under these pledges, delicately fostered, criticism flourished in the sunshine of superior talent. Smollet en-

**APP. CRIT. REV. Vol. 6, 1814.**

**2T**

gaged in the arduous task, with honest, unremitting zeal; and he wrote his ample share, with a skill and taste that proclaimed his judgment, and ensured success.

Such, then, was the **FIRST SERIES** of our Review; and such, we venture to hope, will be the acknowledged characteristic of its **FIFTH SERIES**.

It is true, the public pledge contained in our short address, is not, thus, lavish in its promised bounties, and our motives are obvious. We know, that the Union of talent and education promises much; but, we likewise know that it seldom parallels the vigorous mind, the native humor, the felicitous wit, the rich varieties, and the diffusive genius of a Smollet.

The satellites of Jupiter, however, glitter in the presence of that transcendant planet. To be excelled is not to be obscured. With Smollet for our leading star, we will, henceforth, adventure: and, even in the regions of his splendour, we will pursue our emulative course of monthly evolutions.

Perchance, it may be objected, that this Appendix attaches to the past year. Good!....But, to so captious a remark, we could reply, that it is, nevertheless, *our* work and modelled on *our* new plan.

It has been truly affirmed by the biographers of Dr. Smollet, that, 'of the writers of the present age, eminent for their intellectual endowments, who have reflected honor upon human nature in general, or, upon our nation in particular, few will be found more deserving of biographical notice, than the object of this compressed narrative. Whether we consider the utility and elegance of his literary composition, the force and vivacity of his mind, or the disinterestedness and independence of his spirit.

All, who read with feeling, will take an interest, and that of the liveliest hue, in details which relate to the lives of those, from whose writings they have been accustomed to derive both pleasure and instruction; we therefore announce, that, the ancestors of Smollet were long established residents in the county of Dumbarton, where, throughout the eventful changes of the times, they acquired considerable property, and were advanced to the highest stations in the magistracy, as well as otherwise distinguished by honourable offices in the state.

Tobias George, the youngest son of Archibald Smollet, was born in 1721, at the old house of Dalghurn, near

Renton, in the valley of Leven, lying between Loch-Lomond and the town of Dumbarton.

This valley, in which Smollet drew his first breath, and passed his infancy, is rarely distinguished by nature, in the beauty and sublimity of its surrounding scenery. This abounding imagery, very early in life, appears to have awakened his fancy to poetry; for, by the magic of his youthful pen, the banks of this valley have been metamorphosed into classic ground.

His ode to Leven water is distinguished by delicacy of sentiment, picturesque description, and simplicity of expression. The images are pastoral and pleasing—the numbers correct and harmonious. In short, he celebrates his native stream with the simplicity of an Arcadian shepherd. Time, however, has changed the rural virtues, occupations, and pastimes of its former inhabitants; who, within these few years, have been gradually retiring from the invading prevalence of manufactures, wealth, and corruption of manners.

In early childhood, Smollet disclosed a lively wit, united with a vigorous understanding, and his amiable mother directed his pursuits to the study of men and manners.

At Dumbarton grammar school, he acquired the rudiments of the classics, exhibiting, throughout the progress of his studies, decided proofs of the acuteness of his understanding, the fertility of his imagination, and the independence of his spirit.

From Dumbarton, at a proper period, he removed to the university of Glasgow, where he prosecuted his studies with equal diligence and success, and contracted a predilection for the study of medicine, which induced his friends to apprentice him to Mr. John Gordon, a surgeon of extensive practice, and a man of good sense, integrity, and benevolence.

Speaking of his master—subsequently Dr. Gordon—in the character of Bramble, in his *Humphry Clinker*, he says, ‘that had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honored with a statue at the public expence.’

‘Being born,’ continues his biographer, ‘to the prospect of no hereditary riches, and brought up amid scenes which chiefly recalled the memory of warriors and military exploits, he had early imbibed romantic ideas, and expressed a strong inclination for the profession of arms, rather than the profession which sent him.’

‘To wait on pain, and silent arts to urge,  
Inglorious.’

But the particular bias which his mind had received from early impressions, was thwarted by his situation : for, his eldest brother having chosen the profession of a soldier, his grandfather prudently discouraged the inclination he expressed to follow his brother's example, thinking he should be able to promote their advancement in separate professions more effectually than in the same line.

' During his apprenticeship, he studied anatomy and medicine, under the different professors of the university, with sufficient diligence and reputation. These lectures, however, did not engross his whole attention, he found leisure to cultivate the study of general literature, particularly the belles lettres and poetry ; and found opportunities, also, of enlarging his knowledge of the characters of mankind, which afterwards became his favourite study on a larger theatre.'

We cannot record those early anecdotes which, at this period, developed the genius of young Smollet ; but the late Mr. Colquhoun of Camstraddam, informed Mr. Ramsay, that, while at college, he wrote satires on his cousins ; and, that Smollet's conversation, though lively, was one continued string of epigrammatic sarcasms against one or other of the company, for which no talents could compensate.

During his studies at the university, he wrote the tragedy, which was afterwards published under the title of 'The Regioide, or James the First of Scotland.' It is an extraordinary production for so young a pupil in the dramatic school of literature.

In his eighteenth year, young Smollet had the misfortune to lose his grandfather, who had, hitherto, maintained him respectably : and, in the year following, he adventured to London, where his tragedy, at the recommendation, as he tells us, of some literary friends, was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men, and, like other orphans, it was neglected.

Although unsuccessful in their efforts to recommend his tragedy to the managers at the winter theatres, his friends succeeded in procuring him the situation of surgeon's mate to a ship of the line, one in the formidable armament about to proceed to Carthage. The ceremony of passing for his warrant, is fully described in his subsequent adventures of Roderick Random.

The failure of this expedition, Smollet describes to the incapacity and misconduct of the commanders.

• The admiral was a man of weak understanding, strong prejudices.

boundless arrogance, and overboiling passions—the general, though he had some parts, was wholly defective in point of experience, confidence, and resolution.

At the return of this disgraced armament to Jamaica young Smollet quitted the service in disgust, and resided for some time on that island, where he became attached to Miss Nancy Lascelles, a beautiful and accomplished native, whom he afterwards married.

In 1746 he returned to London, and practised surgery, with the superior advantages of a liberal education, improved by foreign travel, and, by the experience he had acquired in the service of the navy. But, however qualified by study, or accomplished by practice, his success appears to have been very ill-proportioned to his merits.

About this period, the rash attempt to restore the house of Stuarts to the throne, for a while, elevated the hopes of the Jacobites, and excited the indignation of the loyal people of Great Britain. The accounts circulated in England of the excessive severities practised upon the Highlanders after the memorable battle of Culloden, aroused Smollet's indignation by offending that amor patriæ which had ever been a cherished feeling in his bosom.

He had been bred a whig, and the sensibility of his heart gave him the feelings of a Jacobite. Smarting with the keen sense of his country's wrongs, he expressed his bitter resentment in his pathetic and sublime ode—'The tears of Scotland.'

In 1748, Smollet published his *Roderick Random*, which novel was supposed to contain the history of the author's life, under the disguise of fiction—it gained him more reputation than money. In course of the following year, he took his degree of doctor in medicine, and offered himself a candidate for fame and fortune as a physician, but from what university he obtained this distinction is unknown.

In 1750 he went to Paris to survey the characters of mankind on a new theatre, and soon after wrote his adventures of *Peregrine Pickle*, a work, which certain booksellers took uncommon pains to stifle at its birth. This, like his former work, contained many real characters and incidents, but the most remarkable is the memoirs of Lady Vane, the materials, for which, were furnished to the author by that unfortunate lady, who, in personal charms and in accomplishments was inferior to no female of her time. Her life, however, exhibits a heart-rending moral to her sex, by delineating the miseries inseparable from a misapplication of superior endowments.

Smollet failing of success, in his medical character, retired to Chelsea, where he assumed the profession of an author; in which capacity, his genius, learning, and industry, were eminently conspicuous. In him, the booksellers found the pen of a ready writer in the path of general literature, comprehending compilation, translations, criticism, and miscellaneous essays. During the progress of his authorship, his political principles were ever unqualified. To the whig administration of George II. he was uniformly, and sometimes indecently, hostile; while, his attachment for the tories, was unrewarded by the opposition leaders, and, the strong enmity he had formerly expressed against theatrical managers, closed the avenues against him, which might, otherwise, have conducted him to the most profitable branch of literature.

We do not propose to follow Smollet throughout his literary struggles, or to enlarge on his several works. They are known, and appreciated, by every reader of literary taste. His translation of *Don Quixote*, in which the character of Sancho Panza is so highly preserved, is irrefragable proof of his having inherited from nature a general fund of original humour; but his talents were versatile and striking: he had a strong sense of ridicule, and a familiarity of style that could adapt itself to every class of composition. He was, alternately, solemn and lively—he possessed a most inventive genius with a vigorous imagination, and was equally happy in the sarcastic, the burlesque, or the vulgar—rare qualifications for a translator of Cervantes.

But we must positively arrest our feelings. The memoirs of Dr. Smollet would occupy a volume with contending interests: his life was greatly chequered by vicissitudes, and his talents depreciated by envy and jealousy; but, since his death, his complete *History of England*, with the *Continuation*, has been frequently reprinted, and sometimes in splendid editions; and the metamorphoses of his novels from 24mo. to 8vo. have been too numerous to be particularized. New editions of his travels have been called for, from time to time, and his translations of *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas* have been unceasingly reprinted.

\* The true character of Smollet, however, at the present period, when prejudice and partiality have, in great measure, subsided, will be better understood by \* an account of his life, than by any laboured

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\* Vide the life of Smollet, prefixed to his miscellaneous works, by Robert Anderson, M. D.



comment; yet, as he had the lot to be always more read than applauded, and less applauded than he deserves, it may not be superfluous to attempt to collect into one point of view his most prominent excellencies and defects, and to endeavour, by stating his literary pretensions, and estimating his worth, to ascertain the rank to which he is entitled among the writers of our nation, and to claim for him the respect which is due to his memory.

In his person and manners, Smollet was fashioned to prepossess all men in his favour: his figure was manly, graceful, and handsome; and, in his air and manner, there was a dignity that commanded respect, joined with a benignity that inspired affection. With the most polished manners and the finest address, he possessed a loftiness and elevation of sentiment and character, without vanity, or affectation: his general behaviour bore the stamp of true politeness, the result of an overflowing humanity and goodness of heart.

He was a man of upright principles, and of great and extensive benevolence. The friend of sense and of virtue, he not only embraced, but sought, occasions of doing good. He was the reliever of the distressed, the protector of the helpless, and the encourager of merit. His conversation was sprightly, instructive, and agreeable; like his writings, pregnant with wit and intelligence, and animated with sallies of humour and pleasantry.

In his opinions of mankind, except when his personal political prejudices were concerned, he was candid and liberal. To those who were above him, he allowed the due superiority; but he did not willingly associate with his superiors, and always with a consciousness of his personal dignity, and with evident indications of pride and reserve. To his equal and inferior he behaved with ease and affability, without the insolence of familiarity, or the parade of condescension.

With his amiable qualities and agreeable manners he united courage and independence. In the declarations of his opinions he was open; in his actions he was intrepid; often imprudent. A gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity, or formidable from their rank: no danger could prevent him from saying or doing those things which he conceived in themselves to be right, and in their consequences to be useful to his friends, or his country.

He had been bred a whig, and generally adhered to the principles of that party, which suited the independent turn of his mind; but impressed with a regard for public order and national tranquillity, he maintained a great reserve on the principles of resistance and opposition, amidst acknowledgements of their just foundation, and a sense of the benefits which arise to mankind from their seasonable operation. Regarding liberty as one great basis of national prosperity, he was jealous alike of encroachments on political freedom, and of the abuse of it.

He was so far a tory, as to love and revere the monarchy and hierarchy; he was so much a whig, as to laugh at the notions of

indefeasible right and non-resistance. He had a sincere love for his country, and a diffusive benevolence for the whole human race. His experience in the world inflamed his indignation against oppression, and his detestation of vice and corruption, in proportion to his love of virtue, and zeal for the public good: and, he thought it no violation of charity to stigmatise fraud, profligacy, and hypocrisy.

But, in his support of persons and measures, he sometimes considered only the persons and measures, without taking other objects and relations into the account. He was, more frequently, influenced by personal attachment, and hurried on by present impulse, than guided by comparative views of real advantage, examined by impartial reason. He was too apt to mistake the power of prepossession for the force of conviction. His opposition to men in power, often, in its warmth, exceeded the importance of the subject. He was, occasionally, misled by a heated imagination, strong resentment, and the mortification of disappointed hope, into bitterness and party violence, long kept alive by the indecent and irritating provocations of triumphant adversaries.

Under these impressions, his descriptions as a historian, were often distorted, and his decisions, as a critic, were sometimes warped by personal prejudice, and expressed in the harsh terms of contempt. He was jealous of his own fame, almost the sole reward of his labors, but he was not envious of that of others. He was easily provoked; but the vengeance he took was public, not circulated in whispers. Whatever end he pursued, he followed with an eagerness that was not necessary to compass it. The defects in his temperament, natural or habitual, made him unprosperous and unhappy. His sensibility was too ardent; his passions were too easily moved, and too violent and impetuous. His disposition was irritable, imprudent, and capricious; his candour frequently became incredulity; his liberality, often subjected him to deception: his favours were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance, not so much from want of discernment, as from want of resolution—for, he had no fortitude to resist the importunity of even the most worthless and insignificant. He neglected sometimes to make use of the acute remarks he has made on the characters and conduct of others. In the domestic relations, his conduct was tender, affectionate, and exemplary. In friendship he was ardent and steady; and the cordial esteem of his friends, and acquaintance is an honourable testimony to his moral and social character; but in the latter part of his life, he sometimes very feelingly bewailed the neglect and ingratitude he had experienced, in consequence of the mistaken connections he had formed, and to which every man of warm attachments will be exposed. He was known, however, to no man by whom his loss was not sincerely regretted.

In the practice of physic, for want of suppleness, application, and perseverance, he never was eminent. As an author, he was less

successful, than his happy genius and acknowledged talents certainly deserved. His connections were extensive, his friends numerous and respectable. He was intimately acquainted with the most eminent of his literary and poetical contemporaries; he was respected by the world as a man of superior talents, wit, and learning, and had rendered himself serviceable to men in power; but he never acquired a patron among the great, who, by his favour or beneficence relieved him from the necessity of writing for a subsistence. Booksellers may be said to have been his only patrons; and, without doubt, he made a great deal of money by his connections with them, and, had he been a rigid economist, he might have lived and died very independent. He was not of that turn of mind which disposes men to become rich, and probably could not have made a fortune in any situation of life. But his difficulties, whatever they were, proceeded not from ostentation or from extravagance. He was hospitable, but not ostentatiously so: his table was plentiful, but not extravagant. An irritable and impatient temper, and a proud, improvident disposition were his greatest failings. In alleviation of his defects, let it be remembered, that a composed and happy temper, at heart at ease, and an independent situation, the most favourable circumstances perhaps to an author's fortune, was not the lot of Smollet. With a necessary indulgence of his frailties and errors, and making due allowance for a spirit cramped by a narrow fortune, wounded by ingratitude, and irritated by the malignant shafts of envy, dullness and profligacy, it would be difficult to name a man so respectable for the extraordinary powers of his genius and the generous qualities of his heart.

The predominant excellencies of his mind were fertility of invention, vigorous sense, brilliant fancy, and versatile humour. His understanding was quick and penetrating; his imagination lively; his memory retentive; and, his humour original. In the course of his literary career he had written variously and much. His writings must be allowed as proofs of a versatility, as well as fecundity, of talents, not to be disputed, and perhaps seldom or never exceeded by any writer in the same period of years.

In extent and variety of science and erudition he has been surpassed by many; but he shews in his compositions, that he was intimately acquainted with Greek and Roman literature, and had studied with success the various branches of modern learning. He had an extensive knowledge, not only of physic and the arts and sciences, but in moral and political philosophy, in ancient and modern history, in the laws and institutions of Europe, and, in the constitution and government of his own country.

But the principal subject of his deliberate enquiry was the human character; and, in his literary progress, the representation of life and manners was his principal object. Man he surveyed with the most accurate observation. His understanding acute and vigorous, was well fitted for diving into the human mind; he had a strong sense of propriety, and a nice discernment, both of natural and moral

beauty and deformity. His humour, lively and versatile, could paint justly and agreeably what he saw in absurd or ludicrous aspects. He possessed a rapid and clear conception, with an animated unaffected and graceful style.

With much simplicity, he has much purity, and, is at the same time, both forcible and copious. His observations on life, are commonly just, strong, and comprehensive; and, his reasoning generally sound and conclusive. His perceptions of beauty and deformity are vivid and distinct, his feelings ardent, his taste correct. His satire is prompt and natural, yet keen and manly. His humour, tho' lively and puerile, is not perhaps equal in strength and elegance to that of Congreve and Swift. In chastity and elegance it is inferior to that of Addison, but equal in purity and moral tendency to that of his contemporary Fielding. It is poignant, sprightly, variegated, and founded in truth: it successfully exposes hypocrisy, impropriety, and such vices as are objects of ridicule. To trace the latent sources of human actions, and to develop the various incongruities of conduct arising from them, was the favorite bent of his mind; and, in describing objects of this kind, whether in the way of fabulous narration, or dramatic composition, he is so peculiarly happy, that as a natural and humorous painter of life and manners, he has reflected the highest honour on the place of his nativity, and must even be considered by his country among the first of her sons in literary reputation.

To conclude—During a residence in Italy, Smollet published, in 1771, his *Expedition of Humphrey Clinker* in 3 volumes 12mo.; in which, under the character of Matthew Bramble, whimsically fretful and misanthropic, he humorously represented his own failings.

This was his last publication. A life of labour, of honourable industry, and of many difficulties and disappointments, was now drawing to a close. He lingered through the summer, during which his strength, gradually, failed him; but he retained his lively humour, his fortitude, and his composure to the last. He died on the 21st of October, 1771 in the 51st year of his age. A plain monument is erected to his memory by his disconsolate widow, on which an admirable inscription, by his friend Dr. Armstrong, is modestly engraven.

ART. II.—*Charlemagne ; ou l'Eglise délivrée ; Poëme Epique, en vingt quatre Chants ; par Lucien Bonaparte, Membre de l'Institut de France. Tom 2. Quarto. Pp. 392, 419. £3. 6s. Longman et Co. 1814.*

This splendid poem we should have been disposed to hail as the finished labour of a Cincinnatus---the intellectual recreation of a vigorous mind, associating with an active fancy, to cheer the calm of unaccustomed retirement---but the author has forbidden us.—In his dedication to the Pope, he states, that

‘PROVIDENCE, *after a four years captivity, has reconducted him to the feet of his holiness.*’

So much for Italian gratitude! We really thought, that M. Lucien Bonaparte had *politically* exiled himself to the environs of Rome---that novus of his personal safety had conducted him to Malta ; and, finally, that *terror* had driven him to seek his only Asylum in this Country.

When it was asked, in writing, of a deaf and dumb youth, ‘What is the meaning of gratitude?’ he replied, with every feature highly animated---‘It is the remembrance of the heart.’ We leave it to casuists to decide on the ‘remembrances’ of that heart which could, deliberately, record to posterity, that an *alien*, the brother of a usurper, had sought protection, in his misfortunes, from the humanity of the English nation, and, that they loaded him with captivity!

This holy dedication proceeds to state---‘Pendant ces années d’épreuve’---*during these years of probation*---I have completed the long Poem, which, in its early progress, you condescended to dignify with your approbation. It dwells on the precious remembrances, contained in his holiness’s letters, which supported the *Captive*, his wife, and his children, in their *Captivity*!

This poem was begun ten years ago in the neighbourhood of Rome ‘sur les Monts de Tusculum’ whither the *royal fugitive* had retired. It was continued during his residence at Malta ; and was concluded, as he emphatically repeats, during his *captivity* in England. The poem is written in sweetly harmonious numbers, elegantly adapted by the author to his subject ; but it does not boast a poet’s fire. It is composed of twenty two cantos ; each consisting of, from forty to fifty, ten lined stanzas ; and, is dated May, 1814.

The argument recites, that in the eighth century, the emperors of Constantinople were reduced, from their sovereignty in Italy, to the limited possession of some scattered provinces around the confines of the present kingdom of Naples. The result of this revolution was, that the citizens of Rome, cordially appreciating the blessings they enjoyed under the paternal solitudes of a sovereign pontiff, refused to acknowledge any other supremacy. The Lombards, however, were loud in their hereditary claims, derived from conquest, and these they resolved to maintain. In this extremity, Pope Gregoire III. implored the aid of Charles Martel, a royal Duke of France, whose recent victory over the Saracens had acquired to him the title of 'Saviour of Christianity.' The operations of Charles Martel silenced the ambition of Luitprand the 'Turkish prince.'

But Astolphe, the successor of Luitprand, renewed his pretensions, and actually besieged the city of Rome. Pope Etienne III. thereupon, sought succour from Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, then king of France. Pepin assembled his Parliament, in whose voice, he declared war against the Lombards. In this contest, Astolphe was wholly defeated; when, the temporal authority of the Pope was, unmolestedly, established on the free suffrages of the Roman people, guaranteed by the crown of France.

At the death of Astolphe, the Pope, uniting with the king of France, invested Didier with the crown of Lombardy, in the presumption, that a monarch of their own creation, would willingly repay his exaltation, by confirming the repose of the Romish Church. But, at the death of Pepin, Didier openly renewed his dormant pretensions; and, having strengthened his power by an alliance with Constantin, an excommunicated Greek Prince, and by the intermarriages of his two elder daughters with Jasillon, duc de Baviere, the most powerful of the German potentates, and, with Ezelin duc de Bénévent et de Salerne, and reigning Prince over those provinces now composing the kingdom of Naples---his next policy was to close the passage of the Alps against the Pope's zealous partisans in France, who had been accustomed to cross those mountains, to defend the holy siege.

To effect this desideratum, he offered his third daughter, in marriage, to Charlemagne the elder son of Pepin; and, that Prince, to accept the offer, repudiated his lawful

wife. Pope Adrien denounced the vengeance of the church against this scandal; but, Charles persisted; and publicly espoused the Lombard \*Princess. Didier, now, assured of the neutrality of France, advanced his forces to the invasion of le Duché de Spolète. At this epoch, one year after the marriage of Charlemagne, the action of this narrative commences.

In the construction of an Epic Poem, our author observes, that Homer, and all his imitators, created Gods distinguishable either for all the virtues, or for all the vices. This variety of divinities may be essential to the embellishment of Epic composition; but the heathen mythology abounds in fancy; whereas, religion can only be portrayed with sublimity of thought and energy of expression. The one may be termed the beautiful in poetry---the other must be dignified as the sublime. Allegory may ornament light poetry; but to elevate the mind, we must impress it with the grandeur of moral truth.

Pope Clement, in a letter to Voltaire, observes---‘I am of opinion, that the intervention of Gods, of angels, and of saints, are improper to give life to our poems. Let Homer celebrate his Mars, his Juno, his Vulcan, and his Venus; but the rites of our religion embrace awful grandeur, and disdain the adventitious aid of frivolous embellishment. The marvellous, notwithstanding, is inseparable from epic composition. The poet must be inspired---he must feel a divinity within him: like the prophets of old, he must peruse in the heavens the will of providence: he must decipher the bonds which contract human events with the will of the Almighty: the whole action of his poem must breathe an air of the marvellous. We should be taught to feel the omnipotence of God, and to witness the obedience of his creatures. From the beginning to the end, we should see the impulse of superhuman agency directing the thoughts and actions of mankind; and we should behold the divinity, as HE IS, all powerful, all merciful, and omnipresent.’

With this lesson, the religious Lucien aspires, although not successfully, to introduce the marvellous, and to give grandeur to his action: to animate his descriptions with divine fire; and, to reject the fairy legion, as ini-

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\* Bonaparte's Pope was not quite so religiously scrupulous with regard to the ill-fated Josephine.

mical to the majesty of his labours. He compares the poetry of Virgil, Homer, Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, and others; and, after essaying a variety of numbers, he has adopted those, which to his genius, appear best suited to harmonize the grandeur of his subject.

From our poet's awfully magnificent picture of the inmates of Hell, we extract the following passages.

Chant 9. Stan : XXIV.

L'intrépide brigand, qui du pays Latin  
Ravagea si long temps la paisible contrée,  
Que la voix des flatteurs fit descendre de Rhée,  
L'assassin de Rémus gémit près de Cain.  
Ce fils d'Olimpias, ce mortel téméraire,

Qui du Dieu de tonnerre  
Osa se dire issu dans son aveugle orgueil,  
Dont le vaillant Clitus éprouva la furie,  
Et qui couvrit dix ans tout l'orient de deuil,  
Scander verse des pleurs sur sa longue vie.

XXV.

C'est en vain qu'il domta la moitié de la terre :  
C'est vainement qu'il fut le premier des guerriers ;  
Il est au sombre bords avec les meurtriers,  
Tandis que parmi nous une gloire éphémère  
Environné le nom de ce vainqueur fameux.

Ce triumvir heureux  
Qui du noble César démantent la Clémence,  
Décima sans pitié les Romains épurdus,  
Octave relisant ses listes de vengeance,  
Gémit avec Antoine auprès de Lepidus.

XXVI.

D'un règne de trentes ans la paix et le bonheur  
Et les brillant pinceaux de Virgile et d'Horace  
D'Octave triumvir ont effacé la trace ;  
Mais le meurtre jamais n'échappe au ciel vengeur.  
Plus loin Domitius, assassin de son frère,

Assassin de sa mère,  
Voit toujours un poignard qui menace ses flancs.  
Sénèque qui loua le meurtre d'Agrippine,  
Vil orateur du crime, et flatteur des tyrans,  
Éprouve au milieu d'eux la vengeance divine.



## XXVII.

‘ Dans la troupe maudite on voit ces homicides,  
Qui de leur propre sang méconnaissant la voix,  
Et cachant leurs forfaits sous le manteau des lois  
Immolèrent leurs fils de leurs mains parricides.  
Ici, Timoleon git pris de Manlius ;

Ici, les deux Brutus,

Laches ambitieux, héros d'imposture.....  
Qui, malgré les clameurs de l'aveugle univers,  
Les premiers des liens sont ceux de la nature ;  
Et celui qui les brise appartient aux enfers.

## XXVIII.

Parmi ces assassins que des rois sont comptés !  
L'Orgueil d'un vain pouvoir a causé tous leurs crimes,  
Clotaire et Chilperic entassant les victimes,  
Frédérone levant ses bras ensanglantés,  
Athalie égorgeant tous les rois de sa race,  
Par leur cruelle audace  
Sur un trône incertain crurent se raffrenir :  
Quel était, malheureux, votre espoir éphémère ?  
Pensiez-vous à vos loix soumettre l'avenir,  
Et du fond des tombeaux régler encore la terre ?

## XXIX.

La folle ambition, dans ces calculs avides,  
Fonde ces grands projets sur des sables mouvants ;  
Un atome suffit pour perdre les tyrans :  
Du sort le moins prévu les mouvements rapides  
Viennent leur arracher le fruit de leurs forfaits ;  
Ou bien si le succès  
Semble les couronner d'une gloire éclatante,  
Ils triomphent un jour : Mais bientôt a grand pas  
L'Eternité paraît, terrible, menaçante,  
Et plonge leur orgueil dans la nuit du trépas.

Positively, Mr. Lucien Bonaparte, at this passage, is no flatterer. He disdains to conceal the truth, even though the avowal may *change* to wound the *honorable* feelings of a fallen brother.

The Ex-emperor, with an active mind, is described to be a great patron of the arts, and a profound reader. Should this poem find the way to his Elba library, with what emotions will he read the above extracts !

That ‘ intrepid brigand, Alexander the Great,’—the murderer of his friend Clytus—is doomed to linger in

torments with Cain: he is, moreover, execrated as the ruthless author of a ten years mourning throughout the eastern world.

What a prospect for the murderer of the Duc d'Enghein, the poisoner of Jaffa, the burner of Moscow, the ravager of Italy, and the scourge of that 'paisible contrée,' ill-fated Switzerland!

In vain....says our poet....did Alexander conquer half the universe....In vain, was he styled the first of warriors: he, now, mingles with murderers in the infernal regions, while a poor ephemeral glory, in this world, scarcely glitters round the venal memorials of his proud achievements.

Seneca is associated in a groupe with the two Brutus. Seneca, the moralist! but our poet believes in Tacitus, who represents that philosopher to have been the base flatterer of tyrants, and the abject apologist of murder. Tyranny is the offspring of ambition, and ambition is the deadly hate of Lucien Bonaparte. Yet he extols the 'noble Cæsar,' as Virgil does the 'pius Æneas;' these, however, are poetical licences.

We find hell peopled with every description of human monster; but, at ambition, our author hurls the red-hot bolt of his poetic thunder.

How shall we account for these opinions! they were written by Lucien *the captive*, when his brother rioted in all the guilty plenitude of arrogated power; and, when Europe trembled at his terrific nod.

Now, considering the *virtuous* Lucien Bonaparte NEVER was ambitious; NEVER a republican; NEVER a notorious plunderer; his wrath against this particular species of crime, is a most natural passion in an honest bosom.

'How many assassins,' says he, 'do we find among the Histories of Kings; ambition has been the daring motive of their crimes; but ambition, when most exalted, stands on the perils of a quicksand. A single atom has strength to overthrow a tyrant; and, from events, least comprehensible to human intellect, a fated whirlwind wrests from his impotent grasp the whole treasure amassed by his infernal machinations. Success may, for its hour, throw a radiance round the gloomy brow of Tyranny; but, all this worldly glory fades, like an exhausted meteor, when eternity, clad in terrible array, obscures the vanities of man in everlasting night. Our first law, is the law of nature; and he who

breaks that sacred bond, is destined to the torments of the damn'd!"

We pause....at least to *doubt*....whether this pious rage originate in virtue, or in fraternal hatred. If the latter, how much cause had the *captive* Lucien to rejoice in his fetters!

These reflections are torn from us, by the spirit of our author; but we will restrain our feelings to pursue his poetic labours.

Most probably, Mr. Lucien has taken Dante and Milton for his *môdels*, in the construction of this *Canto*; not, we presume, with a vanity to rival their transcendent talents; but, with praiseworthy emulation. Of this he may be assured, his *Charlemagne* will long live to be valued as the production of an accomplished genius. His best intellectual faculties are called into action; and, although his labours may not, critically, excite extraordinary wonder, they cannot fail to impress the reader, with a conviction of his classic endowments, as well as his poetic taste.

Still, in our mind, this work is more the offspring of policy, than of morality: the author is either a bigot or a hypocrite; perhaps, both. His labours finished, and his iron bars removed by the unresisting abdication of his pusillanimous brother, we find Lucien Bonaparte fluttering his wings of liberty, which speedily wafted him to the foot of the pontifical throne. His dedication was accepted by the pope, who rewarded 'his son in Jesus Christ,' with the title of a Roman Prince. Here, we find the simple 'membre de l'institut de France' playing a high political game; and, it is truly said of him, by the most nervous journalist of our day, that he has not grown into good graces since his elevation. It was all very well to return to Italy, and live on a good estate; and even to go to the pope's court, if it would have been thought a piece of incivility to do otherwise: neither, may it be, altogether, objectionable to have accepted a title from his holiness, which was, perhaps, from the same cause, not well to be avoided. But, to be busy in communication with that person, to dedicate his poem to him, in terms of submissiveness, two centuries old, to make dilettanti parties with such creatures as Charles IV. of Spain, and the prince of peace, to read, in these parties, verses in praise of their government, when he

was ambassador at Madrid---involve, in our minds, so much palpable face-making---so much voluntary falsehood to his own conscience....so much bad want of pride.... and so much petty revenge against his brother....that, unless accounts be as false as appearances, he must lose with the respectable, all the effect of his late retired life; and, instead of an independent man and a philosopher, he must be content to be regarded as the weakest and paltriest of his family.

We learn that the translation of this poem into English rhyme, has been, already, undertaken by the Rev. S. Butler, D.D; and by the Rev. T. Hodgson, A.M. gentlemen, well qualified to the task.

**ART. III—*De l'Etat de la France, sous la Domination de Napoléon Bonaparte.*** Par L. A. Pichon, ancien chargé d'affaires et Consul-général aux Etats-Unis, et ancien Conseiller d'état, et intendant général du trésor en Westphalie. 1 tom. Pp. 298. Paris. J. G. Dentu. 1814.

THIS work was published at Paris, on the 12th April, 1814; and, is one of the many bold effusions, which the dawning liberty of the press in that capital, gave to the indulgence of public curiosity.

The author, in his own person, affords to us a glaring instance of the instability of human greatness, when cultured in the pernicious hotbed of despotic influence. He is announced to us, divested of those dignities with which he had formerly been capriciously invested, and we receive him, on his return to Paris, after a banishment of eight years from his country, his family, and his fortune.

Inspired with the independence which restored monarchy had granted to the avowal of individual opinion, he sits down to describe the situation of his country under the dominion of Bonaparte: a period, which, by restraining, had almost obliterated the faculty of reflection, and reduced a polished and a learned nation, to the degradation of instinctive human beings!

The volume before us contains a detail of the author's services under the Prince of Benevento, in which capacity he acquired a more than ordinary facility of becoming acquainted with the secret springs by which the state

machine had been accustomed to make its terrific movements, at the guidance of a Machiavel. The cause of his disgrace is thus avowed. He had the imprudence in the year 1803, while residing at Washington in America, to express his undisguised sentiments on the short peace of Amiens; and Jerome Bonaparte being present, he was instantly denounced by him, at the court of France, and the most humiliating disgrace followed his temerity.

In perusing this work, we discover how France, in her republican efforts to attain liberty, pursued a delusive phantom, which, throughout the complicated mazes of civic horrors, conducted her to the dreary extremities of national anarchy. In the vain hope of well-digested reform, she consigned her too credulous sons to the *paternal embrace* of Bonaparte, who, with a demon's grasp, wrested from them all the dearest and most sacred rights of humanity.

Thus, for a period of five and twenty years, has this devoted country, abandoning her prosperity, and trampling upon her legitimate constitution, pursued a career of those bloody vicissitudes, which are inseparable from the frenzies of revolution; and the only change she experienced was, a translation from one system of tyranny to another still more diabolical.

Speaking of Bonaparte, our author says, if the talisman of truth could be applied to the heart of this man, the following would be his confession.

'I became a principal actor on the political theatre of France, at the invitation of the reigning faction—the faction of Barras—pre-eminent in venality, and monstrous in desperation.

'On the 18th Brumaire, I found myself seated at the head of the government. Here, I discovered a nature dead to every feeling of humanity, but glowing with boundless ambition. I was a novice in the art of governing, and associated round my persons, men of talent, the delegates of the nation, the representatives of every party. It was the duty of those people to have guided my actions. But, what has been the result of their ten years council? In my downfall, who are the most violent among my accusers? Those, who during my power have been dearest to my confidence—those, who in that period, filled my mind with the most daring and unnatural projects...those, who planted poisonous seeds in the constitution, in the dreadful vegetation of which, I am now made solely answerable.

'For ten years, the constant maxim of these councillors

was---the French people to be happy must be held in bondage; and this was their foreign policy. All Europe, they assured me, was in a state of revolutionary ferment; by artfully appearing the soother of their disease, I was allured to prolong their suffering, till universal anarchy should give me universal sovereignty.

‘Under the mask of opposing revolution, the Royalists and the Revolutionists, mutually, involved me in perpetual revolution; and, goaded me to acts destructive of all good order. Their united influence lighted up a general flame of despotism, unquenchable as destructive.

‘By the constitutional authorities I was instructed, that the people were not entitled to the formality of a constitutional government. Laws, civil and criminal, were made at the caprice of the great law officers, the crime of signing them, alone, attached to me. Commerce and public credit were objects of ridicule with my financiers, and, those of the most profound talents, tortured language into unheard of panegyric, to exalt my virtues, and to immortalize my glory!

‘My smile was the ‘consummation devoutly to be wished;’ and these base sycophants became colossal in fortune and in honors, in proportion as I grew a monster in every variety of crimes!

‘Yet, am I told, that in my terrors, I acted alone....that I had no accomplices!’

This is a dreadful tale; and, as we fear, no fiction: But whom does it attack? The very individuals, alas! whom policy still attaches to the restored house of Bourbon.

This is a magic volume, that forcibly uplifts a mystic veil with patriotic magnanimity. I am well aware, exclaims the author, that my bold opinions may be termed the language of a madman. Great God! what would be the just conclusions of Europe at large, if, at the moment of our emancipation from the oppression of misery unparalleled, we still continued to wear the degrading badge of slavery? Shall we fear to disclose with freedom, with independence, and with publicity, the infernal machinery of our long protracted slavery? If, indeed, the fall of tyranny do not release us from these humiliating fears, what blessings can be said to await us? If we were thus abject, could we dream of emancipation? Could we fondly contemplate the benignant charms of an organized government? No! the balance of political power....the responsibility of ministers....the repre-

resentation of the people....the public weal....ALL....would dwindle to a shadow!!!

The course of this work includes the character of Bonaparte....the cabinet council....the promulgation of the laws....the senate....the legislative body....the different ministers....the finance....the police, &c. &c. &c. and, in short, develops the whole system of Bonaparte's government.

Frivolous, unstable, infatuated people! Madmen, who in the paroxysms of republican fury, overthrew the statue of Henri IV. to place a Bonaparte on his pedestal! 'Notre bon Henri,' as he was familiarly called by his people. Let us consider the claims of that magnanimous Prince to the unfading veneration of his fickle countrymen.

Henri IV. says the President Francis, was the best king that ever graced the throne of France. He was her general and her minister. He united candour with policy, and nobility of sentiment with simplicity of manners. He was a prodigy in valour, and a cherub in humanity. His words were candour, and his actions goodness. He modelled the public finance on principles the most admirable. He regulated his police, disciplined his armies: justice sat pre-eminent in his courts of law: he gave peace to contending religions; and domestic comfort blessed the poorest fire side.

These were his virtues....his failings were, a love of play, and a devotion to women; but let the severe moralist ponder on the sentiments of this royal libertine.

'I would rather,' said he, 'lose ten mistresses than one Sully.' And, at a time when confined by an alarming illness, he said affectionately to his illustrious minister, 'My friend, you know I have no fear to die, for you have often seen me brave death in the midst of contending perils; but, I lament to quit this life, without having testified to my people, *by my actions*, that a king may love his subjects as dearly as if they were his children. If it should please God to prolong my days, my great ambition will be, to enable the lowliest of my subjects to boil his pullet for his Sunday's dinner.'

Alexander the Great knew well how to estimate popularity, when he said to his son, upon an occasion—

Vides, mi fili, quam levis discrimen pastibulum inter et statuum?

**ART. IV.—*Histoire Militaire des Français*, depuis Pharamond jusqu'au commencement du règne de Louis XVI. suivie des notions nécessaires à l'intelligence de cette Histoire—d'un précis sur la composition des armées ; le mode des Levées ; le temps de service ; l'établissement de la solde ; la designation des differens corps ; la forme des armes offensives et défensives avant et depuis l'invention de poudre ; les grades ; les peines et les récompenses militaires—de notices raisonnées sur la vie et les actions des principaux capitaines ; et terminée par un table Chronologique des batailles memorables et des traités de paix celebres depuis 451 jusqu'en 1763. 3 toms. Pp. 616. 618. 644. A Paris. Valade. 1813.**

WE are greatly surprised to find a work, so important in its object, and so immediately calculated to give celebrity to its author, announced without a name. It is, nevertheless, well worthy the attention of military men ; and, the more so in this country, since a long and disastrous succession of general hostilities has taught our armies to know, and to value, the art of war.

This history opens previously to the beginning of the fifth century, when Gaul, conquered by Julius Cæsar, became tributary to the Romans, and wore their badge for a duration of nearly five hundred years. This rich conquest was, however, at the close of that period, arrested from their sovereignty by three German nations, namely, the Visigoths, who settled in the south ; the Burgundians, who settled in the east ; and the Franks, who settled in the north.

This vast country, subsequently the scene of continual bloodshed, at length submitted to the strongest power. The Franks were its proud conquerors ; and it was governed by their laws. From Clovis to Napoleon le Grand, we trace, in this work, the military history of a country, celebrated for its conquests, enriched by the arts, and pre-eminent in the political scale of Europe.

The different reigns of intermediate kings are given in chronological order ; and the art of war is developed throughout an emulative progress to improved civilization, in the various battles won and lost during this vast period. A brief biography records the valour of many illustrious heroes ; and, in short, a general history is compressed within this valuable military detail.

No country is better calculated than France to afford materials for a military history. During the government of Bonaparte, a military depot was organized in Paris, which



held communication with every officer commanding on service; and, to this depot, the latter regularly transmitted Memoirs, including the topography of their march, with observations on all surrounding positions, and these were regularly recorded, compared, and digested, by experienced officers appointed to that duty.

Bonaparte was, unquestionably, a great general. He led his armies to frequent victory, and enriched them with plunder. To his armies, therefore, his name continues to be dear; and we only regret, that he should still exist, from principles of mistaken honor, to cherish an attachment fatal to the repose of France, and injurious to the welfare of all Europe.

## HISTRIONIC SKETCHES.

### *Kemble & Talma.*

These gentlemen, we understand, to have been contemporary students at the Jesuits College; and, to the enlightened instructions of that, then, pre-eminent academy, they stand indebted for the superiority of their classical endowments.

In their riper years, whatever else the wishes of their friends, each appears to have been devoted, by taste, to the attainment, and, by assiduity, to the perfection, of the dramatic art. And yet, nature has very partially assisted their ambition. Mr. Kemble's person is noble.....M. Talma's is almost diminutive; but each presents us with a bust, so truly Roman, that it might serve a statuary for a model.

Talma's features are rigidly marked; but his eyes are so quick, and so piercing, that they diffuse variety, and apparent flexibility, throughout his countenance. Kemble's animated features are exclusively adapted to a delineation of all the loftier passions of the soul. Talma's voice is rich, even mellifluous, yet it is susceptible of all that heroic clipax, which the poetry of Voltaire exacts from the declaimer. Kemble's voice is, altogether, unmusical; still, it is so obedient to his art, that it electrifies in *Coriolanus*, and subdues in *Cato*.

In the former character, we never beheld Kemble. It is the SPIRIT of the proud, inflexible, imperious, hero of Corioli that commands our admiration.

In Cato, we see all the milder passions of the human heart expressed in declamation, exclusively, the province of a scholar and a gentleman.

Shakespeare, in his poetry, pursues gradation of feeling; and, the sublimity of his pathos is exquisitely shaded by delicacy and grace. Voltaire, on the contrary, is impetuous; his delineations of the human mind are conceived with gigantic vigour: they are imperative, never insinuating. But, in one essential excellence, the genius of these two great actors assimilates. We mean, in what is termed the bye-play of the piece.

Talma, released from the fetters of his author, is eloquent in silence. He unfolds his natural sensibility; he freely displays a masterly acquaintance with the minutest affections of the heart. To substantiate Kemble's perfection on this head, we will merely direct our reader's attention to his Cato, when the approaching bier, announced by muffled drums, advances with the dead body of his son.

Here, Mr. Kemble surpasses all expectation. To his obedient features, he communicates the sterner virtue of the Roman father; but during the solemn pause of the procession, while Stoicism is firmly stamped on his expressive countenance, we discover the inward workings of a parent's sorrows. His bosom heaves with repressed, yet violent emotion. Every sinew of his bare neck swells almost to bursting....the conflict is agonizing...he is nearly suffocated by nature; till, at length, the Roman triumphs; and, with an air of exultation, turning to view the corse, Cato exclaims: 'Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!'

Talma, however, is the idol of the French stage; and, we have seen Kemble, lately, in his best characters at almost empty benches. The French are said to be light, puerile, and fantastic, in all their pursuits. What shall we say of the English, who run after every trifling gaw-gaw, with as much eagerness, as Peter Pindar tells us, Sir Joseph Banks, pursued the 'Emperor of Morocco.'

Popinjays....who, for the capricious indulgence of an ephemeral novelty, with their eyes wide open, relinquish every pretension to truth, taste, judgment, or feeling!

Mr. KEAN.

We speak of this popular performer alone. Fashion has placed him on an eminence, from which he is taught to look down on his contemporaries, and to smile contemptuously on all who arrogantly aspire to rival his supremacy. We do not say this, in disrespect to Mr. Kean; it is not his fault: let him, however, remember that he who is suddenly exalted by caprice, may, as suddenly, fall, even beneath his own level.

That Mr. Kean possesses an active, untutored, genius, we are desirous to admit, but, we deny, that he possesses judgment to model its course. His great forte is originality; and, originality of conception, united with grandeur of action, are powerful theatrical attributes. But to what object is this talent directed? To new readings of Shakespear, by a very young man, whose life, like that of Silvester Daggerwood, has been devoted to the enaction of every species of dramatic mummery, from Alexander the Great to Harlequin, in a petty provincial theatre.

Persons accustomed to look through false optics, and, flattered in their delusion, seldom like to peep into the mirror of truth. We do not, now, hold it up, 'to wound, but to amend.'

Not to be diffuse in our retrospect, we will select Garrick from the old school, and enquire what were his deficiencies in the reading of Shakespear. Dramatic critics tell us, he was a scholar, a wit, a gentleman; and, so peculiarly gifted by nature, that he was, equally, the chaste representative of tragedy and of comedy.

May we not, therefore, presume he could read Shakespear as well as Mr. Kean?

We will put the latter to the test.

We well remember being half killed, in crowding to the third row of the pit, on Mr. Kean's debut in Hamlet. It was the first time we had seen him, and the impression, at his appearance, was indeed unfavourable. His approach, was not marked with the deep-toned melancholy of the Danish prince; but, with an air of shrewd suspicion, which the vivid glances of his inquisitive eyes proclaimed to be the ruling action of his mind. But this novelty was soon lost in others equally absurd; till, in his scene with Ophe-

lia, where he rudely desires her to retire to a nunnery, he suddenly arrested his hurried exit; and, in a solemn pace, returned to kiss the lady's hand.

It is not easy to describe the pealing applause, that almost without ceasing, thundered through the house. It, now, vibrates in our ears. What shall we say? In candour we will admit, that the treatment Ophelia receives, in this scene, from Hamlet, is always repulsive to our finer feelings; but we went to see the illustration of Shakspeare's text; and, the propriety of this, as it were, unpremeditated tenderness, is contradicted by the subsequent speech from the king, on dusting his countenance with Polonium.

If, therefore, this new reading were agreeable, it was, evidently, unclassical. We will not speak of the person and accomplishments attributed, by our immortal poet, to his Hamlet, for Mr. Kean's physical deficiencies are the objects of our criticism; but we will say, that all the sublime soliloquies in Hamlet, require the polished declamation of a scholar: and, that a prince should always bear the outward and visible characterisation of a gentleman. In this reasonable expectation, however, we were much disappointed, particularly in the grave scene.

Mr. Kean's fencing has been loudly applauded. But we were taught by the late Angelo, that safety ought never to be sacrificed to grace; and, Mr. Kean's attitudes constantly exposed him to danger; his allonges is much beyond the power of recovery. But, then, he dies so admirably. Granted.

In Richard, Mr. Kean has a more natural scope for his abilities. His countenance is peculiarly susceptible of great variety, and his eyes are irresistible. The meaner passions of human nature are best suited to his talents. His hypocrisy is admirable; but, when Richard is divested of all art, and appears towards the close of the play, in his natural character, the brave, lofty, and desperate tyrant, is lost in insignificance. Mr. Kean has no skill in dignity. In Iago, he is too much the barefaced villain. Even the confiding, generous, noble minded Othello, must have been wrought into suspicion by perfidy so glaring. In Othello, he wants every attraction. The magnanimous Moor displays his virtues in grandeur. The beautiful Desdemona, full of her sex's softness, yet capable of fortitude, could never have fallen in love with such a black man as Mr Kean.

On Macbeth we shall be silent; it is an effort of temerity which, we presume, nothing but blind popularity could ever induce Mr. Kean to attempt; but, of Romeo, we will say a few words.

We are told in panegyrics, laboured through whole columns of the daily press, that, in this character, Mr. Kean surpassed himself. He gave new beauties to his Romeo--he was, forsooth, a heroic lover!

Monstrous idolatry! Romeo, the pretty, whining, romantic, love-sick Romeo, a heroic lover! O, tell it not in Gath; nor publish it in the streets of Ascalon! These are, indeed, new readings with a vengeance!

Luke is, unquestionably, Mr. Kean's best performance. Like the M. Sympson of Cooke, it seems to be altogether his own. In that character, he may be tame with servility, and imperious without nobility. No one will even ask him to look like a gentleman.

#### MRS. SIDDONS AND MISS O'NEIL.

We do not class these ladies in students to our own judgment; but, in compliment to the best of critics who have made it, daily, fashionable to do. We are not, thank God! so destitute of common sense, as to compare a young novice, whatever her promise, with a retired actress, imitative throughout a long series of dramatic excellence. But, independently of this consideration, we would not do it, because, no two human beings, appearing in the same character, can possibly display more distinct talents.

Mrs. Siddons possesses a mind which towers above her sex. This is the personification of nature, not with its ordinary attributes, but, arrayed in all the loftier energies and commanding passions. Her's is not simplicity ornamenting the witchery of youth and loveliness; but, it is a majestic fortress of the mind, swaying a despotic sceptre over the tributary feelings. A twin mould formed her brother for Othello, and herself for Constance, Lady Macbeth, and Queen Katharine.

Never, we trust, will the good-sense of Miss O'Neill, willingly, tempt her to these scenes. She is mild without insipidity--gentle, yet dignified; full of overflowing tenderness, yet full of captivating modesty. With her, the

ardour of a wife's embrace; is more fervent than we have ever witnessed on the stage; but it is so chaste—so purely the divine impulse of conjugal tenderness, predominating in every fibre of her heart, and glowing in every feature of her face, that the most sentimental prude may gaze—admire—applaud!

In Isabella, memory so clings to the unfading triumphs of Mrs. Siddons, we almost shrink from the indulgence of a hope, that the character could be revived with any pretension to success. Yet—it has been revived in a way that must also leave its indelible impression.

Miss O'Neill's superiority is confined to two scenes. That, in which she kneels to implore protection for her boy, from his unnatural paternal grandfather. Heavens! what a picture she exhibits of maternal worth! And, that, in which she fully recognizes Biron, when, in the frenzy of her joy, she forgets, for the moment, that she has a second husband.

But, in her address to the ring, where Mrs. Siddons was accustomed to paralyze—where she aroused insensibility, and dimmed the vision of her agonized audience; Miss O'Neill restrains her passions within their native bounds; and, by not presuming, charmed the eyes of all who beheld her.

Isabella, however, is not an ordinary woman. We turn to Mrs. Beverly; and, in so doing, we will make one or two prefatory observations.

There are certain delusions in the scenic art; appropriate in their magic, that sober judgment yields, for the evening, to their potent influence. Of this description, was the Lady Tazze of Miss Farren. It was impossible to gaze on her highly finished drawing of a woman of fashion, without forgetting that her ladyship was a more rustic beauty, just transplanted from obscurity, into the regions ofhaut-ton. Her graceful manners, and accomplished smile, threw an oblivion over the country Miss, whose elegant amusements had been confined to a game at piquet with the curate—combing her aunt Deborah's lap dog—and drawing patterns for ruffles; she had no materials to make up.

When Mrs. Dickons, in the Beggar's Opera, electrifies her audience with a brilliant display of contending science and execution, we forget the simple ballad that Gay destined for a jailor's daughter. And, when Mrs. Siddons gave heroism to the character of the unassuming Mrs. Beverly, she invariably cheated us of every effort at criticism. But, who is the Mrs. Beverly of Miss O'Neill? She is

the exemplary wife drawn by the author; and, nature has peculiarly enriched Miss O'Neill with talents for the delicate representation. Her voice, in its lower tones, is as clear and distinct as that of Mrs. Siddons; but it is deficient in that lady's depth and boundless capacity. Happily, the latter endowment is not essential to Mrs. Beverly.

Miss O'Neill's countenance is beautiful; and, susceptible only of the passions of love and grief--but, then, Mrs. Beverly's attractions are wholly independent of the fire of Mrs. Siddons's eye, the grandeur of her disdain, or the heart-rending variations of her authoritative features. We feel that Mrs. Siddons tyrannized over our passions. Yet, we are content to suffer Miss O'Neill to steal our hearts.

We could linger, with enthusiasm, on every scene of this play. At the opening, we behold a female characterized by all the softer allurements of her sex. A young, lovely, and ill-fated wife, bred in accomplishment, nurtured in affluence, and familiar with all the elegancies of life, but self-divested of the pageantries of distinction, and clad in a humility proportioned to her fallen fortunes. Proud, only, in her firmly-rooted attachment to a desperate husband, she clothes her lovely countenance in smiles; and, with persuasive vivacity, advocates that beloved husband's cause with his offended sister. The sweetness of her voice, the elegance of her manners, and the ensemble of her lady-like appearance are, in themselves, enough to captivate the most fastidious; but, when a chastened taste, refined judgment, and exquisite sensibility, combine, with these minor accomplishments, to stamp unvarying excellence throughout her arduous struggles, admiration yields to perfect wonder.

Miss O'Neill's affections are boundless; and her grief is marked by tears and sighs that spring from the heart, and give, to this interesting detail of domestic woe, a momentary reality never before so forcibly acknowledged. All her dying scenes are heart-rending. Her hysteric laugh, and her suffocating convulsions, admit of no description.

## MRS. DAVISON AND MISS WALSTEIN.

Mrs. Davison, when Miss Duncan, made her debut on the London boards, at a moment very unfavourable to her real pretensions. The charm of novelty had scarcely marked

her appearance, ere the Roscius-manic swept away all attraction save its own. When the public recovered their senses, Miss Duncan, therefore, was a veteran performer.

We do not propose to attach any very superior excellence to this lady's performance; but, we take delight in doing justice to the talents she, unquestionably, possesses. These, consist in a compound of the fine lady and the romp. We have sat, with great pleasure, to see her in characters peculiar to Miss Farren; and, in others, peculiar to Mrs. Jordan: and, although she does not reach the merits of either, she ever commands attention, and insures applause. We know not why, but the managers do not, always, place this lady to advantage. We have seen her, however, in *Letitia Hardy*, which, we think, her element.

In this character, we propose to speak of Miss Walstein. It is a great misfortune to any debutante, to come before a London audience with a flattered reputation. Miss Walstein has long reigned *Lady Paramount* on the Dublin stage, and probably excited equal admiration here. But she has been disappointed. We saw her first in *Letitia Hardy*, and considered her countenance better adapted to tragedy than to comedy. She wants youth in this character; but, Mrs. Jordan has taught us, not to consider that a legitimate qualification. Let us, therefore, confine our selves to acting.

It appears to us, that the boyden seems should be characterized by an apparent naïveté, a rustic simplicity, occasionally enlivened by flashes of native sensibility. The comic tells us, of the fire of the ideos, even. This Miss Walstein has mistaken. Her volubility is counter her vivacity boisterous; and her country, vulgar.

At the masquerade, where the travestied *Dorimour* is enslaved by the personal graces, poignant wit, and elegant accomplishments, of a mask, we expect to see those sensations, which he, so captivously, describes.

Again, Miss Walstein is mistaken. Her talents and manners are, decidedly, above mediocrity; but the latter are displayed in studied attitude; instead of intuitive grace.

When dressed for conquest, her figure appeared to advantage, but we cannot be satisfied with artificial allurement, when we look for positive fascination. She wanted sentiment in describing what she would be to the man of her heart; and, at the critical moment of removing her mask, she did not evince that fluttering sensibility, which ought to be inseparable from the most momentary scenes of



Miss Hardy's life. We pen this critique with reluctance, as we think Miss Walsteir will always be a respectable actress, provided she do not attempt to climb too high. She has since been more successful in *Jane Shore*, and we congratulate her with sincerity.

We cannot close this article, without noticing Mrs. Davison's *Juliana*. Elliston and herself are worthy each other in the *Honey Moon*.

## YOUNG AND RAE.

As we name these gentlemen more in the way of respect, than of criticism, our remarks will be brief.

Mr. Young and Mr. Rae closed their juvenile studies with the well-earned reputation of scholars. Indeed, so liberal were their classic attainments, either might have, honourably, ventured a candidate, for fame and fortune, in any of our learned professions. But, taste directed their views to a career less eminently classed, although, certainly, not less arduous.

Mr. Young, by a steady pursuit of dramatic laurels, has long been a rising favorite with the judicious amateur. In *Cassius*, he is the noble rival of Kemble's *Brutus*---each, is a shade to the other's merit, and justice almost poises the scale between the fiery and the philosophic Roman.

Mr. Rae has been far less fortunate; yet equally emulative. His genius, we admit, was permitted to dawn at *Drury Lane*; and, his *Hamlet*, his *Othello*, his *Jaffier*, his *Romeo*, deservedly excited general applause in a delighted audience. But his sun had not well risen in the theatrie hemisphere, when it was, adventitiously, eclipsed. A comet appeared! the managers hailed this new luminary; and, in the zeal of their subsequent worship, they have forgotten, that---

Not all that tempts the wondering eyes,  
And beeches hearts, is lawful prize---  
Nor, all that glitters---gold!

Thus, the hopes of Mr. Rae, actually, bloomed and perished with the little hour that had fostered them!

We no longer behold him in those characters which are peculiar to his talents. The managers no longer appear to appreciate him; and, he is doomed to be the victim of popular infatuation.

Let it, however, be remembered, that every liberal and candid critic will persist to maintain, that Mr. Rae possesses pure taste, sound judgment, and correct delivery, ornamented by a good person, appropriate action, and gentlemanly deportment. With these advantages, he is gilded, for the personation of Romeo; in which character, he is unrivalled by his compeers, even though he do not, with coldly mechanical calculation, 'measure out his grave' like any city undertaker.

ART. VI.—*Letters from Albion to a Friend on the Continent*, written in the years, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813. 2 Vols. 12mo. Pp. 284. 260. Gale, Curtis, and Fenner. 1814.

This is German literature in a foreign dress. Our author, during a residence of upwards of four years in this country, maintained a regular correspondence with a friend on the Continent; and having, eventually, acquired our language, he was induced to translate and publish his letters—he has done so, in a way very creditable to himself and pleasing to his readers.

An Englishman loves to learn the opinions of an enlightened stranger on the constitution, commerce, manufactures, taste, manners, and other leading features of the British national character. Notwithstanding our author's reflections have not the profound depth of a statesman, nor the hawk-eyed, perspicuity of a politician, they abound in good sense, good humor, and good manners.

The natural bent of his mind is sentimental. He has, not a little put us in mind of Karamsin the Russian traveler. He is, however, less insipid in his sentiment; and we pursue him throughout the various novelties which arrest his attention, and give impetus to his feelings, in a very extensive tour of Great Britain.

Arriving at Harwich, he exclaims, now I breathe in a land of freedom, though with an oppressed heart. It is true, I escaped the ignominious bonds under which my unfortunate country lingers; my eye no more beholds the shocking instances of insult from which even the softer sex find no safeguard; yet, I am far from those regions where my sportive fancy retraces all the charms of a happy childhood; far from those sports in which my eye dwelt with delight, and, far from those objects that were dearest to my heart.

This beginning, which has all the air of genuine sensibility, is flattery, from the pen of a foreigner, who felicitates himself, in the midst of all domestic privations, that he is in the happy land of freedom: yet, is he among a people, whose language, manners, dress, buildings; every object, in short, is new. He proceeds, however, to the metropolis, making minute descriptions on his road, and embellishing his familiar narrative with picturesque views and glowing imagery. His occasional visits are to London, Liverpool, Chester, Edinburgh, Bath, Oxford, York, the romantic lake of Windermere, &c. &c. &c.

Travels without love scenes, would be like the mechanical movements of an automaton. Not so, our amiable German...the following flow of sentiment would grace the feelings of another *Walter*.

'She was not mistaken: a sensible Chord was touched: but, she knew not the occasion.'

....., 'Cheerful I began this letter, but sad is its conclusion—Julia leaves us to-morrow.'

'Why am I thus affected at her departure? Do we not separate with sorrow from our friends? shall I not give that name to Julia, her mother, her amiable sister, with whom I have lived, for weeks, on terms of the most captivating intimacy, and enjoyed hours and days of bliss that seldom fall to our lot?'

'There, Edward, is the source of my grief.'

'Do you love poetry?'—said I to the lively creature—'I do; with her animated answer.'

'Would you accept my farewell strains?'

'She hesitated a while, after awhile, said with a tremulous voice—'If they be not sad.'

.....  
'She read my parting lay; and sat silent—re-perused it; and mused—read it a third time; and, then, raising up her beautiful eyes, she smiled—but, she smiled through her tears.'

*Ann, VII.—The Maskers of Moorfields: a Vision; by the late Anthony Griffiths, Gent. 12mo. Pp. 67. Miller. 1815.*

We love wit dearly; but we cordially detest illiberality; nor, can we ever smile at that species of humour, however flowing, which ignobly sports with the most afflicting of all human infirmities, to make them the machinery of a sarcastic Pantomime.

Our author was not only, as we find, the '*Heanton*'  
APP. CRIT. REV. Vol. 6, 1814.

*timoroumenos* of the Greeks ; but he was also the tormentor of others. He seems to have kept a Gallery for buffoons, and to have a set of names always at hand, a kind of infamous list or black kalendar, from which, as caprice moved him, he selected objects, to fill up vacant niches, for the amusement of the gaping croud.

This work—Gentle Reader!—is a panorama of fashion ; and the inquisitive, without the aid of prophetic vision, may occasionally recognise their relatives and friends dressed up by ridicule, and fashioned by the SIGNOR BEDLAMADO, Cicerone extraordinary to our raree-show.

The editor tells us, that these pages were the production of his late lamented brother ; and that he, as executor, became entrusted with several literary manuscripts, over which he was authorised to exercise a discretionary power, either (to use the words of the will) by publishing, or suppressing them ; or, by giving to the world such part, only, as he might deem worthy its acceptance. His preface contains a short memoir of the deceased, in which we read the following passages. ‘ I come, now, to speak of his disposition, which I will not deny, was of a very unequal character ; and, wherein foibles and eccentricities bore a divided sway with the more valuable qualities. For, I do not think he had any propensities, that could justly be called vicious. His predominant failing was an unconquerable tendency to be discomposed by those trifling vexations, which, as Johnson somewhere remarks, often made up the sum of a man’s misery ; and, as his distresses were principally of his own creation, so were his enjoyments ; for, in him, more than in any one I ever knew, was exemplified the justice of these lines of Goldsmith :

‘ Still to ourselves in every place consigu’d,

‘ Our own felicity we make or find.’

The originality of this work is not left to discussion. The plot is avowed to be taken from Horace, in whose satire we find many parallel passages. The author refers to the famous dialogue between the Poet and Damasippus, wherein the Stoical maxim, “ THAT ALL MEN ARE ACTUALLY MAD ” is treated with much exquisite humour. Its allusion to modern manners is very apposite.

‘ What, thought I, is the whole sum of modern manners and fashions, but a tissue of mad pranks, that have obtained a currency in the world, merely by keeping one another in countenance. Princes, Peers, and Common-

are, through all their various denominations, have their lives, occasionally, dash'd with insanity, as, ambition, love, luxury, bigotry, pride, faction, or avarice, have their different ascendancies.'

Thus contemplative, his reverie lulls our author to sleep, and his waking thoughts are embodied, by Fancy, into the Pageant of a Vision, which he designates as 'THE MASQUERADE OF MOORFIELDS.'

He imagines himself to be surrounded by a grotesque assembly of tall and short, plump and lean, old and young, decked in the various hues of the rainbow. Sceptres and truncheons, crooks and maces, coronets and coifs, cock'd hats and turbans; and scarfs, robes, wigs, stars, ribbons and gold chains, dance around him in motley confusion..... The Portrait of the Genius of Caprice, otherwise the Signor Bedlamado, is well drawn.

'He seemed to be in his proper person, a little Zig-zag figure about four feet four inches high, surmounted by a party-coloured cap, at least half the height of the body, on which it stood. On the top of this cap was planted a plume of feathers, apparently borrowed from all the birds of the air; while half the beasts of the field seemed to have clubb'd together their tails as an ornament for his back. Add to this, that a robe of rich and most extraordinary patch-work, about which he wore a girdle of hay, almost smothered his diminutive body, and hardly left room for the exhibition of a sallow countenance, with a hooked nose and chin, and a pair of red eyes. This fantastical *tout ensemble* was elevated on a pair of stilts, about a yard high, which he managed with singular dexterity, without the aid of hands. In his right hand he held an engine of a curious construction, being a wand of considerable length, from which were suspended a variety of bladders, connected with it by an equal number of leathern tubes.'

'The Diable Boiteux of Le Sage is not more richly characterised, than this humorous Scaramouch, who assures the Sleeper, that the mental disorders of vice or folly are only rescued, by their prevalence, from the assumption of their proper names; for which reason, alone, they are enabled to keep themselves without the walls of Bedlam.

Of my Lord B——, it is said, by the Signor Bedlamado .... the Turkish Pilgrim is a young Nobleman, and one of the *genus irritabile*, who has shewn his resentment in this manner against the poor mimics, because they attempted to

set up their address against one, which he had just been delivering to a private circle, in another part of the ground, with the greatest applause. But, between ourselves---continues the Signor---I do not think, that one is much better than the other: for the success of the Turkish Pilgrim is, at least, as much owing to the partiality of his friends, as to the intrinsic merit of his address. And, I cannot help regretting that no better candidate had offered himself, so as to put an end to the contest between him and the mimics. But, the fact is, that according to the law of the Masquerade, *no poet of superior excellence can be admitted*; while, on the contrary, no persons are more worthy of a place in it, than these *smatterers in versa*, in which this city abounds.

All who have scanned the poetic lays of the scientific Traveller in Greece; and all who have read the Classic translation of Lucretius, will decide on the justice and liberality of this critique.

A Scotch Minstrel---Mr. Walter S....., appears in the character of a bag-pipe player. His songs are described to be the most childish that were ever heard, and the tunes quite oldfashioned. He is noted moreover, for his *antique garb*, and the affected singularity of his obsolete strains.

This may be criticism; but we call it satire written with a pen well dipped in gall. A group of scavengers represent *periodical libels*, under the various denominations of Registers, Examiners, Statesmen, Chronicles, and Independent Whigs. They dance round a large cauldron, vomiting a loathsome effluvia.

Sir Francis B----- is in the character of Guy Fawkes, full of projects for blowing up all the jails in the kingdom, beginning with the Tower; as well as for metamorphosing the Parliament House into a Senate to be called Pandemonium. He is described as a poor bewildered Baronet, who had devoted all his life to dangerous projects..... One, who had lavished more than half his fortune, at different times, in contesting a seat in Parliament, for the mere purpose of bringing those projects forward.

We must leave to conjecture, the development of the following Personage. A solemn dirge is chaunted by two female Characters.

Then is my Julia dead and gone?  
 I ne'er shall know her equal here;  
 Weep on, my aching eyes, weep on;  
 Affection's tribute is a tear?

Oh, she was all heart could desire,  
What pity she was doom'd to die ;  
But cease my strains, in sighs expire,  
The meed of sorrow is a sigh !

This tribute to departed worth is, thus, explained.

These female Masks are ladies of quality, who, being without children, have, out of pure spite to their husbands, lavished all their affection on the canine species. They are, accordingly, never without a large family of pugs, poodles, lap-dogs, spaniels, and Italian grey-hounds, who are not only brought up in the most luxurious manner, but have as much expense bestowed on their Education, as if they were capable of deriving any benefit from it.--- Thus, they are never without their nurses, governesses, servants, and attendants of every description ; and are, moreover, provided with carriages for their use, whenever they shew a desire of taking the air. After this account, you will not be surprised to learn, that the lines you have just heard, are an affectionate tribute to the virtues of a pug-bitch, and a superb monument is to be raised to her memory.

Wormwood !---Wormwood !---Wormwood !

Mr. K..... is dressed up as Cardinal Wolsey, who follows with an affected gait, an effigy of Shakespeare tricked out fantastically. He would have been---continues our author---an actor of unquestionable excellence, were it not for certain whimsical affectations, which neither habit nor inclination will, now, allow him to lay aside ; in consequence of which, he exhibits himself, as you now see, at our annual muster.

We have always considered this great actor's personation of Cardinal Wolsey, to be a sort of resurrection of that proud Prelate.

Monk L..... appears a pale figure in a winding sheet, wearing a cowl on his head ; and is intended to represent the ghost of a Monk. His brain is supposed to be turned by an imagination full of spectres, apparitions, haunted castles, and clanking chains.

Sir Richard P..... represents a Pythagorean Philosopher, with a new folio publication under one arm, and a bunch of cauliflower under the other. We are told, he diets on vegetables, lest he might devour some of his deceased friends in their new shapes ; having formerly, as he protests, feasted on a favorite lady, under the disguise of a fillet of Veal ! To this is added, *envenomed* remarks on bankruptcy---how unmanly !

Mr. I....., the schoolmaster, is caricatured as a Laputan Philosopher, an *amiable* reward for his Philanthropic labours!

Sir V..... G..... is arrayed in the paraphernalia of an *Inquisitor General*. This mask, now a Judge, had formerly---says our author---been a great Law Officer, in which capacity, he hunted down more state-libellers than any twenty who had preceded him. His business is to celebrate an *au-to-dafé*, and to burn, in effigy, most of the persons whom we have represented as playing the parts of scavengers at the cauldron. To this ceremony, a variety of *men in office* are eagerly hastening, they having suffered at many times, from libels and lampoons; and having failed in their attempts to recover damages, owing to the obstinacy of the Jury, they were about to gratify their revenge in the enjoyment of this imaginary punishment of their authors.

Let us pause---

The Editor has told us in his preface, that it might, perhaps, be required of him to furnish the reader with some index to the portraits, or rather outlines, of the work. But he confesses himself not to be in the secret. Yet adds---what he has been able to discover are so obvious; that they need no solution. The remainder he leaves to *ingenuity* and to *conscience*.

Now, we do not aspire to *INGENUITY*, for we cannot unravel the following mysterious characters: we are, therefore, doomed to leave them to *CONSCIENCE*.

A groupe of Masqueraders, composed of light hearted *Coinutos*, are thus described.

‘One of them, in particular, I observed resigning his better half (who, by the bye, with respect to size, was a pretty good half) with as much complaisance as if he had been entreating some particular favor from the Stately Mask, to whom he presented her; and who, as my companion told me in a half whisper, was a personage of great distinction. He, moreover, assured me, that this silly cuckold of a husband, who was a Peer of the realm, considered himself highly honored by the distinction thus enjoyed by his Consort, who, in her turn, was rather raised, than degraded, in the fashionable world, by this piece of gallantry. But this can only be, said I interrupting him, because the present refinements, on the vices of high life, render a reciprocity of connivance, if not of open countenance, absolutely necessary to keep up their society; which, as it originates in what is called fashion, must be supported even by its excesses. Accordingly, we cannot be surprised, that the ‘*hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim*’ of Horace, should have become the rule and standard of fashionable morals.’



We admit, that the mutual accommodation of '*give and take*,' as laid down by Horace, is a great promoter of good fellowship; but, we will not think so meanly of our Nobility as to suppose, for a moment, that the preceding Masks are other than imaginary Puppets, created for the express purpose of giving a heightened colouring to the author's satire. Human nature, in its usual attributes---thank God!--is not so base.

We will not pursue this subject; nor, indeed, would we have gone so far, if we did not think it our duty, in confirmation of the severity of our introductory remarks, to unmask the Maskers, whose portraits exhibit the warm glow of talent blazing the chiaro 'scurio depths of dark malignity.

Satire is, at all times, a dangerous weapon in unskillful hands---apt at wanton offence; and, when provoked by manly retort, it is, too often, merciless in revenge. On the publication of this Posthumous Phillippic, we have merely to observe, that, in our opinion, the Editor has flattered his vanity at the imminent risk of his discretion---*Sapienti verbum sat!*

**ART. VIII.**—*Reflections politiques sur quelques écrits du jour, et sur les intérêts de tous les Français.* Par M. de Chateaubriand. Octavo. Pp. 144. 6s. Paris, Le Normant; Londres, Berthoud et Wheatley. 1814.

This gentleman stands politically conspicuous before the public, for clearness of conception, profundity of judgment, and vigour of expression, in his patriotic writings. This pamphlet, in particular, has been eulogised in our houses of Parliament, and columns of our daily journals have teemed with long, and with continued, extracts. His great political opponent, in France, is M. Carnot, a staunch republican, a skillful logician, and an undaunted proclaimer of his infectious principles. And, although, M. de Chateaubriand professes to have been urged to the publication of this work, by the various political pamphlets which crowded through the press, on the restoration of the Bourbons, still, we believe his benevolent antidote, is more immediately applied to the baneful poison issuing from M. Carnot's pen.

• Nous avons lu avec soin les écrits politiques qui ont paru depuis quelques mois : reprendre, aux objections diverses, concilier les

opinions, rappeler les Français à leurs intérêts ; c'est le but que nous, nous, sommes propose dans ces réflexions. L'atteindrons-nous ce but ?—nous serions trop heureux.'

Nothing can be more fairly constructed than the basis of M. Chateaubriand's arguments. He lays down a case in law.

A man has been condemned to suffer death by a criminal court: his judges are a delegated authority, according to the established constitution of his country ; not an authority emanating from the caprice of revolution. The culprit has deserved his fate ; his offences were heinous. But, then, he had a brother ; and his brother neither could, or would, divest himself of the feelings of nature. Hence, we are to presume, that an immutable hatred will be cherished by the surviving brother against the judge. The blood of the deceased flows in a crimson channel that must, for ever, separate these two persons.

Again....a judge, as in the preceding case, condemns a man to suffer death, but this man was *not guilty* of the crime for which he was arraigned. The judge, however, from mistaken principles, condemns the innocent man at the bar, and he suffers death. Now, if such man should have a brother, it will be still less possible, than in the former case, that any communication should ever be thought of between him and the judge.

To be more explicit....one man has sentenced another man to die. He who was condemned is innocent. He, who so condemned him, was not his rightful judge. The innocent man was a king....the presumed judge was his subject. This murder, therefore, was committed in direct violation of the laws of nations ; and, in subversion of every rule of right. The tribunal, instead of sanctioning its judgment on the declared voices of two thirds of the assembly, did so, on a nominal majority....a majority eked out by the voices of those who sat in judgment. The monarch, thus, sentenced, had a brother. Can the judge who so condemned the innocent....can the subject who so immolated his sovereign....ever appear in the presence of the brother of the king? No!....will he be daring enough to write to him? If, yea....will the object of such address be penitence?....will he avow his guilt, and offer up his life in expiation of the regicide? No!....well, then, his motive, for so unnatural a proceeding, will be the disclosure of some state secret highly important to be known.

No! this regicide writes to the brother of his murdered king, to complain of personal discontent arising from

presumed injustice. His complaint assumes the language of menace. He further writes to this brother, now seated on his hereditary throne, to whom, consequently, he becomes the subject, to vindicate his crime, although unarraigned, to prove to him, by the word of God, and by the rights of man, that it is lawful to kill a king. He, boldly, interweaves theory with practice, presenting himself before Louis XVIII, in the character of one who has deserved well of him : ' il vient lui montrer le corps sanglant de Louis XVI....

*' Et sa tête, à la main, demander son salaire.'*

This is a most affecting picture: the murderer of a king claims audience from his restored successor; he presents himself with the undaunted front of conspiracy....in his left hand, he grasps by the hair the bleeding head of his guillotined sovereign: his right hand points to the mangled corse; and, thus infamously invested with the bloody trophies of his guilt, he loudly demands the reward of his patriotism!

This is....although not avowed....the portrait of Carnot !  
Is it...continues M: Chateaubriand...from the deep glooms of his dungeon, or the excesses of his suffering, that the regicide publishes the apology of his crimes? No! he enjoys all the rights and privileges of his fellow citizens: his very address is emblazoned with a long catalogue of titles; some of which, indeed, have been conferred upon him since the restoration.

But the king, transported with rage at this address, has doubtlessly obeyed the retributive claims of justice, and issued some dreadful mandate against this man?

On the contrary....the king has pledged his word to forget all things past !

The world, however, less gracious, in this instance, than the king, but infinitely more just, has given no pledge of retrospective oblivion. The public voice, though hushed, may at its pleasure burst this dreadful silence; yet, such is the restlessness of guilt, conscience stands up a self accuser, when the voice of policy is silent. Is this, then, an imperative impulse? what other motive could compel these men to compile documents of accusation against themselves, and to sow discord in the minds of others?

No one thought of them....no one accused them....they were not even reproached with the death of their king.... why, then, do they come forward to justify themselves?

why disturb the repose, the 'otium cum dignitate,' in which they enjoy their wealth and their honors?

Formerly, their ambition was to proclaim that they had condemned their king....so be it: they were undisturbed in the contemplation of their acquired glory!

We are proscribed....say they....is it so? has a single hair on their guilty heads been touched? has any, the smallest, portion of their revolutionary wealth been arrested from their enjoyment? has their liberty been infringed? Yet, do they persist to recal to memory the sad records of our misfortunes. And, after all, there is no heroism in the act; for they brave a Bourbon, conscious that he will not avenge the injury. Public opinion, then, proclaims its liberty in the language of licentiousness. It has escaped the iron grasp of Bonaparte, to assume the wanton privilege of wounding a sorrowing monarch just seated, after an exile of twenty-five years, on the still reeking throne of his ancestors....a monarch too, who diffuses a pity and forgiveness around his throne, more emblematic of divine than of human mercy.

And what is the consequence? This!—the public is called upon to discuss a question, that, ought, for ever, to have been buried in oblivion.

Colonel Harrison, one of the judges who passed sentence on Charles 1st, was, at the restoration of Charles II, summoned, in his turn, to take his trial. Among other allegations in his defence, he pleaded the silence hitherto observed by the nation, on the death of Charles 1st, upon which, one of the judges replied.

I remember an anecdote of a child, who was struck dumb with terror, at seeing his father murdered. But, although the power of speech were taken from this child, the features of the murdered remained, indelible, on his memory. It happened, that after a lapse of fifteen years, the child recognized the murderer in a crowd, when he exclaimed....'There is the assassin of my father'!

Harrison!.....the nation has ceased to be dumb; it recognizes you, and cries aloud....'Behold! the murderer of our \* father.'

On this affecting and impressive superstructure, M. Chateaubriand proceeds to treat on the doctrine of the legality of regicide, as maintained in Europe, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, and quotes Buchanan, Ma-

Vianna, Saumaize, and Milton. We will, only, advert to the argument of Milton, which regulated the judges of Charles 1st: he found it in the Scriptures. 'The earth cannot be purified from the blood which has been shed, otherwise than by the blood of him who shed it.'

Voltaire, on this subject, writes as follows. 'Milton was, for some time, Latin secretary to the Rump parliament. This distinction was conferred upon him as a recompence for his \* Latin work in defence of the murderers of Charles 1st; a work, it must be confessed, as abject in style, as it was detestable in principle.'

So much for the author of *Paradise Lost* !

An admirable parallel follows, in which our author shews, that the murderers of Charles the 1st were zealous fanatics who removed their sovereign from the strong impulse of conscience. These English regicides, he adds, were not only well intentioned fanatics, but they had another advantage: they were not stained with the blood of their fellow citizens. They were not guilty of proscribing thousands of men and women; of children and of grey beards. Yet, they were looked upon as objects of horror; avoided as a pestilence; killed, even, like so many beasts of prey.

What, on the other hand, do we say to *certain* persons? nothing....they are our neighbours and our associates, We meet them with complacency, and we treat them with respect. We eat at the same table with them....we embrace them, yet do not shudder, with horror, at their touch. They fully enjoy their rank and fortune; and, in imitation of the mild example of our king, we should never have reminded them of what they had done did not their own voluntary clamours provoke us to the question.

These appear to us to be unanswerable conclusions. A sincere republican is the avowed enemy of kings; and, like Brutus, he wears a dagger to repel ambition or tyranny. But, when a man has amassed vast riches from variety of revolution; when he is, all things with all men, bowing to the idol of the day....when he, who strangled the lamb to become popular, will, for the same capricious reward, afterwards caress the tiger....he is not a republican in heart but a monster.

Among others, we find a singular reason given for the

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\* *Joannis Miltonis pro populo Anglicano defensio.*

death of Louis XVI. it is contended, that he had cease to be king at the time of his death : that, his destructio was inevitable; that, his death was pronounced by the state as professionally, as that of a dying man would be by his physicians. But, the French nation at large will not gloss the crimes of a few individuals with such sophistry. Charles was condemned by the unanimous voice of his people, not so the suffrages that sent Louis to the scaffold.

The next chapter enters into the illusion, under which the French regicides seek to veil their crime. M. Chateaubriand draws an animated picture of the revolutionary frenzy that filled the tribunes, the market places, and the streets, at the time of the king's death, and supports his arguments with luminous, energetic, pathos.

He, then, takes into consideration the claims of the emigrants in general; combating with great ability the vindictive sarcasms with which certain journalists seek to soil their character, and to ridicule their loyalty and suffering. Never, says he, can we be reconciled to see the child begging at the gate of the mansion formerly inhabited by his parents; discreet arrangements must be made, by indemnities and transfers, to diminish the miseries resulting from the revolutionary sale of emigrants' estates.

This, we consider, a most delicate point: the present proprietors purchased under the guarantee of the law. Such property has passed through several hands: they have been distributed among the children of these purchasers. By an interference, to restore one family, other families would be beggared: discontent would, again, breathe the spirit of revolution, and blood, once more, might flow through every channel in their streets. But, the king has meditated a happy medium; his majesty proposes to relieve the emigrants from his civil list, by an annual stipend. The king is the glory and the safeguard of a nation!

Provision is especially made by the 'ORDINANCE of REFORM' for the protection of emigrant estates to their new proprietors. We extract the article on which this right is founded, from a very able pamphlet, which we presume every one must have read, intitled 'REFLECTIONS OF A FRENCH CONSTITUTIONAL ROYALIST,' by an advocate at Paris. It was published and seized, almost immediately at the restoration, we find it well worth our attention.

It does not, like the pamphlet of Carnot, breathe a spirit of revolution among the citizens of Paris; its object is to

bow down before a restored monarchy, while it claims an ameliorated constitution. It vigorously, yet in respectful language, attacks the *Ordinance of Reform*, mis-called a *Constitutional Charter*; and analyzes its most important articles. The '*Arch Chancellor*,' whom the author calls the '*ARCH SAINT*,' and his minions in power, are represented to be the enemies of the people.

'States.. That all property is sacred; even that denominated national; the law makes no distinction.'

'Many persons consider this language to be very equivocal. They fear lest it conceal some mental reservation, to empower the crown, at a future period, or, to invite the former proprietors of emigrants' estates, to institute suits at law with the present proprietors, on the plea of their not having received a full equivalent: and that, by the process, which subjects the possessor of an heritable property to be prosecuted, at law, by the seller, when such possessor shall have failed in payment of the covenanted purchase money. This idea, unluckily, is strengthened by the following article, which affects to revive a principle already consecrated by the civil code—It is this: 'the state is empowered to exact the sacrifice of a property, on the plea of the public interest, to be legally substantiated, and independently of any indemnity, government, may declare unjust,' which is, in fact, to say of any indemnity, equal to its intrinsic value. Hence, it is concluded, that, at its leisure, armed with these articles, the crown may dispossess the present proprietors of emigrants' lands, by any indemnity, or repayment, equal to the *original sum paid* and no more; and that the *motive* of public interest, set forth, may be the policy of doing something for individuals unjustly deprived of their all. Now these arguments arise from our conviction, that it is the intention of government to restore, to former proprietors, all the emigrants' lands which had been attached to royal domains. Presuming that after having done every thing for one party, they could not well refuse themselves the pleasure of doing something for the other; and that the way would be, to adopt the subterfuges, indirectly, exposed to their acceptance by the *ordinance of reform*.

'These, no doubt, are chimerical apprehensions; but, as people have conceived them, it follows, that the plan is decidedly vicious. Too much precaution, therefore, cannot be taken to remove such fears from the minds of a very numerous class of society, who have acted in obedience to existing laws; and who would have serious cause to complain, if molested, in the slightest way, however indirectly.

'A law decreed the sale of emigrants' estates—justly, or otherwise—every man, therefore, had a right to become a purchaser.

'The law of last year, which decreed the sale of corporation lands, is certainly as unjust in principle, as in practice. It violates, most unequivocally, the sacred right of proprietorship; and the more rightly, as instead of a real property of everlasting value, it gives

the corporation a nominal enrolment in the great book, which is already, reduced one third in value, and may, eventually, be reduced still more.

‘Thus, by every principle of policy and equity, all regularly perfected sales, of this description, must be irrevocable. I think, with some slight alteration, the resemblance would be very striking. I therefore, proclaim, that this article might have been construed in terms less ambiguous; that the purchasers of emigrants’ estates, ought to have been formally secured *against all retrospect, direct or indirect, either from the crown, or from their former proprietors.* In short, that public opinion should have held the scales.’

The emigrants in our minds, have claims upon their king, which the most invidious must sanction and reverence. They were his companions in a foreign land, grew with his years, and were faithful in the hour of his adversity. Now, let them find protection under his mantle, live in his affection, and share with him in restored prosperity.

We will not pursue this discussion throughout its various political views, it must be wholly read by those who wish to trace the progress of consummate skill, with which M. Chateaubriand disarms his swarm of adversaries.

On the charter he says....Revolutions and misfortunes always produce salutary results, when a nation is wise enough to profit by them. Let us, then, seriously contemplate the advantages which change has offered to us: God knows, we have paid dearly enough for the enjoyment. The convention has effectually cured us of all republicanism; and Buonaparte has taught us the miseries attendant on absolute power. Hence we learn, from experience, that limited monarchy, such as the constitutional charter insures us, is the form of government best suited to our national dignity, and most conducive to our national prosperity.

We shall close our review with a most extraordinary anecdote relating to Carnot’s pamphlet, which shews the intrepidity of the author, notwithstanding the maxim, that ‘the better part of valour is discretion.’ We take this curiosity from the cabinet of M. Lewis Goldsmith, who appears to possess the faculty of *invisibleness* at the French court.

‘M. Carnot seems to think that the Republicans in France may shortly expect to be prosecuted and persecuted for their opinions; but I think that the very circumstance of his being at large, and unmolested after the circulation of his pamphlet, is the best proof



of the mildness of the present government of France, and the utter improbability of his suspicions being ever verified.

The way the memorial got into circulation is thus related—M. Carnot, in July last, had put into the hands of a printer, who communicated a proof-sheet to one of the king's ministers, the count de Blaslas. This gentleman desired the director-General of the police, M. Beugnot, to see Carnot, and expostulate with him on the impropriety of sending forth opinions into the world which he must have known from his own experience to have produced such misery in France.

M. Beugnot sent for M. Carnot, and communicated to him the conversation he had with the king's minister. Carnot said, that the only motive he had for printing the memorial, which (he said) he never intended to offer for sale, was, that the king might read it, as he thought that kings seldom read any manuscript works.' 'If that is your only motive (said M. Beugnot), then I will engage that the king should read it in manuscript, and will inform you to-morrow if his majesty has any objection to its being printed.'

On the following day M. Beugnot informed M. Carnot that his majesty had read it, but that he thought it might as well not be printed for the present. 'In that case (said M. Carnot) it shall remain in manuscript.'—Only a few copies in manuscript were circulated among M. Carnot's particular friends, and it is from one of those copies that I have made the translation. A short time after, the memorial was printed, but in a garbled and mutilated state; in consequence of which the author addressed a letter to the editors of the French papers, in which he stated that the memorial was printed without his knowledge.

## LAW REPORTS.

CRIM. CON.

Sheriff's Court, Bedford Street, December 10, 1814.

*The Earl of Roseberry, v. Sir H. Mildmay.*

We do not select this cause as a celebrated law decision, but as a celebrated record of high-born depravity. Not, again, because it is a crim. con. action; for, adultery is too fashionably prevalent, to give it importance as a vice: but, because this cause is strongly marked with more than ordinary atrocity. The adulteress was sister to the Defendant's lately deceased wife.

The Plaintiff, a nobleman of ancient creation, in the northern part of the kingdom, married, in the year 1808,

the eldest daughter of the honourable B. Bouverie, a lady of the most exquisite beauty and accomplishments, and scarcely in her eighteenth year.

My Lord and Lady Roseberry lived together in perfect harmony. Their union was blessed with four children---two sons and two daughters; and her ladyship's conduct was that of an exemplary wife and mother, until seduced from the paths of rectitude by Sir Henry Mildmay.

It would appear, that their relationship by marriage, by uniting the two families in the strictest bonds of friendship, had peculiarly given, to Sir Henry and to Lady Roseberry, those opportunities, which they, so fatally, employed to the destruction of their own honor, and the eternal peace of mind of the too confiding, honourable, Lord Roseberry.

Public curiosity has been so much excited by this discovery, that we should deem it intrusive to enter into a minutiae of detail. Suffice it to say, that Lady Roseberry, now only twenty-four years of age, had not been educated, according to the fashionable system of voluptuous accomplishment, but was reared by a father, more distinguishable for the possession of every virtue, that can elevate and adorn human nature, than for his high descent. Sir Henry is not more than twenty-seven years of age, and made his visits through the window to the lady's bedchamber, where he was, eventually, detected by Mr. Primrose, in the garb of a common sailor, with his beard unshaven. In this base disguise, he was dismissed by the way: he had entered.

On the defence, Mr. Brougham, with great eloquence, deplored the melancholy event which occupied the attention of the court, forbearing to glance the slightest imputation on the truly honourable character of my Lord Roseberry. The letters that passed between the guilty parties were not only romantic, but were amorous beyond the bounds of delicacy. The disgraced pair now co-habit in France.

From this brief statement, we will draw a few reflexions on adultery. It is a crime, which in its commission, displays a variety of shades. Some *well bred* husbands will not see the vices of their wives; and, notwithstanding the infamy is notorious, that my lady entertains her cecisbéo; and, that my lord keeps his Opera dancer; yet, the fashionable world is not so prudish as to brand the wife with dishonor, when the husband appears to approve her con-

duct. This is the *delicacy* of refined principles, and an irrefragable proof of highly polished manners.

These accommodating *hautontia*des do not interfere with each other's pleasures. They politely live together in the same house, eat at the same table, and are patterns of conjugal felicity.

'Nothing,' says Joseph Surface, 'makes a lady so indifferent to the opinions of others, as a consciousness of virtue. One little faux-pas, on the other hand, will make her so sensitive in appearances, that her amours, often, continue unexposed even to her family. But as repeated security will, sometimes, lull caution to a momentary sleep; and, notwithstanding detection follow, what is the result? One species of man of honour resorts to the courts, and receives his damages, in full compensation of a worthless wife. It is a nine days wonder! If a duel be the consequence, no matter, the recollection is soon lost in some other novelty.

A divorce obtained, sometimes the guilty parties intermarry—the adúlteress is made an honest woman;—she is restored to society. What, if a lady desert a young family of beautiful children!—will her second marriage lull to peace the pangs of outraged nature? Yes---ambition will calm these uninvited whisperings, when her infamy has elevated her to the rank of a Countess; and, still more so, when it creates her a Duchess. On the passing of the divorce bill, the adúlteress goes to church---not, in the penance of a white sheet; but, in the magnificence of a French lace robe, attended by bride *maids*, displaying like herself the emblems of purity around their outward persons.

That a Countess, or a Duchess, may chance to feel the sting of these remarks, we do deplore---but example does not originate in us; we borrow it from others.

From these right honourable sinners, we will turn to another species of husband: previously, however, let us consider marriage, both as a divine and human institution.

Marriage, the sacred ordinance of the Almighty, is a covenant, pledged at the altar, by which the human race is increased and multiplied, and the casualties and infirmities of humanity are soothed by the endearing ties of reciprocal affection. In its civil acceptation, it is the bond of society. It is a moral union of the sexes, by which domestic felicity is insured, and worldly wealth is handed down, uninterruptedly, to posterity.

In civilized states, it is the reward of virtuous love, and

gives a chastened rapture to purified desire. With the softer sex, it unfolds the noblest energies of the human mind, in the progressive duties of daughter, wife, and mother. To man, it is the cheering solace of his labors. His avocations in an active profession fulfilled, the fatigues of the day are forgotten in the charms of his domestic fire-side. His wife is his treasure---his children his joy. They form a family compact within themselves, in which each has an allotted part. The harmony thus preserved is beautiful. Reared in virtuous principles, they feel their dependence on their Maker. Religion mingles with their enjoyments. In prosperity they are grateful for the blessings they possess. In adversity they are resigned, and bow, with patient fortitude, before the chastening hand of providence.

In barbarian societies marriage, still, preserves its virtuous attributes. It represses illicit appetite; it calls forth parental affection; and, it goads even the indolent to make provision for their offspring.

All this, however, is rather the institution than the result of marriage. In proportion as civilization refines, licentiousness increases in a polished state. The occupations, amusements, studies, and accomplishments, of the fashionable world teem with dormant provocatives to inflame highly educated sensibility. Learning, the arts, the sciences, all, have their share in vitiating the heart. Indeed, some of the brightest ornaments of our literary schools, disseminate concealed poison throughout the most brilliant efforts of the human understanding. Pope is celebrated for his *Eloise to Abelard*; Voltaire for his *Précé d'Orléans*; Rousseau for his *Nouvelle Eloise*; Goethe for his *Werther*---these, and many others we could name, seduce the mind, by leading the heated imagination to forbidden indulgences. The arts and sciences unveil the mysteries of nature; and, the fashionable accomplishments and dress of the day remove whatever little barrier may be left for the protection of native modesty.

Hence it is, that marriages become a hateful bond. Voluptuousness lights her torch at the shrine of Hymen; but when satiety succeeds, the roving heart pursues a new enjoyment. And, when an honourable husband, too late, discovers, that he has given his affections, and linked his fate with a woman, mentally depraved, although externally virtuous, how shall his high-minded sense of honor provide for the continuance of that unstable chastity? It is an agonizing doubt; and the best concerted precautions

are feeble instruments of safety. If he protect his wife by being the constant companion of her pleasures, he is ridiculed as a jealous monster---if he leave her to solitary pursuits, and temptation follow, he is censured as a conniving husband. What a task has he to undertake! He must protect the wife, whose beauty has enamoured him---whose accomplishments enslave him---whose virtuous wishes are his primary law. She is the mother of his adored children. Yet, does she stand upon a precipice, from which her own frailty, and the villainy of others may, alas! too soon, hurl her to perdition. What step shall he pursue to avert this evil?

Today his heart bounds in the fulness of his felicity. He possesses a jewel, compared with which, the treasures of the east would lose their lustre. To-morrow, the seducer comes, and with him all the imps of mental torment. The estrangement of his wife's affections becomes too obvious to be misconceived. She receives his tenderest cares with coldness---his chastened endearments with disgust: his honor is blasted---his happiness is wrecked---his home is his dungeon---his former bliss becomes his present bane. His heart shuts itself up, in solitude, and withers---he dies a living death!

Perhaps he may appeal to the law---alas! what relief can that afford him! Will it pour balm into his afflicted bosom? Will it heal his wounded honor? No!--he cannot estimate his loss by arithmetic, or state the sum total of his miseries by the cold rules of calculation. He scorns so base a compromise; and, hurries from the court, with contempt written on his brow, and indignation boiling in his heart.

Now, let us pursue the weaker criminal awhile. Immorality, we will presume, has not assumed a sovereignty over conscience. In a moment of delirium, she sank, impulsively, into the arms of a villain. Her mind did not consent; but her passions controuled her better judgment---passions, not the native inhabitants of her constitution; but passions, artificially created, by an indulgence in fashionable customs. What is to be expected from the prudence of a girl, just bursting upon the world, in the delicious bloom of sixteen maturing summers, who, from the dangerous impressions of her private studies, repairs, in all the vanities of revealed beauty, to the fascinations of the ball room. There, she waltzes with an elegant youth; and, as she repeats the mazy round, her whirling

head, and wildly throbbing bosom, unconsciously resigns her almost naked person to the fervent embrace of her too dangerous partner. They are so united by the dance, that he almost inhales the voluptuous languor issuing, in broken sighs, from her delicious lips; the pressure of his surrounding arms communicates infection; and, she retires, from the delights of the evening, full of new, but imperative wishes.

What can be expected from such a system of education? What, but the fate of the beautiful and accomplished Lady Roseberry, although, as we have stated, her ladyship has not this plea for her frailty.

Now, to the catastrophe. The guilty hour of rapture flown, the veil of delusion drops. The unhappy culprit begins to think of her husband. She ponders on his faithful attachment---his smiles of love---his anticipation of her wishes---his watchful tenderness over her slightest indisposition---his animated joy at her recovery. She dwells on her little innocent, forsaken children. Never---never---will she see them more. They advance, in her imagination, to womanhood. They are orphans; for the infamy of their mother hurried their father to a premature grave!....

Maddening vision! shall she implore her husband's forgiveness? Impossible!---Shame forbids the rash attempt. Well, then, she is firmly linked to eternal disgrace. The arms of her paramour are her only protection from the bitter scorn of an unfeeling world. We will pursue the picture no longer. Jane Shore, now, stands before us in the last agonies of life, and we tremble at our own reflections.

Lastly, to the seducer. In what language, shall we pourtray his crime? In this world, the glittering illusions of fashion, may preserve him from the horrors of habitual despair; but, at that thrice dreadful hour, when the soul is about to quit its mortal tenement, and to appear before an all just God, where are his hopes?

Let us not be censured as the stern reviewers of fashionable morality; for, in this our lesson, we are the friends of the rising generation. May our admonition be impressive!

† Consult Gibbon, vol. VII. p. 57 to 70. Jacob's *Law Dictionary*, Art. Adultery. Blackstone's *Commentaries*, vol. IV. Pp. 44, 45, 124. *Salsdale*, vol. I. Pp. 55, 56, 90, 91, 93, 129.

*The King v. Lord Cochrane.*

*Letter to Lord Ellenborough from Lord Cochrane.* Octavo.  
Pp. 138, with copious Appendix. 5s. 1815.

*'No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.'*

Bacon, Lord Verulam.

*'If JUDGES act wrong, their proceedings ought to be published. If the PRESS is to be gagged, God knows where it will end!'*

Lord Chancellor Maule.

The preceding law authorities are eminently calculated to brace the freedom of literary nerves.—And, yet, to say the truth, we felt all our own valour 'oozing out at our fingers' ends,' the moment we took up a pen to review a REVIEWER.

But why should we suffer alarm? We are his Majesty's liege subjects, reared in the fear of God---and, of Mr. Attorney-General. We love our king; and we reverence his sacred authority, seated, as it is, by proxy, in Banco Regis, solemnly invested with an ermined robe. 'Tis a majestic array---proclaiming grandeur enshrined in purity. Influenced by our spiritual laws, and obeying our laws judicial, we do not, therefore, stalk abroad like red-hot patriots, speculative reformers, or popular orators. No! we appreciate the blessings that surround an Englishman's fire side, and risk not, by temerity, a lawful exile, some two or three hundred miles inland, under the privations of our wives---our children---and our daily bread!

'Is this law?'---exclaims a malecontact---'Aye, marry is it, friend: O'owner's quest law.' Let us put the case.

We have read that, once upon a time, a high mettled prince aimed a blow at a Lord Chief Justice, for which he was, lawfully, committed; and, actually, did suffer the

'Some dealers in quibble, have ingeniously distorted the meaning of this word, so honourable in the records of antiquity. 'Patriot,' say they, 'otherwise written, becomes PAT RIOT---alas! poor pat---thou hast, indeed, much occasion for the broad shoulders, which dame nature has so kindly given to thee! But other words are, equally, susceptible of mutation. *Majesty*, for instance, is lofty in its tones, and fills the mind with grandeur of ideas proportioned to the purport of the expression. And yet, 'deprive Majesty of its externals'---that is, remove the M and Y, and what becomes of Majesty?---A JEST!---Caleb Whitefoord, with all his waggery at cross readings, could not have produced a more ridiculous result.

penalty of 'durance vile.' And we know, that high mettle'd journalists are imprisoned, at the present day, for aiming a blow at a prince.

Now, mark us well. To libel, metaphorically speaking, is to aim a blow---Ergo, 'tis an offence against the peace of our sovereign lord the king---God bless him!---and punishable by law.

Good!---

But we are told, that LAW is not, always, EQUITY; nor EQUITY, always, LAW. That, they have separate courts of appeal; and are, consequently, distinct members of our constitution. Casuists must determine.

Some witty person has observed, we know not where, that a LIBEL is like a pun.---What a pretty conundrum!---and, why is it so?---Because, 'BOTH ARE "UNTRANSLATABLE." That, being the case; and as, moreover, a single witicism may smuggle a poor punster into a devil of a scrape, we will, e'en, content ourselves with the imputation of that dullness which we inherit from nature, although we are not such idiots, as to sport at a game of chess, with check-mate staring us full in the face.

This memorable trial has engrossed such variety of opinion, that our remarks would not give a preponderating atom to either balance. We will, however, assert, and roundly too, that my Lord Cockran is either one of the most oppressed, or most wicked, of men. The attentive perusal of the letter before us, must, we think, settle the point, one way or the other, in the minds of most unprejudiced people. From this letter, therefore, we will make a few extracts; and, happy should we be, if our good wishes, supported by the manifestation of his lordship's innocence, could restore him to that rank, in every Englishman's heart, which is the proud reward of gallant merit. We all shrink from the novel contemplation of a disgraced British seaman. It is a disgrace that wounds our national honour, and tarnishes the glory of the wooden walls of England. God speed the justice of his lordship's cause; and, if it be his real desert, may the memory of his pillory, descend to his posterity, with as little obloquy, as that which attaches to the death of the ill-fated †Byng!

\* Mr. Erskine disproved this assertion, by making a pun, which was not a pun, well translated. He wrote 'To Docks' on a tea-chest. This is another proof of the fact, that a waggish separation of syllables will transpose the true meaning of words.

† What do historians say on this subject? His pity, that replication should, sometimes, come too late.



The address to my Lord Chief Justice begins thus.

MY LORD;

*King's-Bench Prison, Dec. 21, 1814.*

THE ill-judged, but well-intended Motion in the House of Commons, on the subject of one of the three punishments to which I was condemned, six months ago, under your Lordship's authority, for an offence which was completed before I knew it had been meditated, enabled his Majesty's Ministers to assume to themselves the merit of mercy, for an act for which they must otherwise have been content with the more humble praise of prudence. On their *mercy*, which was preceded by depriving me of my Commission in the Navy, without waiting the ceremony of expulsion from Parliament, and followed by a chivalrous game of foot-ball in Westminster Abbey, where the work of degradation was more quietly performed at midnight, than it could have been opposite the Royal Exchange at noon-day, I have only to add, that they kept their clemency in their pockets, until they had exhausted their united eloquence and efforts to persuade the world of the unworthiness of its object. They did not interpose between me and the Pillory, the receptacle of the most abandoned wretches, until they had exerted their best endeavours to exclude me for ever from more respectable society.—But I introduce the subject of *their mercy*, only as it is connected with, and leads me to the consideration of *your Lordship's justice*.

In the course of the unmanly, uncalled for, and unjustifiable discussion which took place on the *merciful* occasion above mentioned, your Lordship's learned friend, the Attorney General, is reported to have observed, that 'he was glad that the period had arrived when the *Trial* could be read at length; and thus do away the effect of those imperfect statements which misled the public mind.' That period, however, did not arrive so soon as public advertisements had given reason to expect; and the cause of this delay is probably to be found in another observation of that learned gentleman, 'that it was possible, and not unlikely, that the Short-hand Writer, who took down the *Trial*, did send it to the learned Judge to be revised by him. The Attorney-General having admitted thus much, and the Short-hand Writer himself having declared, on being applied to by one of *my friends* for a Copy of the Charge, that it was gone to your Lordship to be revised; your Lordship, I presume, will not deny that the *Trial*, or at least the *summing up* of the evidence, was actually corrected by your Lordship, preparatory to publication. I am not disposed to question the propriety of your Lordship's conduct in supervising the Notes of the Short-hand Writer in this instance, especially if it be true, as further asserted by the Attorney-General, that it is the common practice so to do. But if the charge, as it now appears in print, is the same Charge as was actually delivered to the Jury, I have to lament that the Notes of another Short-hand Writer, who was employed by one of the Defendants (Mr. Butt), and whose Report of the Charge was quoted by me in my Defence in the House of Commons,

had not the advantage of a similar revision; because in that case, I should not have been reproached by another learned friend of your Lordship's, the Solicitor-General, with having in my Defence misrepresented and misquoted the language used by your Lordship. The fact is, that having been disappointed of a copy of the Charge, as taken down by Mr. W. B. Gurney, because it was gone to be revised, I was under the necessity of quoting from the Report furnished by the Short-hand Writer employed by Mr. Butt, in which your Lordship is represented to have asserted, that 'De Berenger appeared before me fully blazoned in the costume of his crime; that he pulled off his scarlet uniform in my presence; and that if the circumstance of its not being green did not excite my suspicion, what did I think of the star and medallion?' For these unqualified assertions, and various others of the like purport, which, if believed by the Jury, were sufficient for my conviction, there certainly is not, on the face of the Trial, one particle of evidence; and yet, when I made my Defence in the House, it was impossible for me to doubt that your Lordship had so expressed yourself; for though I was not present in Court (because my lawyers, for reasons unknown to me, were solicitous that I should not appear), yet many persons who were present assured me, that, according to their understanding of your Lordship, such was the language made use of by you on that occasion, without any qualification whatever. It appears, too, that the same impression was received by the Reporters for the public prints, in which your Lordship was represented to have expressed yourself in the terms of that Report of the Charge from which my quotations in the House of Commons were made.

By the *summing up*, as it now stands in the printed Trial, it appears that your Lordship expressed yourself somewhat differently, and less positively, on the subject of De Berenger's appearance at my House, than in other account which I have either heard or read: and since the Trial, as it now appears, had the advantage of being revised by your Lordship; and since the Attorney-General assures us, that it is calculated to do away the effect of all imperfect statements; and as we have the further assurance of the same learned gentleman, founded on his knowledge of the noble and learned persons presiding in the Courts, that there is not a Judge on the Bench capable of wickedly altering his Charge, or as to give it a different colour, it must needs be inferred, that the Newspaper Reporters, and the Short-hand Writer employed by Mr. Butt, and the several persons present at the Trial, with whom I have conversed on the subject, did, by some unfortunate coincidence more extraordinary, perhaps, than the alleged concurrence of circumstances which were supposed to justify my conviction, fall into one and the same error, at one and the same time, and misunderstand the language used by your Lordship, precisely in the same manner and to the same extent. Whether Mr. W. B. Gurney himself did not fall into a similar error, which, independent of 'the same practice,' re-

desired it peculiarly proper, and even indispensable, that your Lordship should revise his Report in this instance, I do not think it necessary, and it would perhaps be fruitless to inquire.

‘I hope that your Lordship will not so far mistake me, as to suppose that it is my object to dispute the authenticity of the Charge, as it now appears, revised by your Lordship, in Mr. W. B. Gurney’s publication. All that I intend to show, is, that it is still objectionable; and so far, at least, as relates to myself, not warranted by the Evidence.—And it is remarkable that, your Lordship did not begin by directing the Jury to decide upon the Evidence they had heard, but upon that Statement of the Evidence which your Lordship should make to them (p. 448), which statement, as it appears to me, was neither impartial nor correct.

‘In the first place, I shall beg leave to offer a few observations on the zeal displayed by your Lordship during the investigation of De Berenger’s identity with that of the pretended Du Bourg, which it was necessary to establish before, aught could be effected against myself and others. This identity was undoubtedly satisfactorily proved; but when one of the witnesses was asked, Whether he had not previously described the person as one that had a great red nose and a bloated face? (De Berenger’s countenance being pale and free from bloches), it was, I apprehend, no part of your Lordship’s duty to exclaim, ‘Red or not, sure you are of the identity of the face,’ (p. 118). If my Counsel had duly cross-examined certain witnesses, on the subject of De Berenger’s Dress, it would possibly have been found full as necessary to exclaim, ‘Red or green; sure you are of the identity of the coat.’ And I have no doubt, my Lord, that the Hackney-coachman at least, had he been found to prevaricate as to the colour of the underdress, which probably he never saw, would have taken the hint, and identified the coat, as others did the countenance, by swearing to the cut of it. Another instance of unnecessary interference on the part of your Lordship, may be found in the examination of one of the persons who appeared in support of the Alibi, which was most wickedly set-up, and who represented De Berenger as being engaged in measuring a garden in York-street, Westminster, on the day before the Fraud. The question, put by your Lordship, whether or not he stood ankle-deep in snow? (page 415), was not only wholly unnecessary, but extremely improper, as there was not, on the 20th of February, any snow on the ground. In summing up the Evidence, your Lordship spoke with great self complacency of having discovered, by certain questions put to this last-mentioned witness, that he had been bail on at least two occasions; and your Lordship observed, that “a

“a man who is in the habit of being bail must swear to the amount, and he must swear he is an housekeeper; and this man had no house over his head of his own, but was living in the house of another,” (p. 457). Here your Lordship takes a part of this man’s statement, and suppresses another part: and the impropriety of your Lordship’s remark will appear, when it is considered that he had

Lordship's remark will appear, when it is considered that he had stated, and was not contradicted, that he had been a housekeeper down to the 17th of February, (p. 411). And there was not any proof, that he had acted as bail subsequent to that period.

'Your Lordship delivered yourself eloquently, and even exultingly on the subject of De Berenger's identity; "You were yourselves witnesses," said your Lordship to the jury, "to the manner in which the witnesses who spoke to the person of De Berenger were put upon the investigation; and they were told to look round the Court; and they accordingly threw their eyes about the Court in every direction, before they found the person whom they said they had so taken notice of; you saw them look behind them, look down, and on every side of them, and then suddenly, as if they were struck by a sort of electricity, conviction flashed upon their minds the instant their eyes glanced upon him: this occurred in every instance, I think but one, where the witness, not having his eyes conducted that way, did not discover him," (pp. 454, 54). The fact, however, is, that neither Bartholomew nor Warwick spoke with confidence, although De Berenger was actually pointed out to them, (pp. 120, 122). Even Crane betrayed his uncertainty, although he had been previously to the Messenger's house to identify him, (p. 124); and Mr. Solomon, who had also been sent to identify, could not speak with any degree of certainty, (p. 132). Shilling who was certain, had previously seen him at the Messenger's, (p. 116); and Mr. St. John, (whose evidence and conduct were justly censured by Mr. Park (pp. 316, 317), though palliated by your Lordship (p. 403), had seen him at Westminster Hall, when he pleaded to the Indictment (pp. 79, 80); and with respect to Tozer, the witness who did not at all recognize him, because, as your Lordship says, "his eyes were not conducted that way," it is fair to observe, that he was directed to "look to the end of the row" (p. 109); and Mr. Park, the Counsel for De Berenger, desired his Client to hold up his head, (p. 110). The proof of identity was doubtless satisfactory; but, if I have succeeded in showing that it was not such as to warrant your Lordship in bespeaking for it not only "the faith but the admiration of the Jury, the public will judge how far it was decorous in your Lordship to use the animated and even triumphant language which I have cited."

'Your Lordship was severe, and probably with justice, on the confidence with which Mr. Tahourdin, De Berenger's solicitor, denied the Dover letter to be of the hand-writing of his client. Yet Mr. Tahourdin, who was undoubtedly familiar with De Berenger's hand-writing, had, *prima facie*, rather more right to be positive than Mr. Davie, the zealous Solicitor for the Prosecution, who had no other knowledge on the subject than such as he had acquired by intrusion subsequent to De Berenger's apprehension. Mr. Ears, however, who might have done better (as Mr. Park observed, p. 310

then to have given his own Evidence to the hand-writing, was if possible, more positive, that the Dover letter was written by De Berenger, than Mr. Tahourdin was to the contrary. Mr. Tahourdin said he had received a thousand letters from De Berenger, and on being asked whether he believed it to be his hand-writing, he answered, 'I do not, indeed—it is not his hand-writing,' and on comparing it with another letter, your Lordship observed, 'The gentleman may look at the two letters; but that furnishes no argument, for a person would certainly write a disguised hand at that time, if ever he did in his life. This gentleman does not go on belief that it is not, but he swears positively that it is not his hand-writing,' (p. 368). Mr. Lavie, on the other side, declared that he could 'swear without the least doubt that it was De Berenger's hand-writing,' (p. 92). But your Lordship did not then exclaim, in a tone of reprehension, as in the case of Tahourdin, 'This gentleman does not go on belief that it is his, but he swears positively that it is his hand-writing.' So far from that, in stating the Evidence of Mr. Lavie, your Lordship observed, 'The Evidence of Mr. Lavie is *only* that he believed this to be De Berenger's hand-writing,' (p. 466); and such Evidence your Lordship intimated was sufficient. To me it appears that Mr. Lavie's Evidence was full as positive as that of Tahourdin: and how Mr. Lavie, with his slender knowledge on the subject (not very decently obtained,) could swear without the least doubt that the Dover letter was of De Berenger's hand-writing, although it was proved to have been very dissimilar from the general character of that hand-writing, is best accounted for by, admitting a determination on his part to lose nothing for want of Evidence. Lord Yarmouth deposed, that if his suspicions had not been previously awakened, he should never have suspected the Dover letter to have been written by De Berenger, with whose hand-writing he was perfectly familiar; and that on looking through it with a view to detect the resemblance, he could find only one letter (the large R in the signature), that created a suspicion (p. 374, 5, 6). That De Berenger was the person who wrote that letter, there is no reasonable doubt; but when it is considered that at the Trial the proof of persons' identity appeared partly to depend on the proof of that hand-writing, the conduct of Mr. Lavie in this particular, and let me add, of your Lordship, was certainly, to speak mildly, some-what extra-judicial.

By the Evidence annexed to the Letter which I had the honour to address to the Electors of Westminster, on the day on which it was intended to exhibit me in the Pillory, it is, I am persuaded, satisfactorily proved, that De Berenger changed his dress in the post-chaise which conveyed him from Dartford to the Marsh-gate. I am the more confirmed in this opinion, because I observe that those persons who are hired to libel me in newspapers and pamphlets (for I cannot suppose that their malice is wholly gratuitous), have since affected to speak of the subject of the dress as a minor circumstance; as if it were of little importance to the merits of the case, whether I

Berenger presented himself to me in the dress in which he committed the Fraud, or had secretly changed it before he came into my presence. It is a triumph to me to perceive the contempt with which my enemies now pretend to consider the subject of the dress, as it proves that they are sensible of being defeated in the only point in which your Lordship had taught them to consider themselves invulnerable. While they betray their own belief of my innocence, I can despise their unabated endeavours to persuade others that I am guilty. The supposed appearance in 'the Costume of Crime,' was by far the principal argument against me; and was supposed at once to convict me both of the Fraud and Perjury. So long as it could be bolstered up by any appearance of Evidence, it was the vital part of the Case. It was so treated by your Lordship; (pp. 452, 478, 9; 484, 5, 6, 7), and so termed by the Counsel for the Prosecution, who, with more than his accustomed veracity, observed, that my Counsel had called witness after witness to corroborate inferior points; but had left me without confirmation upon that important, that vital part of this Case, to Lord Cochrane, viz. the dress which Mr. De Berenger wore at the time he came to that House, and had with him that interview; (pp. 440, 1): This exhibits in a strong and convincing light the paramount importance of that part of the Case, which my enemies have since endeavoured to depreciate.

'At what period De Berenger changed his dress in the chaise is not otherwise important, than as the consideration of it appears to lead to an additional proof of the fact. It is highly probable that the change took place between the coach-stand at the Three Stags, Lambeth Road, and that at the Marsh-gate. According to the Evidence (as it was called) of Shilling the post-boy, before the Stock Exchange Committee, 'De Berenger drew up the side-blind at the corner where he sat, as if to hide himself, on perceiving that there was no coach to be obtained at the former place. At the Trial, he deposed that he saw the side-blind was up, but did not see when he pulled it up, but thought he did it as he came round the corner, (p. 113). Your Lordship, in summing up, misstated this part of the Evidence; and, notwithstanding the Witness had said positively that the side-blind was up, and that he did not see when he pulled it up, your Lordship represented him as saying, 'I think he pulled up the side-blind, which had been down before all the way;' (p. 474).

'If your Lordship understood that he did not pull it up till his arrival at the Marsh-gate, and that it had been down before all the way, your Lordship's understanding and the meaning of the Witness are clearly at variance. 'The Statement of the Evidence' (as it appears to me) does not allow time for De Berenger to have changed his coat while the side-blind was up. According to the Evidence itself, there might have been ample time for that purpose. 'The Corner,' alluded to by the Witness, must either have been the corner at the Three Stags, or that at the Asylum; the latter two

hundred, and the former more than four hundred yards from the Marsh-gate; but as he 'did not see when he pulled it up,' it might have been done before. It is, however, the most probable (as well as most agreeable to the evidence of this Witness, both at the Trial and before the Committee), that De Berenger pulled up the side-blind as he came round the first Corner by the Coach-stand at the Three Stags, and probability is, that it was in order to conceal himself for the purpose of changing his dress. On being disappointed of a coach at the former stand, (owing I conceive to the early hour of the morning), he would naturally apprehend that he might again be disappointed at the other; which indeed was very near being the case, as there was only one coach on the stand, (p. 113). He would then have had no alternative but of walking through the streets in the dress of his Fraud, or of proceeding with the chaise-and-four to wherever he chose to terminate his expedition; either of which, might have occasioned his detection. It was therefore an act of evident expediency, and probable necessity, to effect a change of dress before he arrived at the Marsh-gate.

... If my counsel, or your Lordship in their default, had thought proper, to question the post-boy as to the period at which he saw De Berenger in his scarlet coat, it would have appeared that he did not observe it at the time at which he quitted the post-chaise, and that he did not mean to swear that he left the chaise in that dress. He has since declared, and has offered to testify an oath, that De Berenger might, as he verily believes, have changed his dress before his arrival at the Marsh-gate, without being noticed by him; that he had with him a portmanteau, or parcel of some kind large enough to contain a coat; that he did not see his under-dress when he quitted the chaise, and has no knowledge whether it was the same he had previously seen or not. And the Evidence which he gave at the Trial is perfectly consistent with this statement. He did indeed say that De Berenger wore a red coat; but it is clear, from other parts of his Evidence, that he alluded to his previous appearance, and not to the period of his quitting the chaise: for he says, that 'the coat had some sort of a star upon it, but he was not close enough to see it, and could not swear to what it was,' (p. 115). Now, if he had been speaking to his appearance at the Marsh-gate, he must have been 'close enough,' for he says, 'I opened the chaise door,' (p. 113). It is evident, therefore, (admitting his credibility, and as he has hitherto been considered the second best Witness for the Stock Exchange, I apprehend they will not object to it), that he was speaking to his appearance at a previous period, when he saw him at a distance; which must, I apprehend, have been on some occasion when he turned round on his horse, and observed him in the chaise. He is either not to be believed, and his Evidence to the dress is nothing; or he did not observe it at the Marsh-gate, which, as far as I am concerned, is precisely the same thing. But I consider him consistent in this part of his Evidence, because I think it appears from another answer that he had no

opportunity of observing the dress at the Marsh-gate; for he describes him as stepping out of the chaise into the coach, and says, 'He then held his hand down, and gave me two Napoleons; he did not say that one was for my fellow servant and the other for myself, but I supposed it was so,' (p. 114). Hence it appears that he stepped from the chaise to the coach, without stopping to speak to the Witness, or to give him his reward; that he held his hand down for that purpose; which, whether it implies that he presented it with his side or back towards him while entering the coach, or that he put his hand down after he had entered (the latter I understand was the fact), is tolerable proof that he allowed the Witness no opportunity of observing his under-dress. It proves, too, I think, which is more important, an anxiety that the Witness should not see it. He appears to have conversed very familiarly with this Witness in the course of the journey (pp. 111, 112), and would hardly have quitted him so abruptly without a parting word, if he had not been anxious to avoid his further observation. He was very desirous, and with great reason, that the post-boy should not perceive the transformation that had taken place.

'Shilling's observation of the dress, at any period, appears to have been very imperfect. He declined swearing to the colour of the outer coat, which he thought was a kind of brown, but which in fact was proved to be grey, according to the description in my Affidavit: he thought there was a kind of white fur upon it; although, in fact, there was no fur at all. He saw a red coat down as far as the waist, but did not see the skirts of it, and thought it was turned up with yellow, but would not like to swear to that; and assuredly if it was an aid-de-camp's coat, as asserted by other Witnesses, it could not have had yellow facings, or any facings at all. And it had a Star of some sort upon it, but he was not close enough to see it, and could not swear to what it was (pp. 114, 115). Yet this is the Witness spoken of by Sir Simon Le Blanc, as 'the post-boy' who 'had opportunities, during the last stage, of seeing him while he was out of the carriage, and walking up a hill, and while he conversed with them, directing them to the place to which he should be driven,' (p. 590). Now as Sir Simon mentioned only one of the Dartford post-boys, and as in fact he had no cognisance of the other, who was not examined, it is clear that he took the liberty, or exercised the judicial authority, of clipping this same Shilling into two. Moreover, he appears (accidentally, no doubt) to have eked out about sixpenny-worth more of Evidence; for there is not in the Trial one word about De Berenger getting out of the carriage and walking up a hill: it is, to all appearance, the pure mintage of some ingenious Judge. I read, indeed, in Shilling's Examination, that on arriving at Shooter's Hill, 'the gentleman looked out of the window,' (p. 112). It is possible, that your Lordship may have misunderstood the Witness; or that Sir Simon, in the hurry of passing Sentence, may have misunderstood the Minutes. Instead of 'looked out of the window, your Lordship



may mistakingly have written, or Sir Simon may erroneously have read, 'leaped out of the window;' and 'if so,' (p. 482), as there was no Evidence of his leaping in again, it was little enough to conclude that he 'walked up the hill;' otherwise, instead of a leap and a walk, we should have a flight of judicial imagination.

I have already shewn, not only that Shilling did not swear, and did not intend to swear to the dress at the period of De Berenger's quitting the chaise, but that it is clear from the Evidence, that he was speaking to a previous period only, and that he did not, and could not take any observation at the Marsh-gate, either of his person or dress. Yet the learned Judge aforesaid had, it should seem, your Lordship's authority to assert, that he was spoken to positively by the post-boy at that period; namely, the period at which he was stepping from the post-chaise into the hackney-coach, (p. 591). And in the very same sentence, speaking of the evidence of the *waterman*, Sir Simon says, 'He swears distinctly to his person and his dress; and that he had then a scarlet coat under a grey great coat,' (p. 591). He did indeed swear to a scarlet coat, (how truly I now leave the world to judge); but instead of a grey great coat as asserted by Sir Simon, he swore to a 'dark drab military sort of a coat' (p. 119); and so far from 'swearing distinctly to his person,' he said, that he did 'not see that he could recollect him;' but when he was actually pointed out to him by the Counsel, he deposed, upon his word, that he thought he was like him, but he only saw him for about half a minute, (p. 120).

If it were possible, or worth while, to point out all the variations in the depositions of different Witnesses, one of whom described De Berenger as a tall person, (p. 101), although he is certainly under the middle size, and another (he who had so many 'opportunities') expressing the greatest uncertainty, and evincing many inaccuracies, it would appear that there is, less truth than eloquence in the following passage in your Lordship's Charge to the Jury: 'So multiplied a quantity of testimony, so clear and so consistent, was, I think, hardly ever presented in the course of any criminal Trial; differing in no circumstances respecting his person and dress, excepting in some trifles, which, amidst the general accordance of all material circumstances, rather confirmed by this minute diversity, than weakened the general credit of the whole, and gave it the advantage which belongs to an artless and unartificial tale,' (p. 455).

In summing up the Evidence, it was usual with your Lordship to take part of an answer, and suppress another part: thus your Lordship represents Shilling as saying, that 'the coat had some sort of a star upon it' (p. 475); but how came your Lordship to overlook the remainder of his answer, namely, that he 'was not close enough to see it, and could not swear to what it was?' (p. 415). It is perfectly clear from the Evidence, that what ever was the colour of the coat in which De Berenger came to my house, he had at least divested himself of his ornaments before he came there.

Shilling's Evidence to the star amounts to nothing; he either did, not see it at all, or he saw it indistinctly at a distance, at an earlier period. And neither the waterman nor hackney-coachman deposed to either the star or medallion. If De Berenger had effected no change in his dress, how comes it that the Witnessess, who spoke to his garb during the night, saw and bore testimony to the star, while those who saw him by day light in the morning did not? It was either not a *fired* star, or, like the stars in the firmament, was only visible by night.

Again; in stating the Evidence of the hackney-coachman, your Lordships says, 'He (De Berenger) took a portmanteau that he had, and a sword—the portmanteau was a small black leather one,' (p. 477); but your Lordship omits the remainder of Crane's answer, 'big enough to wrap a coat up in,' (p. 123). It may be said that there are few portmanteaus that are not big enough for that purpose; but still it was a circumstance which your Lordship ought not to have omitted, because it had a tendency to bring home to the minds of the Jury the probability of De Berenger having possessed the means of changing his coat. It was, I conceive, your Lordship's duty to have recapitulated those words; and you might very fairly have added, 'So that you see, gentlemen, that De Berenger may have had the means of changing his dress before he appeared in Lord Cochrane's presence.' So far from that, your Lordship did not omit to tell those credulous gentlemen, that it did not appear that De Berenger had any means of shifting himself! (p. 484). Was it that your Lordship did not wish the Jury to connect the idea of the portmanteau with its probable contents, that you omitted the words, 'big enough to wrap a coat up in.' I could have wished that your Lordship had favoured the Jury with your own private opinion as to the contents or purpose of that portmanteau. It was in Evidence, that De Berenger had with him a small portmantean when he bought his scarlet coat, (p. 16): and your Lordship evidently considered it to be the same which had been spoken of by Crane; for in stating the Evidence of Mr. Solomon, the person who sold the articles of dress, 'that he took them away with him in a coach—he had a small portmanteau with him,' your Lordship immediately observed to the Jury, 'You remember there is a leather portmanteau spoken of,' (p. 488). And your Lordship, I am certain, had not a doubt that he conveyed his scarlet coat to Dover in that portmantean.—The Solicitor-General has assumed us that De Berenger was supposed to be no fool, although he did not argue very wisely on that supposition. But it would have been worse than folly, it would have madness to have been prematurely arrayed himself in so remarkable a dress, intended for so criminal a purpose. Your Lordship knew, that it had not been attempted to trace him to Dover in that splendid apparel, and that it was next to impossible that De Berenger should have exposed himself so egregiously to defeat and detection. It could not possibly have escaped your Lordship's penetration, that De Berenger must have gone down to

Dover in a dress different from that in which he returned; and with that conviction on your Lordship's mind, and with the evidence of the portmanteau before you, 'big enough to wrap a coat up in,' it must have struck your Lordship, 'as by a sort of electricity,' that De Berenger had the means of shifting himself; and that I, who had never before been suspected of fraud or falsehood, might possibly have spoken and sworn to the truth!

The circumstance of his taking the sword out of the coach, together with the portmanteau, as deposed to by Crane (p. 123), is also very important. In his journey from Dover he had worn that sword—it was essential to his assumed character; but before he arrived at my house he had engaged himself from it, and had it loose in the coach: so that, according to the Evidence of the chief witness for the Prosecution, he had made one material alteration in his appearance. Now, for what possible purpose could he have taken off his sword, if he had been regardless of exhibiting himself to me in the false character of a military officer? There is no probable reason for his divesting himself of his sword, that does not equally apply to his putting off his sash, his star, and his medallion, his scarlet coat, and his assumed character altogether.

I have before observed, that the identity of De Berenger was certainly not proved by the hackney-coachman. I again mention this, to shew that your Lordship also mis-stated the Evidence in that particular. He had seen him in the messenger's house, and therefore it was no wonder that he pointed him out in Court. But, on being asked, 'Were you of the same opinion when you saw him at Mr. Wood's?' instead of returning a direct answer, he says: 'When I came down stairs, he looked very hard at me;' and to the next question, 'Did you know him then?' he replied, 'Yes; it was something of the same appearance,' but he had altered himself very much by his dress,' (p. 124). Your Lordship left out the words, 'something of the same appearance,' and stated to the Jury that Crane knew him at the Messenger's, though he had altered himself a great deal in his dress, (p. 477).

There is no particular in Crane's Evidence which might very well be believed, even if your Lordship had not elucidated it: 'The gentleman gave me four shillings before he went in; and I said, I hoped he would give me another shilling,' (p. 123). Whether your Lordship was anxious that the coachman should not be deemed of a merdinary character, lest the Jury should have thought it possible that he had tucked in the scarlet coat before he was asked. In his eagerness to obtain the reward offered by the Stock Exchange, I do not pretend to say; but if your Lordship had not been apprehensive that this additional demand of Crane would, at first glance, seem exhorbitant, you would hardly have taken the trouble to travel out of the Record for its justification. 'Hearing,' says your Lordship, 'that Napoleons had been distributed to drivers, he thought that a hackney-coachman might ask for a little more of his bounty than he first received,' (p. 477). Your Lordship, however,

knew that it was not in Evidence, that Crane had heard one word about the Napoleons, nor is there the slightest reason to believe that he knew at that time that any such coin had been distributed: on the contrary, there was reason to conclude, from the secret manner in which De Berenger rewarded the post boy, by holding down his hand, without speaking, as appears by the Evidence, (p. 114), that Crane had no opportunity of seeing or hearing of that description of reward; which is also pretty evident from his making his request to an extra shilling.

In another part of the Charge, your Lordship gave the Jury to understand, that the Napoleons which were found in De Berenger's desk, tallied with those which had been distributed on the day of the fraud, (p. 459). There can be no doubt that they were the same description of coin, and that they tallied with each other, as one guinea tallies with another. There was no Evidence, however, to any particular tallying, and therefore it should seem that your Lordship deposed to it yourself, for the better introduction of the following remark: 'therefore the proof in this particular is dove tailed and closed in, beyond any thing I almost ever saw in a Court of Justice' (p. 459).

On Crane's statement, that the waterman opened the coach-door for De Berenger, your Lordship did not omit to infer, 'that he was within view of the waterman' (p. 459); but, my Lord, the waterman's opening the coach-door was no proof that he saw De Berenger step out of the chaise into the coach; he would naturally, on opening the door, stand partly behind it; and the doors of the two carriages both opening towards him, would in all likelihood intercept his view of the passenger; whereas the view of other persons, who have since voluntarily come forward to swear of this green dress, and who saw De Berenger from the other side, was not subject to such interruption.

The pamphlet proceeds to the consideration of Lord Ellenborough's comment on Lord Cochrane's affidavit of March last---his lordship's rejection of a new trial, when applied for---the evidence---the sentence, as pronounced by Mr. Justice Le Blanc, and a variety of minute details, argued with great feeling. The Appendix is extremely curious. We will extract one letter from the mass of evidence, thereby exhibited to the reader, premising, always, that the whole pamphlet is, most powerfully, strengthened by very pointed notes, whose translation would be, if reviewed by cynics (not by us) that 'honourable feelings and political influence,' are not, like Mr. Doe and Mr. Roe, BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

## APPENDIX—No. III.

LETTER from Lieut. FLESCOTT to Lord COCHRANE.

*King's Bench, Nov. 28, 1814.*

My Lord;

Having been requested by your Lordship to commit to writing the information which I communicated to you some months ago, I have no hesitation in complying with your request.

The substance of the account which I received from the persons whose names I mentioned to you, and who may be called upon if required, is, that they were of the party at a dinner, which was termed, 'The Stock Exchange dinner,' provided by order of Mr. Harrison, at Barry's Coffee-house in the Bench, on the day before the Trial; at which dinner the Honourable Alexander Murray was also of the party, which consisted of seven or eight persons: that after they had dined, and the bottle had gone briskly round, Harrison said to Mr. Murray (who was then, and still is, a prisoner for debt), that he would get his affairs settled, and he should receive a large sum from the Exchange for the conviction of Lord Cochrane, if he (Murray) wanted 50l. he should have it to-morrow, proposing at the same time, 'Success to the Stock Exchange,' which was drunk in claret with loud cheering; that this took place in the public coffee-room, before many persons both in the room and looking in at the windows, the dinner attracting considerable attention from its style, which was unusual in the Bench; that Mr. Harrison, in answer to a remark from one of the bye-standers, that the dinner would cost a round sum, said, it did not signify if it cost 50l. as the Stock Exchange would pay for it; that when the majority of the party had drunk as much wine as they could or were willing to drink, Mr. Harrison ordered several full bottles to be placed on the table, and the task of finishing the wine which remained, demanding length on the Honourable Alexander Murray, and he being unable to accomplish it by himself, he went into the lobby of the prison, and procured two of the turnkeys to assist him.

The further account of one of the persons above alluded to (who usually messes with Mr. Murray,) is, that for some time previous to the Trial, Harrison was daily with Mr. Murray, dining and drinking with him; and that he was present when Harrison visited Mr. Murray, accompanied by the Solicitors, Messrs. H. and R.; on which occasion Harrison said to Mr. Murray, 'Here are the gentlemen who will accomplish your wishes;' and one of these gentlemen replied, 'Yes Mr. Murray, after this trial of Lord Cochrane has past, we will then attend to your liberation;' that he heard Mr. Harrison declare in the lobby, as did many other persons, that he should receive a sum of money if he would procure evidence which would convict Lord Coch-

rane; intimating at the same time that he was induced to offer his services to the Stock Exchange, in procuring evidence against him; by his personal antipathy to the whole family of the Cochrane's, which he said would never subside while he breathed: that, subsequent to the Trial, he has repeatedly heard Mr. Murray express himself sorry for having appeared in Court against Lord Cochrane, and acknowledge that he had been the dupe of Harrison, in persuading him that his solicitors would undertake the arrangement of his affairs and effect his liberation, provided he would appear as an evidence against Lord Cochrane at the Trial.

Shortly before the Trial, I addressed two letters to your Lordship on the subject of Harrison's visiting and tampering with Mr. Murray who was expected to appear as an evidence against you; but your Lordship did not answer those letters, nor attend at that time to my communications. The fact, however was notorious in the Bench. Of my own knowledge I have only to add, that on the day of the Stock Exchange dinner (as it was called), my attention was attracted by the noise of the entertainment, and the number of people collected and I went into the coffee-room, and saw the party at the table, as did many other persons; and towards the close of the evening I saw Mr. Murray return from the lobby into the coffee-house, accompanied by one of the turnkeys. It was well known that Harrison was in a state of extreme indigence previous to the Trial; but shortly afterwards, I was present when he took a considerable number of bank notes out of his pocket, and saw him place a 50l. note in the hands of a gentleman, to remain till an account with Mr. Lewis was investigated. I have also heard Harrison declare, in the presence of other persons, that he would ruin the whole Cochrane family.

I am,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

THOMAS PRISCOTT.

We offer no comment...and conclude.

ART. XI. — *Le Zodiaque expliqué*, ou Recherches sur l'origine et la signification des Constellations de la sphère Grecque; dans lesquelles on établit que les douze Signes du Zodiaque, loin d'être le plus ancien monument astronomique, ne sont qu'un démembrément informe de la Sphère faussement attribuée aux Grecs; que cette Sphère fut inventée environ 1400 ans. avant notre ère, et qu'elle renferme un système d'emblèmes géographiques qui se rapportent aux pays voisins du Caucase et de la mer Caspienne. Traduit du Suédois de C. G. S. Avec Carte et Planches. A Paris, chez Migniez et Desenne. Octavo. pp. 15. 1814.

This work comprehends science so abstract, and

tions so new, that it would be impertinent in us to enter into the enquiry, without a depth and diffusion of argument, that would monopolize the whole of our number.

We read, that astronomy was known and cultivated, in various parts of the globe, three thousand years before the christian era. Indeed, we may, reasonably, believe it to have been a much more ancient study, as Josephus evidently shews us, that this delightful science was well known to the Antediluvians.

From an habitual contemplation of the heavenly bodies, we ascertain, that the sun and the moon, are the pre-eminent luminaries. We discover that they, in common with the stars, rise in the east and set in the west. The stars which we perceive in the path of the sun, as to-day, will disappear in a few evenings, lost in the splendour of his superior rays. Shortly, however, they will be again visible, rising in the morning, but diverging from the sun from day to day, till they disappear, and are succeeded by other stars, which, alternately, pursue a similar course.

These observations must have founded the elementary principles of astronomy; and, thence, a classification of the fixed stars has been, eventually, established: and, certainly, previous to the invention of the zodiac, or hieroglyphic signs, now laid down in the celestial globe.

With the earliest practice of agriculture, astronomy must have dawned in the untutored minds of the primitive labourers in the field. The computation of time, and the change of seasons, must have been known to them, by the motions of the sun, the variation in shadows, or the local rising and setting of certain fixed stars. Hence, we may date the original kalendar, or division of hours, days, months, years, and seasons, to have been regulated, from time immemorial, by the movements of the heavenly bodies.

But, our author describes the signs of the zodiac not to have been the origin of astronomical discoveries, which he ascribes to the navigators, in the Caspian sea, 1400 years before the christian era. It is true, that the navigator could not have attempted the perils of the boundless ocean—he could not have adventured on the trackless deep, had he not been inspired with confidence, by astronomical observation; still, we cannot suppose, that traffic preceded agriculture.

With the aid of a gnomon which, most probably, was the first astronomical instrument, we ascertain the varia-

tions of the sun's altitudes, and trace his motion from south to north, and from north to south. When the days and nights are of an equal length, the torpor is removed from the produce of the earth, and vegetation gradually revives. Hence, this period is called the vernal equinox. We will not pursue the progress of the sun, and its consequent influence; to and from the autumnal equinox, as we should involve ourselves in scientific disquisition that would lead to endless enquiry.

With respect to the positive assertion, therefore, of our author, we deem it of little moment to the astronomer, whether the zodiac, as we have been accustomed to view it in celestial globes, were the original invention of the inhabitants of Caucasus, of Chaldaea, or of Egypt. The grand object of astronomers has been, to class the constellations, called the twelve signs of the zodiac, so as to be scientifically acknowledged; and, any argument calculated to remove long established principles, however ingenious, will incur the risk of being denominated a chimerical pursuit.

This elaborate treatise is embellished with a very fine plate of the heavenly bodies, and with other emblematical engravings.

ART. XII.—*Mémoire Explicatif sur le Sphere Celestienne et spécialement sur le Zodiaque.* Quarto. Pp. 88. Paris, Mignard et Desenne.

Our author sets out with asserting, that all knowledge is perfected by public discussion. We are of the same opinion; but the motives which guided us, in the preceding question on the zodiac, leave us nothing new to urge on the renewal of the question.

ART. XIII.—*Encore quelques Arguments contre le Zodiaque.* Quarto. Pp. 16. Paris, Mignard et Desenne.

This is a mere prolongation of the question relating to the zodiac. We refer, as in the preceding article.

ART. XIV.—*Della Lingua Poetica, di Benedetto Biondini public lettera di uno uero studio filosofico d'astronomia.* Liber unus. Edizione seconda veneta. Con particolar diligenza impressa secondo



*Trattato de' Errori* Revisione corretta d' Agli Accademici della Crusca. In Venezia. Antonio Bertoli. Quarto, pp. 356.

Good style in conversation, and in writing, is wholly dependant on a familiarity with good society and good authors. Of the first advantage, foreigners, who are not travellers, are altogether deprived; but the second is, always, dependant on themselves.

The Italian is a favorite, and, decidedly, a beautiful language; but it is difficult to attain that exquisite accent which communicates all its peculiar harmony. Teachers, in general, do not possess it themselves. No accent is correct, except the Tuscan; and no treatise is so well calculated, as the one before us, to lead the student to this desirable attainment. It is an elementary work, by a man of profound learning, and has passed through the revision and correction of the Della Crusca academy. It well deserves the attention of the Italian scholar.

Art. XV.—*Scelta di Prose di Giovanni Boccaccio*, fatta dal Dottore Giuseppe Giannini. In Londra. Wingrave, 12mo. pp. 220.

Having, with the preceding work, introduced the elements of the Italian language to our students, we proceed to recommend books for their progressive study.

The name of Boccaccio is a passport to any work; and Doctor Giannini has compiled this volume from short novels, written by that celebrated wit, which are designed to improve and to entertain the student. Prose writing, in the Italian language, is much less difficult to read than poetry. The latter abounds in ellipsis, and poetic license; still, Metastasis is, usually, given to a young beginner, as he is not difficult to translate. We recommend this book.

Art. XVI.—*Il vero modo di piacere in compagnia*, Opera dedicata all'istruzione e recreazione della gioventù da Carlo Monteggia. Londra. Longman. 12mo. pp. 315.

This volume is composed of essays, in Italian and French, to assist the study, and to improve both languages at the same time.

same time. The subjects are well chosen, and exemplify the title—'THE ART OF PLEASING IN SOCIETY.' These lessons will be found much more moral, and quite as entertaining, as my Lord Chesterfield's letters.

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**ART. XVII.**—*Scelta di Lettere familiari* degli autori più celebri, ad uso degli studiosi della lingua Italiana. Con accenti che indicano la pronunzia di tutti le voce dubbie. Raccolta da Leonardo Nardini. Seconda Edizione. Londra: Dulau. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 275:

These familiar letters are selected from the writings of Algarotti, Barretti, Ganganelli, Matastasio, Zeno, Tasso, Bentivoglio, Castiglione, and other celebrated persons, and, are eminently calculated to make the reader conversant with good style. Words, difficult of pronunciation, are accented; and, a vocabulary is added, which is critically explanatory of the true pronunciation of the leading vowels, on which, the whole system may be said to be dependant. It is a useful and pleasing collection.

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Good language without interest.

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**ART. XIX.**—*Things by their Right Names. A Novel.* 2 vols. bds. pp. 289, 292. Robinsons, 1814.

The most fastidious reader—the greatest declaimer against this species of writing, must admit a moral tendency, in a superior degree, throughout this novel.

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To our fair readers we may, in the concluding words of the author, safely say, 'go and do thou likewise.'

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